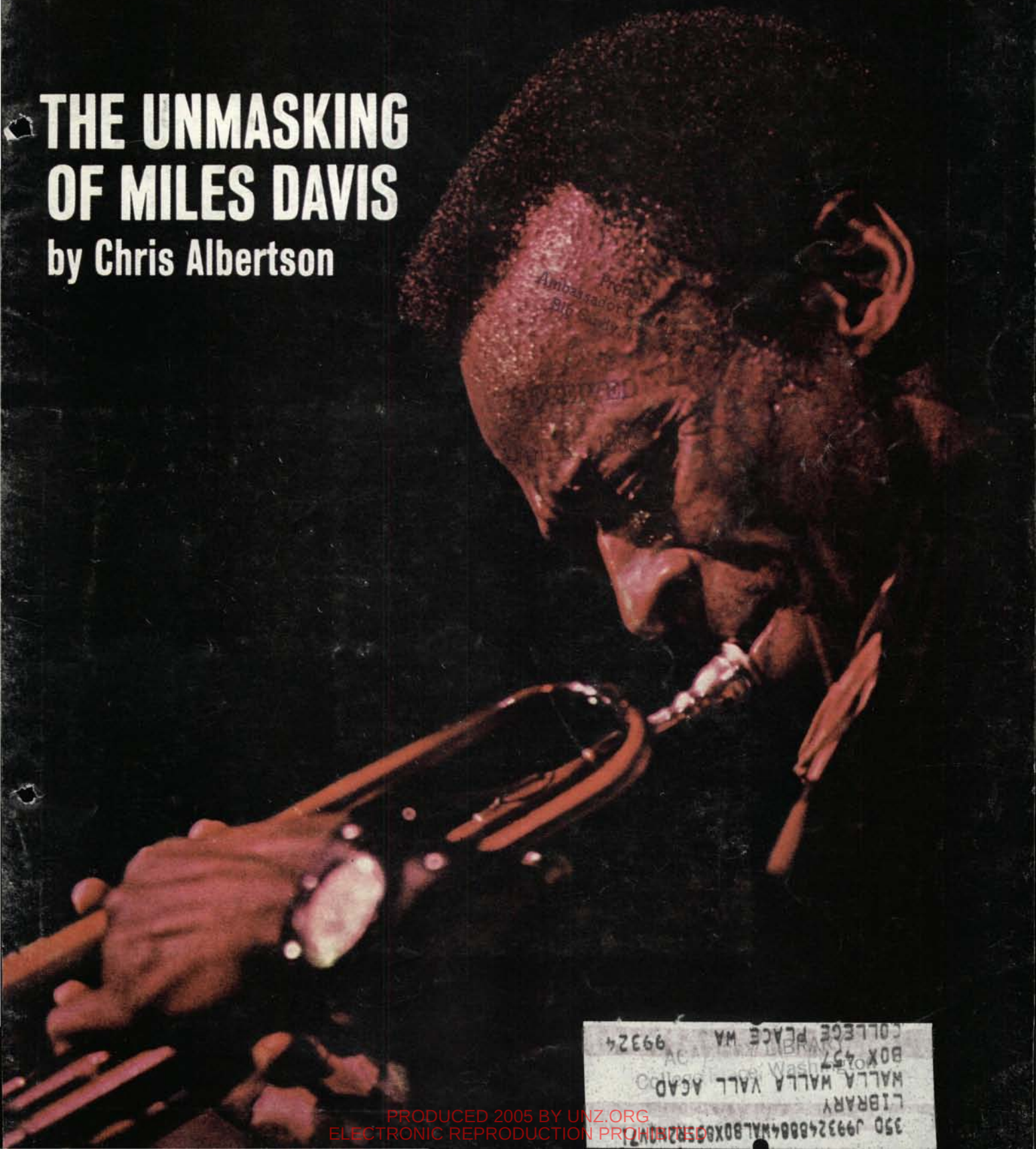
THE © QUAGMIRE, by Dan Lacy

Saturday Review

November 27, 1971 50¢



THE UNMASKING OF MILES DAVIS

by Chris Albertson

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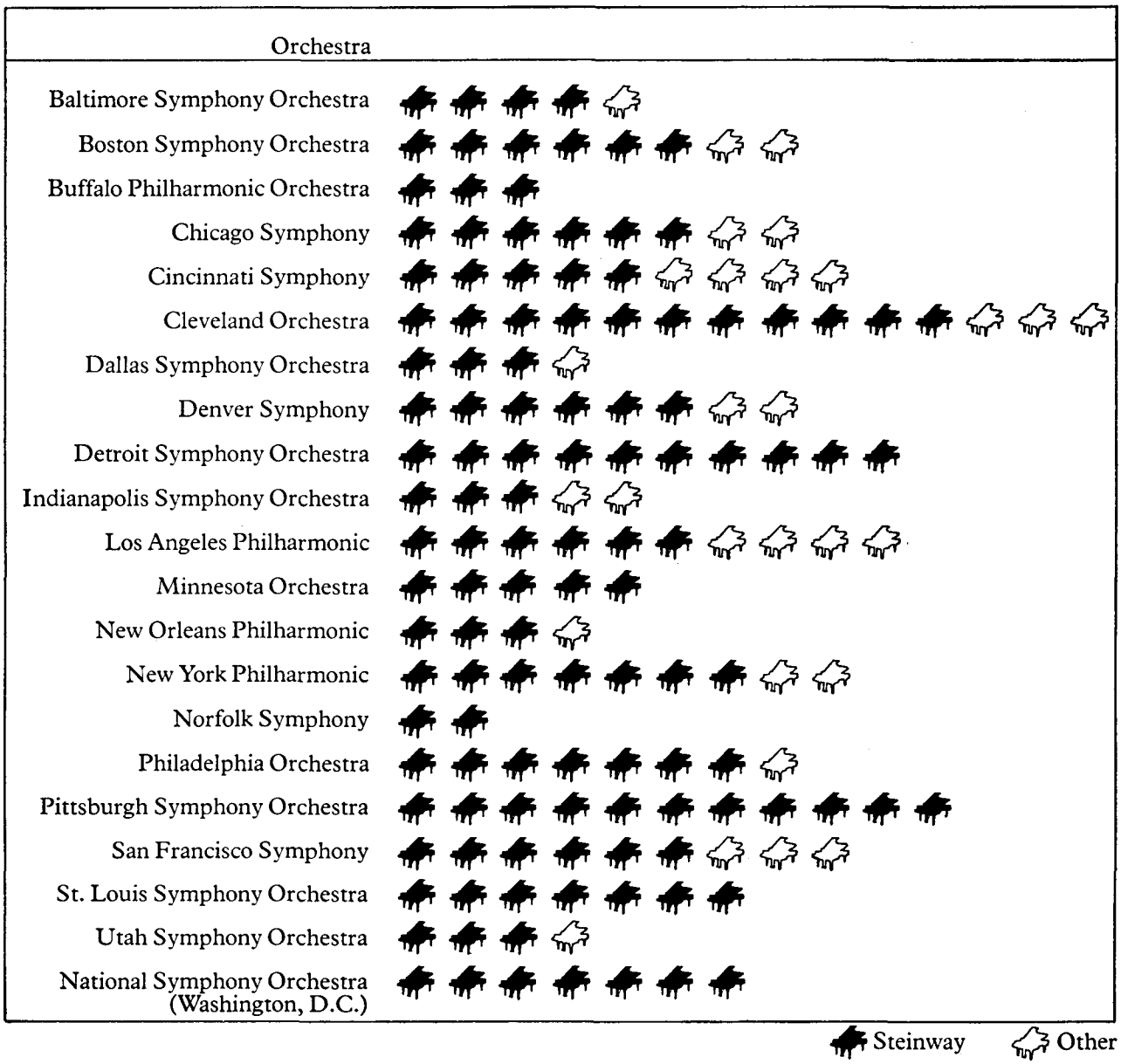

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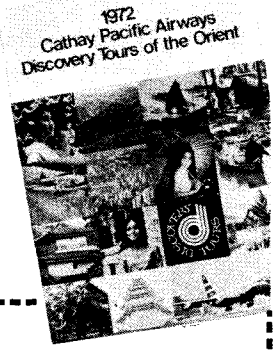

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The airline to fly in the Orient after you fly to the Orient.

November 27, 1971

Saturday Review

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by Chris Albertson

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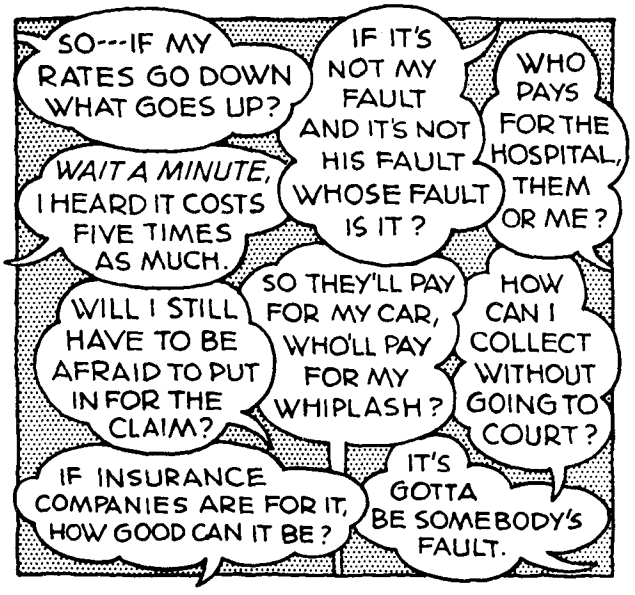
NOW THAT EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT NO-FAULT AUTO INSURANCE, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT?


SO---IF MY RATES GO DOWN WHAT GOES UP?
IF IT'S NOT MY FAULT AND IT'S NOT HIS FAULT WHOSE FAULT IS IT?
WHO PAYS FOR THE HOSPITAL, THEM OR ME?
WAIT A MINUTE, I HEARD IT COSTS FIVE TIMES AS MUCH.
WILL I STILL HAVE TO BE AFRAID TO PUT IN FOR THE CLAIM?
SO THEY'LL PAY FOR MY CAR, WHO'LL PAY FOR MY WHIPLASH?
HOW CAN I COLLECT WITHOUT GOING TO COURT?
IF INSURANCE COMPANIES ARE FOR IT, HOW GOOD CAN IT BE?
IT'S GOTTA BE SOMEBODY'S FAULT.

As a rule, any discussion of insurance has a tendency to fog people's minds.

The current discussion of no-fault auto insurance is no exception to that rule.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to all the auto insurance problems. Everything from the high costs to the length of time it can take to collect a claim.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing.

Several states already have it.

Several more are considering making it law.

We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

We'd like to supply you with enough simple, understandable information to have your own opinion. (After all, it is your money that's at stake.)

So if you call or write The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, we'll send you out an explanation of no-fault. As unbiased as we can make it.

We'll tell you what major no-fault insurance plans have been passed or are being considered.

We'll tell you how the various plans are supposed to work.

We'll tell you what problems they could solve and what problems they can't possibly solve.

And, of course, we'll tell you what we think ought to be done.

Then you can make up your own mind. Before your state legislators make up theirs.

And if you have any less lofty questions on your mind—or any problems—our Office of Consumer Information will do its best to help you with them too.

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Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

THE TRAVELERS

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Apocalypse Is a Nice Place to Visit, but . . .

THERE COMES A TIME when life in New York seems unbearable. The air is visibly polluted. Newspapers print brutal headlines. *The New York Times* reports, complete with illustrations, that our infallible missile system will put any country out of existence if it dares attack us. WBAI, an avant-garde radio station, broadcasts in songs and speeches the forthcoming Apocalypse. My true love thinks I am abnormal because I have only two testicles. Peter Max, a modern prophet, is trying to expand my consciousness by way of my table napkin. Black smoke is rising from a chimney, not Con Edison's but my neighbor's. By then it is time to depart.

I packed my knapsack and set out for a group of nomads living on a mountain in New Mexico. In this commune I might find peace.

My first impression of New Mexico was one of being on the moon. It looks and feels clean, if you do not mind sand in your mouth. Gazing out into the distant, empty space is extraordinary for one who customarily beholds his sky in various cutouts between skyscrapers.

No possibility of the Apocalypse here. Cataclysm seems to have come and gone. It is not likely to happen again. I pondered on this as I sat on the mountainside. I was waiting for the morning meeting to begin. The members of the commune, most of them ex-city-dwellers, were going to vote me in or out. Sipping coffee, everyone gathered around a fireplace. When the question of my stay came up, Calvino, a middle-aged Italian-American, a very agreeable man, spoke. "I like the look in his eyes. They look honest."

Steve, their leader, innovator, architect, and visionary prophet, said, "As a rule we don't allow anyone to just visit. You must stay for a while. And if the rest of the group doesn't care, I don't mind if he stays." Everyone agreed.

I knew Steve. We used to drink together in the city—coffee, that is. He is a tall, handsome, red-haired young man. This commune was his brain child.

All the assignments were handed out. Knowing less than nothing about construction, I offered to move some rocks.

At 9 o'clock the mountain shook and trembled. The big generator was turned on, as were the concrete mixer and an electric saw. I had traveled two thousand miles and had climbed ten thousand feet above sea level to see Sixth Avenue re-created. The deafening noise and the construction-destruction syndrome.

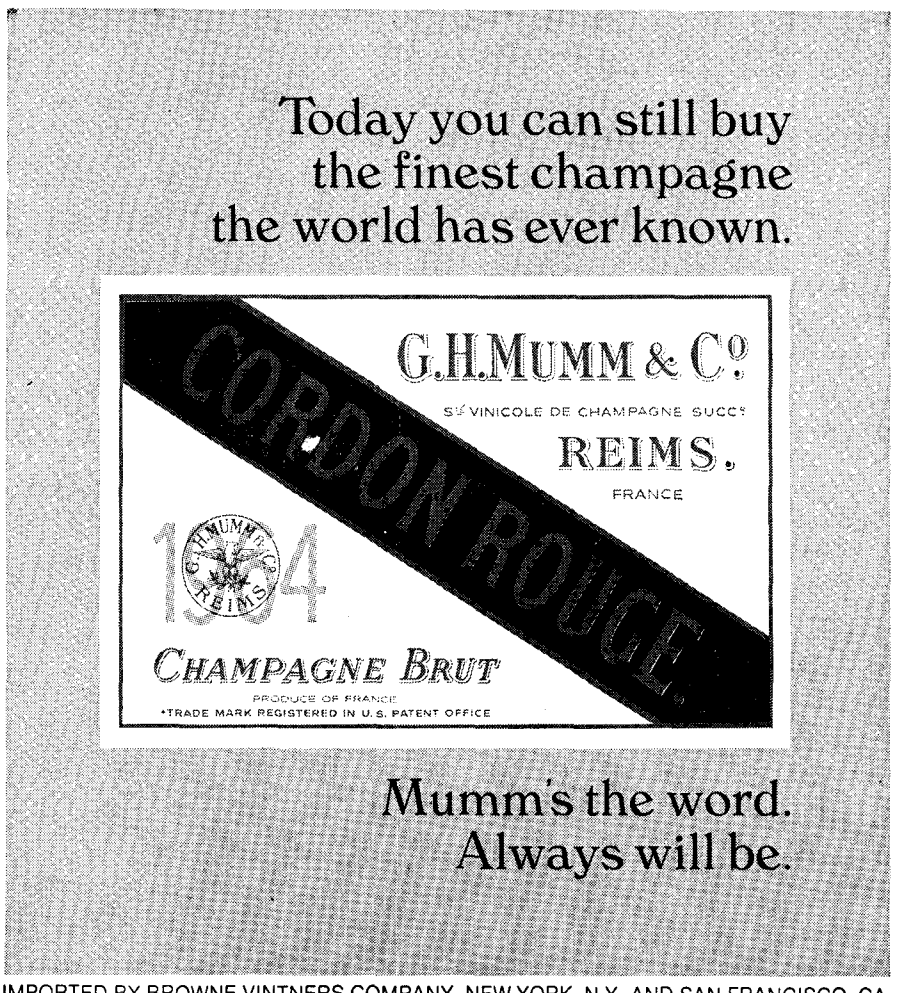
Lunch consisted of slightly heated vegetables. "Grown in our own garden," a buxom young girl told me. "It is all part of a special Asian diet," she added. "Did you ever hear of x-a-n-t-h-u-s?"

This same buxom girl was an incentive for me to build the communal bathtub. The image of bathing naked with her was inspiring. With great determination I moved one wheelbarrow after another of wet cement. And at that altitude I was risking a major nosebleed.

After the home-grown vegetable dinner, we gathered around the fireplace. The evening meeting had begun. The room was warm and comfortable. A young girl read passages from a book she said had changed her life. It told of half a dozen sacred birds that wrought destruction on earth. Calvino asked for silence. Barbara, Steve's wife, wanted to know who left the saw blade unsharpened, and why it had been left up to her to take care of that on top of having to look after dinner and the welfare of the children. At the end of the meeting everyone joined in a chanting of the word "Om." Feeling that communication had been established, the group went off in pairs to their individual A-frame houses. I worked my way to my tent, which was set up on the hillside. Crawling into my sleeping bag, I quickly went off to sleep.

That night I dreamed I ate fried eggs with Buddha. Sausages abounded in every corner of the universe, the great Jones's sausages. I ran into a huge room, a great temple. It was Katz's Delicatessen! I ran faster and faster, never reaching the meat counter, the altar. When I awoke, I was running in my sleeping bag in order to keep warm. It was time to get up.

Sophie, a frail, tender young girl, had developed the ability to split in half massive logs with one swing of the ax. Because of that knack she did not have to do the usual chores that were assigned to the women here, such as



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Renaissance

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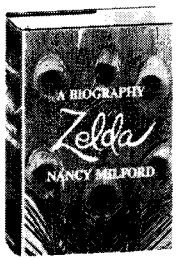
WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YOU



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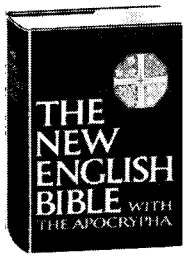

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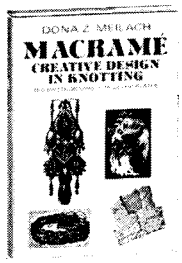

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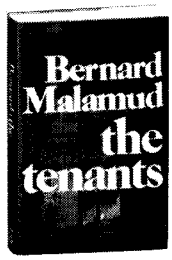

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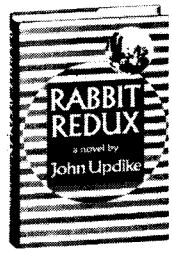

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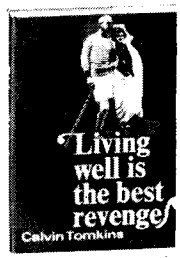

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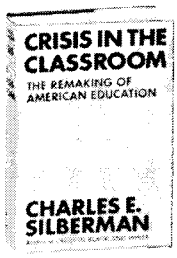

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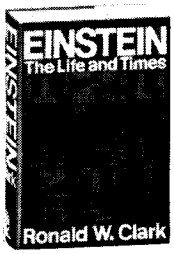

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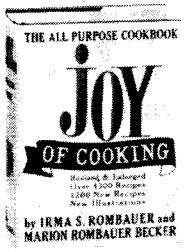

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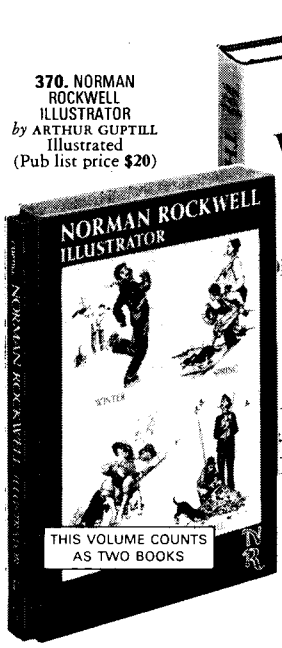

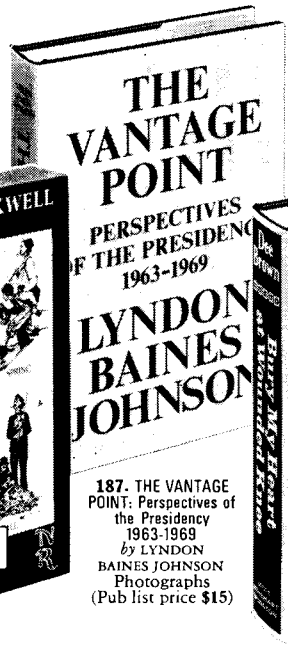

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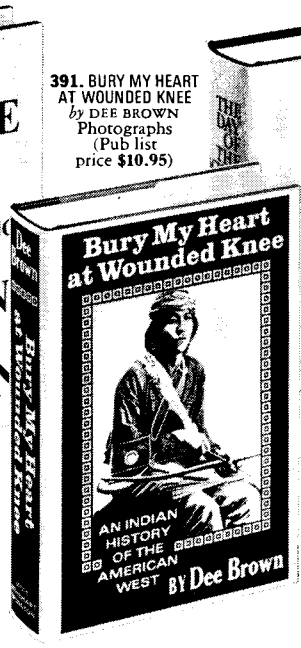

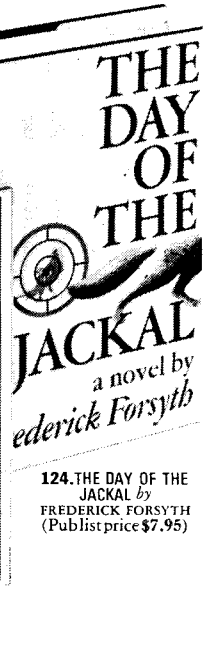

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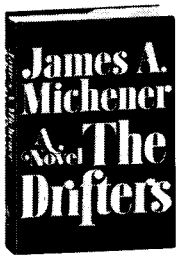

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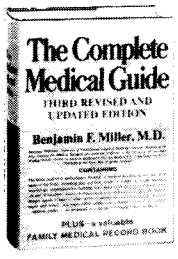
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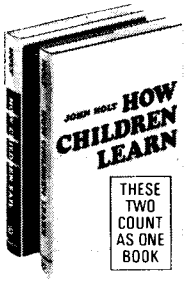

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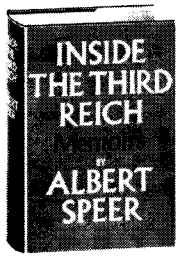

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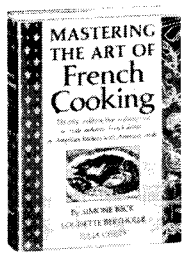

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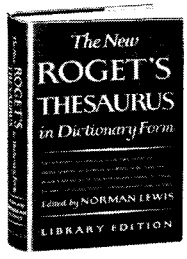

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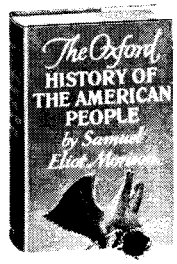

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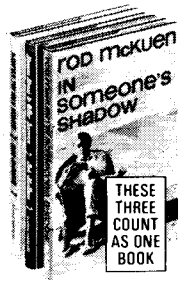
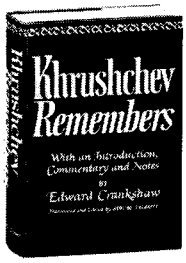


174. IN SOMEONE'S SHADOW, LISTEN TO THE WARM, STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS *by* ROD MCKUEN. (Pub list



531. KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERS
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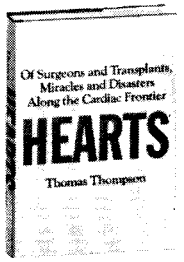
by STROBE TALBOTT
Notes by EDWARD CRANKSHAW. Photos



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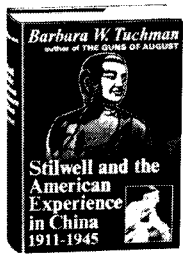

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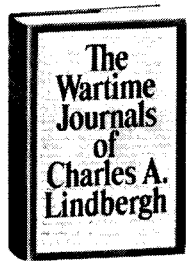

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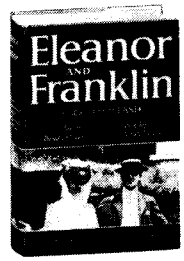

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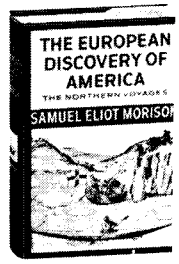

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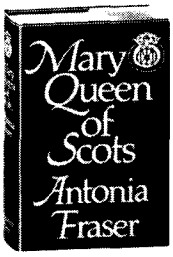

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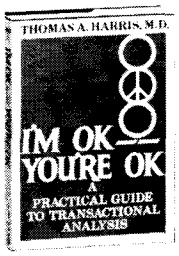

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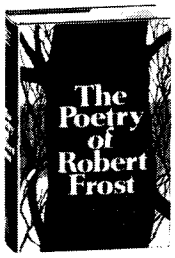

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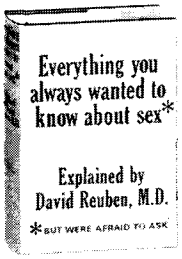

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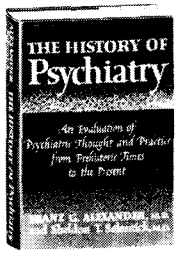

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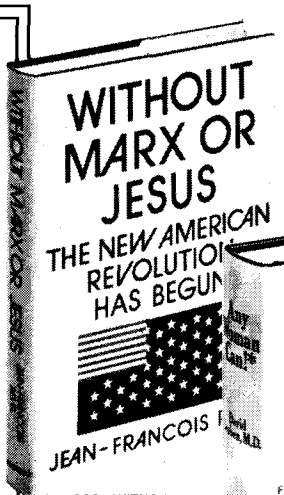

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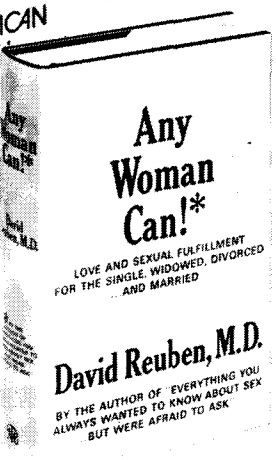
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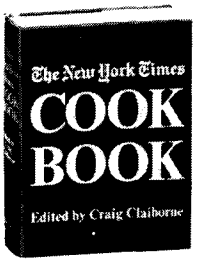

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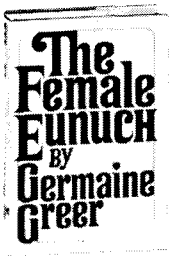

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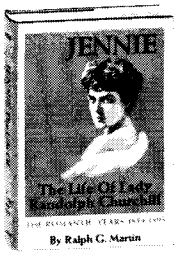

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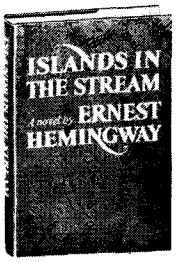

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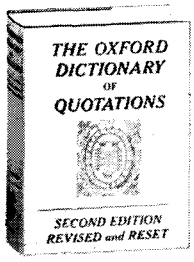

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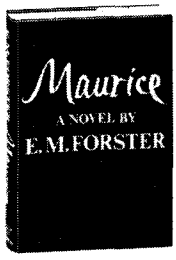

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"Stenerson's biography reveals how Mencken's basic attitudes—militant agnosticism, libertarian individualism, cultural nonconformity—remained the same in maturity as in youth despite vast changes in the country whose most provincial prejudices he belabored with brilliantly satiric jibes. Although he loved and hated his country, Mencken, in Stenerson's view, needed America as much as it needed him."
—*Publishers' Weekly* *

$7.95

The University of Chicago PRESS
Chicago 60637

baby-sitting, washing the laundry, or cooking. I asked Calvino if I could gather wood that morning. He reluctantly let me go along. Sophie had vowed herself to silence. There is nothing more seductive than a silent woman.

By lunchtime, Sophie and I were skipping together arm in arm back to the meetinghouse. Steve, sensing my present contentment, took me aside and said, "Why don't you give up the game you're playing in the big city? Locked up in filth and poison. Let go and come here. You can make The Decision of your life. The Next Step is here and NOW. Give up crowds of people, noise, and polluted air. Leave the rat race. Become a Human BE IN. Make it with us."

I wanted to make it with Sophie. Steve would get her, I thought. He would embrace her like an octopus in heat. It would be an experience that Sophie could not have fantasied. A Walpurgis Night.

Steve is a saint. Bettelheim said, "I have no use for saints. They are impossible people; they destroy everybody around them. The sooner they go to heaven the better, because that is where they belong." Steve will go to heaven.

Not even the outhouse was peaceful. It had no doors, and you had to share it with someone else. It looked over the valley. And whosoever walked up that valley looked into you. It was there, however, that I became fully realized. Why indeed build another city? Better to race with rats than lambs.

The next morning I stuffed my pockets with sage. Something nice to remember. I kissed and hugged with everyone, and then went to the base of the mountain to meet my bus.

Out of the window of my apartment I can see black smoke rising from a chimney, not Con Edison's but my neighbor's. Maybe the Apocalypse is near. I do not know. I am looking forward to a good breakfast consisting of three fried eggs, three slices of toast, four Jones's sausages, and lots of freshly brewed coffee.

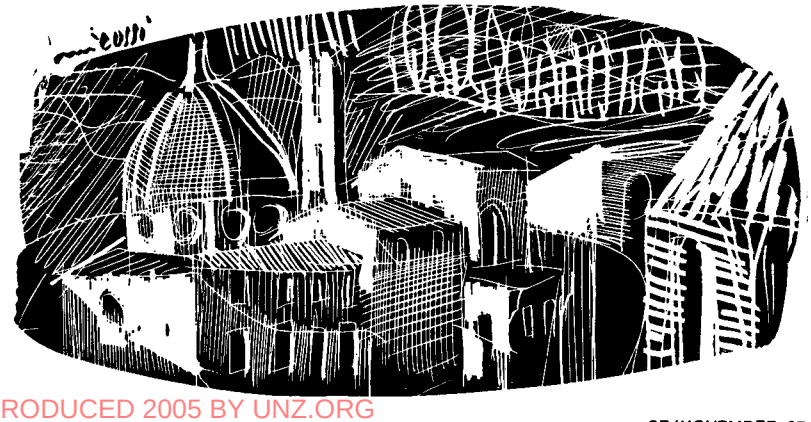
—CHARLES ROTMIL.

Rhymes and Ditties For Middle-Size Cities

I—Seattle

Seattle: solid, settled, and square,
a city that's neither here nor there
  Far to the west is the Far East
  Far to the east graze western cattle
and facing neither, man and beast
awake on America's last frontier
  to be overlooked by Mount Rainier
which explains why salmon don't stay down
but surface once and go swimming on,
far from the solid settler's frown
up to the headwaters (come, my dear,
  it is overlooked by Mount Rainier)
and explains why never a famous face
(not Washington, not even Salmon Chase)
  nor bugle call, nor saber rattle
  stands for the spirit of Seattle
No Faulkner holds this region dear
No Keats or Shelley would choose to die
No Sandburg (even) would ask God why
this meeting of earth and sea and sky
(none of which are entirely clear)
  is overlooked by Mount Rainier
Seattle, solid, settled, and square
No magic moment is in the air
No banners will be here unfurled
No Puget Sound heard round the world
  Shoot the rapids and shoot the rattlers
  Shoot if you must old gray Seattlers
But Hannibal crosses no Cascades
The Japanese air force makes no raids
No Götterdämmerung squanders here
to be overlooked by Mount Rainier
Nay, history bodes no major battle
  for Seattle

—ALAN VAN DINE.



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John Updike

RABBIT
REDUX
re'dux (rē'dŭks), adj. [L., fr. reducere to bring back.] Lit., led back; specif., Med., indicating return to health after disease.—Webster's New International Dictionary

"RABBIT REDUX is a great achievement, by far the most audacious and successful book Updike has yet written . . . 'great in love, in art, boldness, freedom, wisdom, kindness, exceedingly rich in intelligence, wit, imagination and feeling—a great and beautiful thing . . .' These hyperboles [quoted from a letter written long ago by Thomas Mann to his brother] come to mind after reading John Updike's new novel."

—Richard Locke, *New York Times Book Review*

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Short Commercial

I KNOW it's borrowing trouble, but I have a complaint about some commercials on television. They are too short. I mean the one-minute advertising spots in which titillating boy-meets-girl story lines are set up and then, just as we become emotionally involved and before we can even surmise whether the product brought them together in a more lasting relationship, someone shouts "Certs," or "Geritol," or "Dentyne," or "Listerine," or "Charmin," and a beautiful love story is down the drain. In a one-minute commercial there simply isn't time to develop a love story.

Of course, there are some male-female commercials I've given up on. It doesn't grab me anymore, for instance, when the Certs girl wonders if he kissed her once, will he kiss her again. I can't believe a Certs is all that firm a foundation on which to base a happily-ever-after ending. With her, as an old song has it, "a kiss is just a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh, the fundamental things apply as time goes by." So good luck to her and her fundamental Certs.

There's another commercial that no longer piques my curiosity. It's the one with the beautiful woman who has already corralled her man and who knows how to hold him. She gazes lovingly into his eyes as he confides into the privacy of a TV camera that no matter how busy she is every day—keeping house, getting meals, sending the children to school, attending PTA meetings—when day is done she's lovely as ever. Because she takes Geritol. "I think I'll keep her," he says adoringly, hugging her close.

If that connubial bliss is to survive, what he better keep her in is plenty of Geritol. ("Do you promise to love, honor, and bring home a bottle of Geritol every week?") Not a very firm foundation for a life of mutual understanding.

As an example of a one-minute romance that I'd like to see more fully developed, I cite a commercial that takes place on a busy city street. It opens with a pretty girl walking briskly toward the camera, when from around the corner, striding toward her, comes an attractive young man. He passes her, goes on a step or two, then turns, and looks at her. I forget their names, but the dialogue goes like this:

"Marcia?" he asks tentatively.

She stops, turns around, and, after a beat, she says, "Keith?"

"Is it really you, Marcia?" he asks unbelievingly.

"Cross my heart," she replies, as she crosses her heart.

They continue their happy talk, but in pantomime, because the announcer, who, with camera and copy, has been walking the streets searching for just such a lovely reunion, has drowned out their dialogue by giving blessing for this fortuitous meeting to Maidenform cross-your-heart bra, from which all blessings flow.

And suddenly they disappear, and we're back to the program. Foiled again by a short commercial! But I've lost interest in the program, which could never be as fulfilling as the possibilities inherent in this newly kindled romance. Are Marcia and Keith to be two ships that pass in the night? "Hello, glad to see you, goodbye"?

I sit there wondering. I wonder how Keith could have forgotten such a pretty face. Could it be that during the few elapsed years since last he saw Marcia he always remembered her as a girl who didn't need a bra? Well, he doesn't need glasses to see that she certainly does need one now.

"I certainly don't need glasses," he says, "to see how radiant you look, Marcia."

"Well, thank you, Keith," she replies, "and look at you—with those broad shoulders."

"Yes, I guess we've grown, here and there. Say, how about having a reunion dinner with me tonight?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Keith. I'm engaged."

"Oh? Congratulations. When are you getting married?"

"Well, we haven't set a date—there's a little problem about. . . ."

"Say, I'd like to hear all about it. How about dinner tonight? I know a wonderful place that has the best steaks in town, excellent wine, and dinner by candlelight."

"Where's that?"

"My place."

"Well, maybe I could for just one night. You make it sound so heavenly."

"And that's just the way you look, Marcia. Promise you'll be there."

"Cross my heart," says Marcia, crossing her heart.

That's an occupational hangup she has. But you'll have to admit it is a firm foundation on which to base a beautiful, paradisiac, clandestine love story.

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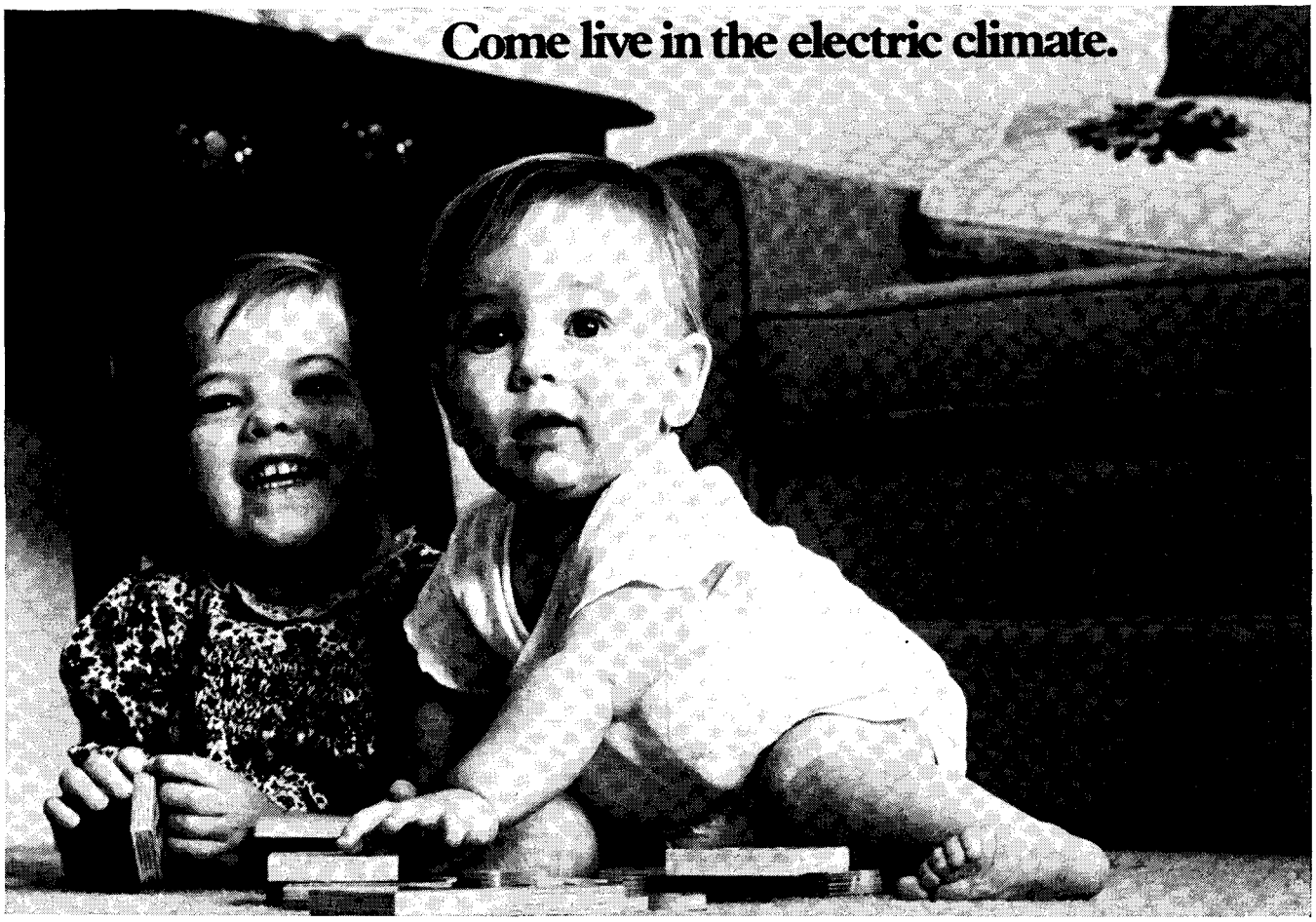

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The human benefits of the electric climate:
Flameless electric heat is the heart of *the electric climate.* It fills rooms with a soft, even warmth that can't be matched for comfort. No drafty corners. No sudden chills. Except for the comfort, you hardly know it's there–whether you're in your electrically heated home or office or church or school. Think how much better people live and play and learn and work in such a pleasant environment.

The dollar value benefits of the electric climate:
The initial cost of flameless electric equipment that results in *the electric climate* is comparable to or *lower* than other types. Requires little or no maintenance. And the *cost* of electricity remains a real bargain!

The environmental benefits of the electric climate:
Buildings with *the electric climate* put nothing into the air around them...because electricity is the cleanest form of energy there is at its point of use. Generation of electricity by combustion methods produces by-products that cause pollution, but these by-products can be best controlled at modern power plants. In fact, the electric utility industry is a pioneer in the development and installation of pollution control devices and, of course, is actively engaged in even further improving the techniques of control.

The electric climate promises a better future. Find out more from your electric utility. You, your company and your community will benefit.

Live better electrically / Move toward a better world.

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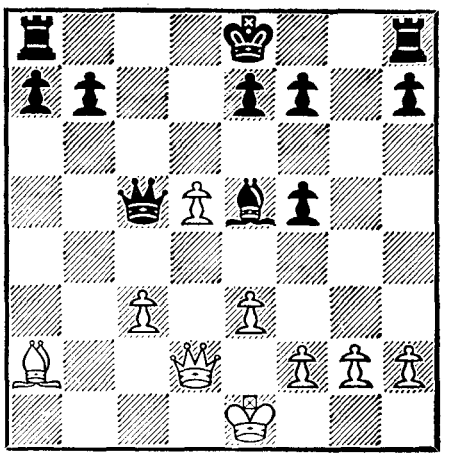
Chess Corner No. 164

The Soviet's Tigran Petrosian, a former world champion, put an end to the winning streak of Bobby Fischer, the American chess paladin, when he forced resignation in thirty-two moves in the second game of their twelve-game final qualifying match, won by Fischer.

The sobriquet "Invincible" has graced the name of Fischer for so long that its absence seems to eliminate a vital part of the appellation. Many years ago, when the Cuban genius, Jose Raoul Capablanca was world champion, he, too, was called "invincible." And when he lost a game, we were compelled to explain away the innuendo. Capablanca lost because he forgot he was invincible, we stated.

FISCHER



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5 P-K3	P-B4	21 Q-R4ch	K-B1
6 QPxP	Q-R4	22 QR-Q1	Q-K7
7 R-B1	N-K5	23 P-Q6	Q-R4
8 PxP	NxN	24 P-B4	P-K7
9 Q-Q2	QxRP	25 PxB	PxQR
10 PxN	Q-R4	26 RxQ	QxP
11 B-B4	N-Q2	27 R-KB1	P-B3
12 N-K2	N-K4	28 Q-N3	K-N2
13 B-R2	B-B4	29 Q-B7ch	K-R3
14 BxN	BxB	30 PxP	P-B4
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—AL HOROWITZ.

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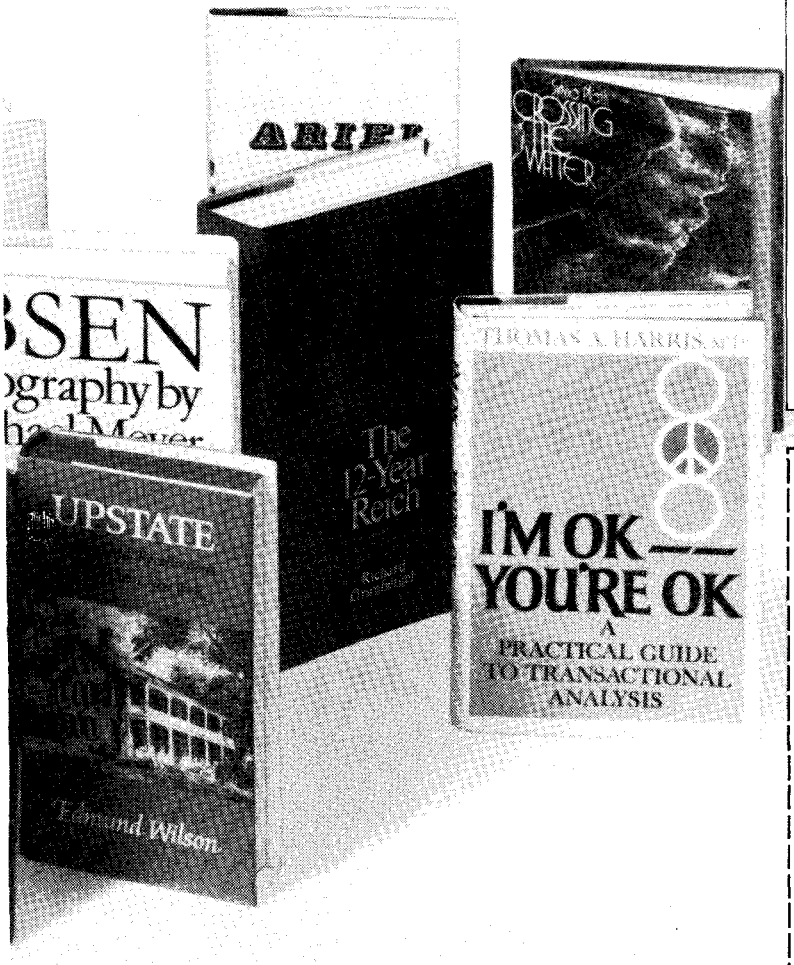

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Sign of the Times story of the week came from Ernest Petersen of Salem, Oregon, who found it in the Salem *Statesman*:

> FORT WAYNE, Ind. (AP)—Hax Findlay, 42, Fort Wayne, was hospitalized here Sunday after a traffic accident. Police said the driver of the other car involved took a hammer and hit Findlay in the head.

What *we* want to know is what did *Findlay* do? Elsewhere, there were Social Notes from all over. The first one was from Paris, as located by S. C. Milbourne of Huntsville, Alabama, in the Huntsville *News*:

> Tina Livanos, former wife of Aristotle Onassis, was married Thursday to Stavros Niarchos, once her bother-in-law.

Now, we presume, no bother at all. Our second was found by Mrs. Patricia Fodor of Hadley, Pennsylvania, who came upon it in Greenville, Pennsylvania's *Record Argus*:

> Mrs. Philip (Dorothy Reinhart) Alexander is to be honored at a surprise open house and card shower in her home, Mercer RD 4, Sunday, October 24.
>
> Members of her family, hosts for the event, are asking the cooperation of friends, neighbors and relatives in keeping the event a surprise to Mrs. Alexander.
>
> All are invited to attend the party Sunday from 2 to 5 p.m.

Our lips are sealed. Finally, Professor Robert Blackey of San Bernardino's California State College sent us the following statement, which appears every month on the Table of Contents page of *Sexual Behavior*:

> *Sexual Behavior* is published monthly by Interpersonal Publications, Inc. . . . All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without specific written permission is prohibited.

Now that's what we mean by *meaningful* birth control.

The ancient and honorable art of the dedication is, according to our sleuths, a declining one. Once upon a happier time, they maintain, dedications like the following were not unusual: "To my five-year-old, without whose unflagging interest in this project it would have been done six months ago."

Nowadays, alas, such is the uneven tenor of our times that books often appear without any dedication at all. And, if you please, at these prices too.

Who were the great dedicators? To begin at the beginning, start with the oldest, earliest written book, in the Turanian language, *The Kojiki*, completed in A.D. 712. "I, Yasumaro," it reads, "respectfully present this book to my empress. With true trembling and true fear, I bow the head, I bow the head."

The most touching dedication would perhaps be J. Bernard Walker's to *The Unsinkable Titanic*. "To the memory," it reads, "of the chief engineer of the *Titanic*, John Bell, and his staff of thirty-three assistants, who stood at their posts in the engine and boiler rooms to the very last and went down with the ship."

Everybody has received dedications apparently, even Presidents—as witness Will Rogers's *Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat*, which went "To Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, because she appreciates jokes even on her own husband." Military books usually go in for large dedications. James Jones, for example, dedicated *From Here to Eternity* to the entire United States Army. On the other hand, Charles Fair, author of the recent book about bad generalship, *From the Jaws of Victory*, singled out just one general. "To the memory of Ambrose E. Burnside," he wrote, "one of the greatest in a tradition still very much alive."

Morris Ryskind's *Unaccustomed as I Am* took in perhaps the most territory. "Dedicated to the Great American Democracy," he wrote. "May it bring me royalty." Christopher Morley's famous *Pipefuls* had a dedication in the form of a triad. "This book is dedicated to three men, Hulbert Footner, Eugene Saxton and William Rose Benét. Because if I mentioned only one of them, I would have to write books to inscribe the other two." John O'Hara's *The Big Laugh* was also tripartite—unfortunately, for reasons not known—"to Fatty Arbuckle, Rudolph Valentino, and Greta Garbo." So too was Ogden Nash's *Hard Times*: "To Mrs. Parker, Mr. Hoffenstein, and Mr. Roget, without a handy set of whose works this book could not have been written so quickly."

The late George Jean Nathan wrote *Beware of Parents*. His dedication: "To George Jean Nathan, Jr., Unborn." Oscar Levant named an *SR* man for *A Smattering of Ignorance*: "To Irving Kolodin, with whose considerable aid I have augmented my influence and diminished the circle of my acquaintances."

The majority of male writers choose their girls even against heavy odds. Thus Mort Weisinger's *The Contest*, a book about the Miss America Pageant, had this: "To my wife, Thelma, the fairest of them all." The longest dedication? Well, William Saroyan required a full page to inscribe *The Human Comedy*, but the prize goes to George Allen, White House wit, who, when he wrote *Presidents Who Have Known Me*, dedicated it to some 500 VIPs, a compilation requiring four full pages. Another Allen, H. Allen Smith, is an equally dedicated dedicator. "Ten per cent of this book," he inscribed *Life in a Putty Factory*, "is dedicated to Harold Matson, my agent." Later, Mr. Smith inscribed *Lost in the Horse Latitudes*. "To," he wrote, "the New York City Commissioner of Sanitation."

Collaborators have trouble. When Kaufman and Hart wrote *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, they could not agree on their tribute to Alexander Woollcott, who inspired, of course, the character of Sheridan Whiteside. Finally, they achieved accord with a compromise: "To Alexander Woollcott, for reasons that are nobody's business."

Other humorists have used full rein. The late H. I. Phillips dedicated *On White Rye* "To my portable typewriter, U.S. Route No. 1, Hedy Lamarr, the N.Y. Triborough Bridge Authority, and to all victims of serious writing everywhere." Rex Lardner in *The Lardner Report* was the soul of brevity. "Dedicated to," he inscribed, "skip it." Lastly, the late Bennett Cerf, for *Out on a Limerick*, composed a whole limerick for a dedication:

> There is a young lady from Fife
> Whom I never have seen in my life.
> So the devil with her;
> Instead I prefer
> To dedicate this to my wife.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1963)

DAVID R. SLAVITT:
ANAGRAMS

Any child who has ever walked the pavement, avoiding the cracks and the lines in the cement out of solicitude for his mother's backbone, was a potential poet. Or a reader of poetry. It was a shame that so many lost it.

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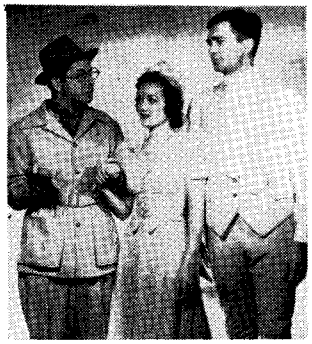

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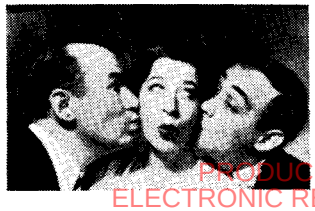

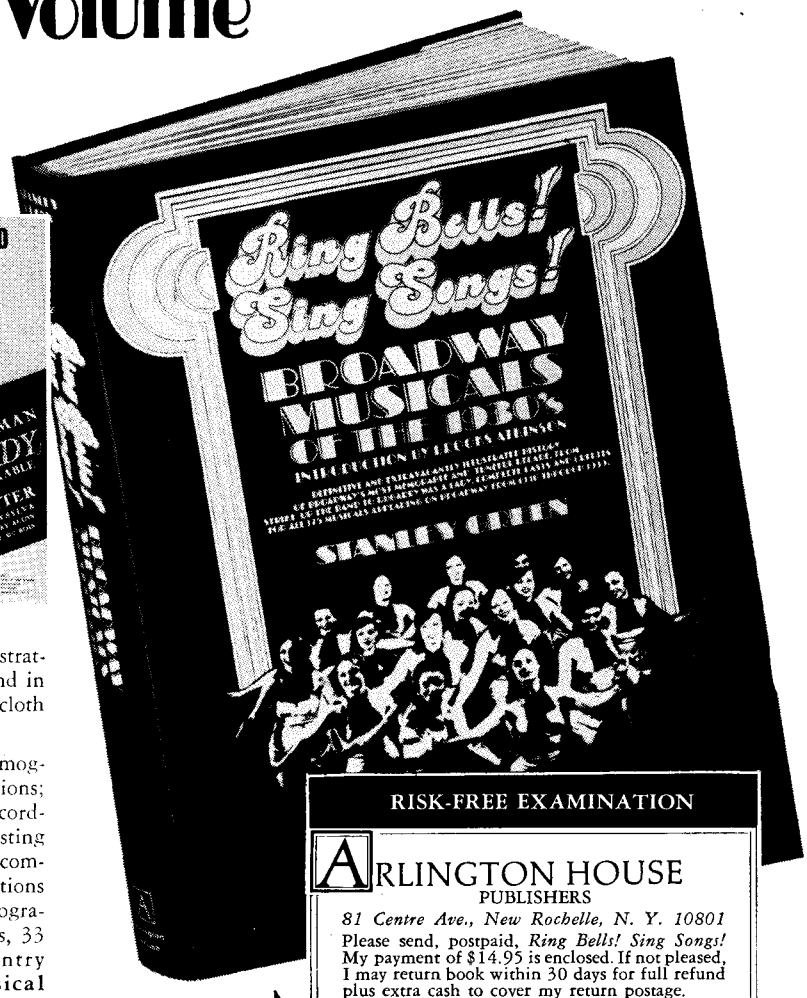

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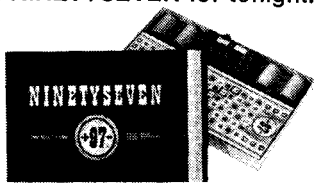

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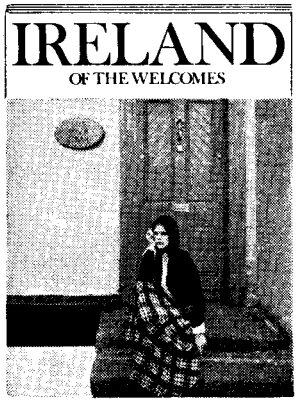

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Phasing Out Ivan the Terrible

IT IS DIFFICULT to draw any comfort from a television season that, as it reaches its critical halfway point, seems never to have got off the ground with shows that were new, different, or even mildly exciting. Nevertheless, there have been signs of a trend for which viewers should express great gratitude. If the trend continues, we may be experiencing a watershed phenomenon, a historic ideological turning point in the content of prime-time series—namely, the demise of the political, Cold War, international villain.

We have, of course, known such changes of direction before. There is a subtle but detectable relationship between the international posture of the United States and the pseudo-myths of our mass-produced entertainment. Before and during World War II, such films as *Ninotchka* and *Mission to Moscow*, as well as movies and radio programs that portrayed the heroic resistance of the brave Chinese people to Japanese imperialism, were common and popular.

Television's advent, coinciding with the beginning of the Cold War, changed all that. A staple of the TV dramatic series became the wily Sino-Slavic enemy, sometimes clearly identified as from behind the Iron or Bamboo curtains, sometimes of indeterminate origin, but always intuitively and correctly recognized by viewers. *The Man from UNCLE* represented the apotheosis of the threat of the enemy alien. The program's spies, saboteurs, and international terrorists were thinly disguised as private entrepreneurs bent on controlling the world, but we knew all along whom they really worked for.

During my regular scanning of this season's prime-time offerings, I first became aware of the new trend in one segment of *Sarge*, NBC's series that features a former cop turned priest, whose sacerdotal offices seem never to escape the heavy secular demands of local parish crimes waiting to be solved. On this particular show, a television talk-show celebrity staged a fake murder attempt on himself for publicity. When Sarge, defending the innocent suspect, was about to unmask the celebrity on his talk show, the latter stumbled into irrationality, carrying on about "they—a Communist conspiracy, about to take over the country." Silently and compassionately, the priest slipped the lavaliere mike from around his neck and walked off the set, leaving the muttering accuser to be rejected by not only the studio crew but also the viewers. That was something new on television—an unsympathetic rejection by the producers and the TV audience of an attack on Communists, an attack that, not so long ago, would have had most viewers applauding and yelling, "Right on!"

A week later, *The Great American Dream Machine*, on public television, presented a short interview with Dalton Trumbo, a former Hollywood writer who for years was blacklisted for his political views and who earned his living by writing film scripts under an assumed name. Now here he was, an untouchable of the Hollywood Ten, reconstructed and in good enough grace to speak his candid piece on a network financed by federal funds.

On Sunday night a week later, there were two more impressive pieces of evidence to support the turnaround theory. Jimmy Stewart (NBC), whose incredibly trivial situation comedy about an alleged college professor is about as all-American and apple-pie as you can possibly get, entertained a professor from behind the Iron Curtain as a house guest. To be sure, the visitor was not from the Soviet Union, merely from a country in the Middle European sphere of Russian influence. Nevertheless, he was shown to be a gentle fellow, a delightful storyteller for the children, and a man who missed his own family.

That same night, on *Cade's County* (CBS), a saboteur placed in Glenn Ford's small, modern, Western crime center, Madrid City, was stopped by Sheriff Cade just as he was about to detonate an atomic warhead at a nearby missile base. It was only after the program was over that I realized that the saboteur and his accomplice were not in the faintest way ever connected with any foreign nation. They were saboteurs without a country or a cause.

It should be clear, of course, that this watershed trend may be directly attributed to the recent thaw in America's foreign policy. If the Peking and Moscow détentes accomplish no more than relief, for television viewers, from the era of the political villain, they will have been worth it. For the immediate future, we look forward to Professor Jimmy Stewart refereeing a Ping-pong match between local campus champs and the pros from Peking. After that, my candidate would be "The Return of Charlie Chan."

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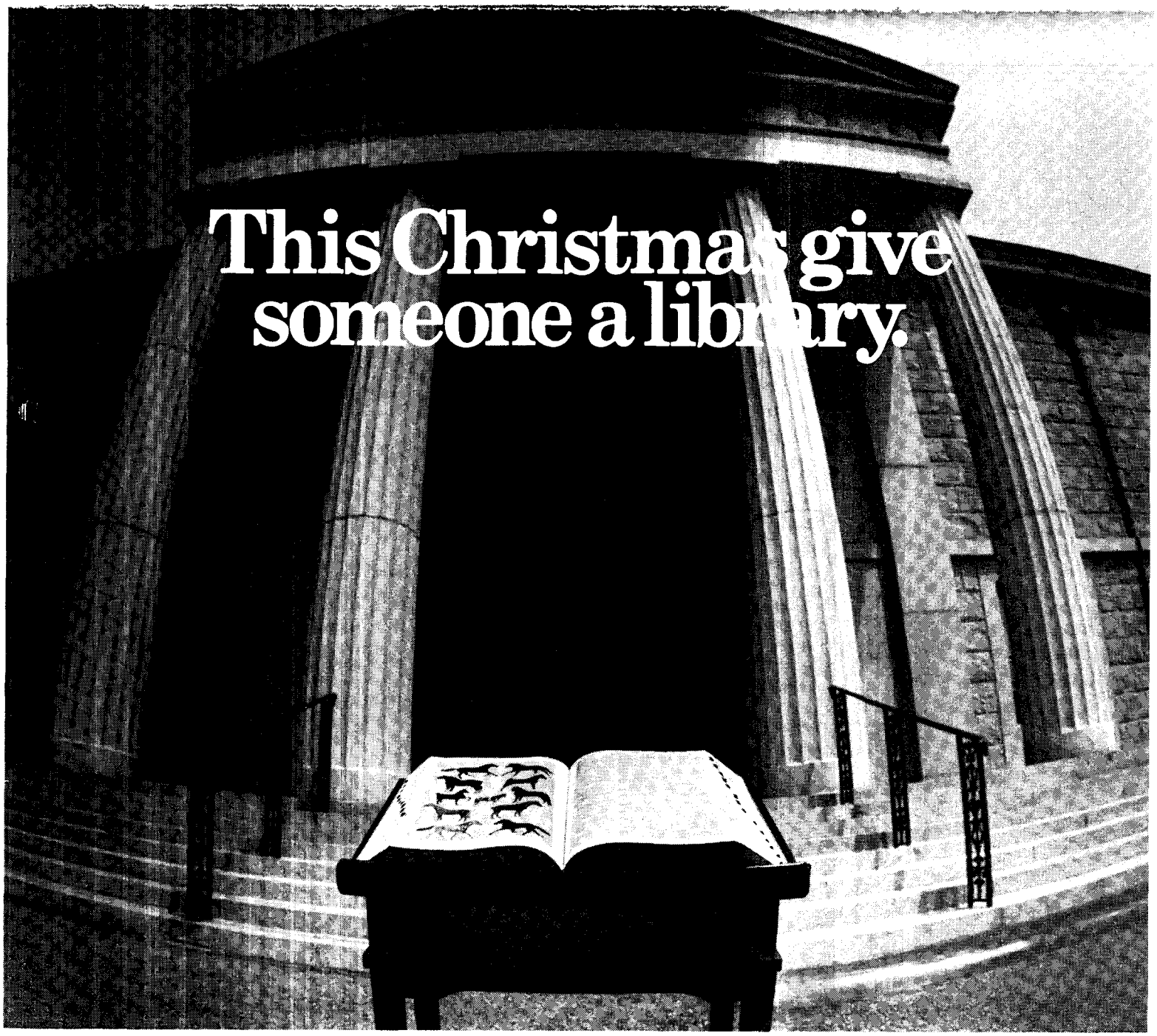

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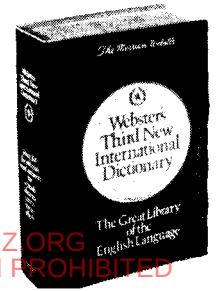

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THE © QUAGMIRE

"Although Congress is bored with copyright, there are few challenges before it that are more important for the long run."

by DAN LACY

Charles Dickens once wrote a friend of his to announce with some surprise that an American publisher had sent him a royalty check. "What a fine, what a generous, what an un-American thing for him to do!" Dickens exclaimed. The English novelist's reaction was well grounded since during its first century the U.S. copyright law protected only Americans; foreign authors were fair game for pirates, as they are in Russia and China today. Only after years of appeals from American authors, led by Mark Twain, did Congress in 1891 reluctantly allow foreign writers to get an American copyright for their books, and even then only if their books were set up in type, printed, bound, and published in the United States simultaneously with their publication in a foreign country.

The longfelt need for a modern copyright law became still more urgent after the turn of the century when the newborn phonograph record and motion picture industries presented unprecedented legal problems. Even under this pressure, a new bill was debated for years until Theodore Roosevelt, in the closing months of his Presidency, called all the interested parties together, cracked his whip, and practically forced the passage of the 1909 Copyright Act.

That act has been amended in details from time to time, and U.S. copyright has been opened freely to most foreign authors. But basically the 1909 law provides the copyright system under which we still operate more than sixty years later. It was a bad law and half out-of-date when it was passed. The language is vague and often inconsistent; in many of its provisions, one can only guess what Congress had in mind. Compared to the copyright laws of the rest of the world, it is unsympathetic, even hostile, to authors and composers. It is full of technical requirements so arbitrary they are traps for anyone but a highly competent copyright attorney.

In other countries (excluding the two Chinas and the U.S.S.R.), all an author or composer or artist has to do to own and control his own work is to create it. In the United States, he has to publish it with a notice in a precisely prescribed form and a precisely defined location. And to maintain it he has to register his copyright on an elaborate form. And he has to deposit two copies in the Library of Congress. And pay a $6 fee. And, if he is an American citizen or lives here, he must have the book manufactured in the United States to get a full copyright. Failure to comply with any detail of these complex regulations can void all an author's rights forever. For example, if his publisher puts the copyright notice on the wrong page, say on the page facing the

DAN LACY is senior vice president of the McGraw-Hill Book Company and former chairman of the Copyright Committee of the Association of American Publishers.

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title page instead of the title page or its reverse, or if he abbreviates "copyright" in any other way than "copr." or "©," or if he puts the wrong date in the notice, the author's rights may be gone forever. And not only the rights in the book; he may lose his rights in films or plays or broadcasts based on the book.

Almost everywhere else in the world an author's copyright is good for life and protects his heirs for at least fifty years after his death (seventy years in Germany, eighty years in Spain). In the United States, his copyright is good for only twenty-eight years, though if the author is alive and remembers to renew during the twenty-eighth year (not a day sooner or later), he is protected for another twenty-eight years. If he is dead by then, a complicated and obscure formula determines who can renew. If he or his heirs forget renewal until after the precise date is passed, all is lost.

Clauses in the 1909 act that then seemed innocuous enough have been given a very different significance with the passage of time. For example, a composer's right to be paid for the performance of his music is confined to public performances for profit. This stipulation was intended to exempt private performances in the home and the playing of music in church services, school exercises, military parades, and the like. The makers and operators of machines that then let listeners put a penny in a slot and hear a scratchy cylindrical record through earphones persuaded Congress these were not really public performances; they got a special exemption for such coin-operated machines.

These provisions never envisioned broadcasting or juke boxes. The exemption of non-profit performances originally designed to apply to choir practice today allows any public or educational radio or TV station to broadcast a work to an audience that may reach millions, without a penny or a by-your-leave to the composer. And if our unique broadcasting structure is ever reshaped into a tax-supported system like those elsewhere, broadcasting will be closed to composers and poets as a source of revenue. Similarly, the little penny-in-slot exemption now applies to the vast juke box industry, and of the millions of quarters that clink into juke boxes, none reach the composer whose music is played.

The 1909 act provided that if a composer let anyone record his music, everyone else was free to record it upon paying the author 2 cents for each record "side." Perhaps that was fair when 2 cents would mail a letter or buy *The New York Times* and a side was three minutes. But the same formula rules now that the *Times* is 15 cents and a side may be half an hour or more. And what is a side of a tape cassette?

Moreover, the 1909 act requires the publication of the work in a visually perceivable form to get a copyright. A recording is not subject to a copyright, because putting it on a machine makes it only audible, not visible. Music for which no score is written down cannot get a copyright, no matter in how many thousands or millions of copies it has been recorded.

The inconveniences of the 1909 law have been felt on all sides: not only by authors, composers, and publishers but by librarians, educators, and scholars as well. For example, another oddity of American copyright law is that with certain exceptions it comes into operation only when a work is published. Unpublished manuscripts are protected not by the Copyright Act but by the common law of the state involved. Although this may vary slightly from state to state, in general it gives the author of the manuscript or the writer of a letter (not its owner or recipient) an absolute right to prevent the publication of a line or a word. And this right descends to an author's heirs and is not limited to any term. If the editors of the magnificent series *Papers of Thomas Jefferson* had thought it necessary to be absolutely sure of their legal ground, they would have had to find every one of Jefferson's more than 2,000 living descendants and negotiate a release for the publication of his letters, and similar releases from all the many tens of thousands of heirs of those who wrote to Jefferson. This is not an idle or merely technical problem. Within very recent years, President Harding's nephew and heir successfully sued under common-law copyright to prevent the publication of even a single word from letters of the President to his mistress, though the physical documents could be read in a historical society. Somewhere in the century between Jefferson and Harding and somewhere in the range between one heir and thousands there no doubt lies a line beyond which the courts would hold that the heirs' rights have been evaporated by time and diffusion. But not knowing where that line is creates a nagging discomfort for historians, biographers, librarians, and archivists, not to mention publishers.

"Almost everywhere else in the world an author's copyright is good for life .... In the United States, his copyright is good for only twenty-eight years."

Another problem that troubles librarians and scholars as well as authors and publishers is wrapped up in the term "fair use." The 1909 act gives an exclusive right to the author, absolute and unqualified, to "copy" his work. But the courts have not applied that literally. Since 1841 they have held that under certain circumstances copying was not an infringement of the authors' rights but a fair use. In reaching decisions as to what is a fair use, the courts have considered how large a part of the original work was copied, how important a part of the new work the copied portion embodied, what kind of use was made, and whether the copy tended to supersede the original or diminish its market. Almost all the decisions about fair use have applied to cases where part of one work is included in another published work, as when a copyrighted song is sung by a character in a play or a poem is quoted in an article on contemporary literature or an illustration from a technical treatise is incorporated into a textbook. In such cases the line between fair and unfair is more or less clear, but how do the judicial decisions apply to photocopying in a library? If one can copy a paragraph from one book in another book with an edition of 10,000 copies, how much can be copied in a single photocopy? Is it or is it not all right to photocopy journal articles instead of sending copies of the journal on interlibrary loan? Can a teacher make a transparency from a chart in a textbook to project to a class? Can she mimeograph thirty copies of a poem to distribute to a class as a means of supplementing the textbook? Do libraries risk infringement suits by allowing patrons to use coin-operated copying machines to reproduce copyrighted material? As a practical matter, educators and librarians would seem to have little to fear in these areas; apparently no librarian or teacher has ever been sued for damages for photocopying under the copyright law. (There is pending a suit against the National Library of Medicine involving large-scale filming of articles from current medical journals, but it involves no claim for damages and only a judicial determination of future ground rules.)

But teachers and librarians are troubled by what they feel to be the uncertainty of their legal position. They fear the ambiguity of the law may leave them vulnerable to what might be more restrictive policies in the future,

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and they worry about whether the copyright law may somehow prevent their making effective use of developments in educational and library technology yet to come.

For the past sixteen years the Copyright Office and Congress have been laboring on a new copyright act to try to make sense out of all this mess. After years of studies, reports, conferences, discussions, and drafts, a general revision bill was finally introduced in Congress in 1965, a bill that would have done a good job of providing a clear, consistent, sensible copyright act capable of solving most of the problems apparent in the early 1960s. There followed months of hearings, some highly technical, others unbelievably impassioned. More than 150 witnesses testified, each with his own particular interest: authors, publishers, composers, artists, book manufacturers, printers, union representatives, record company executives, broadcasters, film producers, churchmen, librarians, teachers, archivists, historians, band leaders, tavern keepers, singers, not to mention professional football team directors, producers of high school annuals, and the operators of an amusement park.

Congress rarely concerns itself with copyright to the extent of forcing an unwelcome change on any important and articulate interest; hence, most copyright legislation represents a compromise more or less acceptable to all parties with a major stake. So it was with the bill as rewritten by the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. Its subcommittee on copyright labored with extraordinary diligence, holding some twenty-two days of hearings, during which better than 2,000 pages of testimony were presented. More than fifty additional meetings of the committee were held to redraft the bill. The result, embodying skillful compromises, accomplished the main purposes of copyright revision and was reasonably acceptable to everyone.

All copyright was brought under the statute, for unpublished works as well as published, which meant that unpublished manuscripts would pass into the public domain after the expiration of their regular term. A single term of copyright was provided lasting for fifty years after the death of the author, thus bringing American copyright into line with that in the rest of the world. The requirement of copyright notice was retained, but the inadvertent misplacement or omission of the notice would not forfeit copyright forever. The long-condemned manufacturing clause, requiring American authors to have their books manufactured in the United States, was also retained, but its requirements were modified in a number of ways to make them more tolerable.

Similarly, the requirement of a compulsory license to make phonograph records without the permission of the composer was kept, but the rate of payment was raised. Juke box operators were required to pay for the performance of music, but at a modest rate fixed by law. Authors and composers were given a right to control the performance of their works on non-profit broadcasting stations but not in the case of broadcasts that were part of an organized instructional program; conversely, non-profit broadcasters were given new rights with respect to the taping of shows and the reuse of tapes. The compromise on fair use, which then seemed acceptable to all, was to embody the judicial doctrine in the statute, including the criteria normally employed by the courts to make it clear that the doctrine was relevant to the classroom and the library as well as to republication of material.

The bill passed the House of Representatives in 1967 with brief debate and little change. For a while, triumph seemed at hand. All previous efforts at general revision of copyright, going back for half a century, had failed; now the years of work, the months of testimony, the endless hours of committee revision were going to pay off. The major controversies had been bargained out, and there was every reason to hope the Senate would act quickly and without major revision. But it didn't.

Several things happened. Performers decided to renew more vigorously their effort to have the law recognize the rendition of a musical work as a creation entitled to copyright by the performer along with the composer's copyright. The librarians repented of their earlier position that applying the doctrine of fair use was the answer to the photocopying problem and decided that they needed total exemption from the copyright law insofar as photocopying done for their users was concerned. Academicians and government scientists and information officers who saw the computer as the medium of the future first took serious note of copyright. They feared that without a sweeping exemption from any requirement that the permission of an author be obtained before feeding his work into a computer, the effective use of those devices would be frustrated. And most important of all, cable television came on the scene.

Authors, composers, and music pub-

"My analyst says I should let my sideburns grow if I want."

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lishers were reluctant to dilute the concept of copyright, but an exceptionally glamorous delegation of performers was able to persuade the Senate Judiciary subcommittee to insert a performer's right in the bill.

The computer problem is a lot more complicated. There are really two quite different questions. One is whether a computer program, i.e., the set of instructions that controls a computer when it goes about its work, ought to be subject to copyright. The other is whether the permission of an author or other copyright proprietor has to be obtained before his work can be used in a computer.

Most of the original argument was over the latter question. A few years ago many people thought that the texts of a vast quantity of copyrighted works would need to be fed into computers and consulted there rather than in printed form. Authors and publishers feared that if this could be done without permission or royalty, they would be seriously damaged if not destroyed; on the other hand, many interested in furthering computer use feared that the development of this new medium might be strangled by difficulties in getting permissions to use copyrighted works. Both fears, as it turned out, were greatly exaggerated. The input of copyrighted works into computers, as a means of storage and retrieval, has proved to be expensive and inefficient. The amount of input has been minimal, and permission has been easy to get.

Much more important and complex has been the question as to how programs could be best protected and how investment in their production and use encouraged. Patents, traditional copyrights, or trade secrecy are not entirely satisfactory for either purpose, and there is growing support for a special type of copyright, protecting the use as well as the copying of programs, but so designed as not to enable the developer of a program to pre-empt the basic techniques used in the program. In general, problems of the computer and copyright seem much more solvable than they did four years ago. The copyright revision bill would leave the law, vague though it is, unchanged on that point for the present but would set up an expert commission to study the problem and make recommendations to Congress for future legislation.

The proposed commission could probably settle some of the still existing, if relatively minor, tensions between copyright proprietors and computer users. But its important task would be to set up a copyright structure that would encourage the rapid development of computer use and the necessary investment in the creation of programs, special data banks, systems of computer-assisted instruction and other materials designed especially for the computer. It is here that statesmanship is needed.

There is considerable tension over the issue of library photocopying, but the two sides are much closer together than the heat of the argument suggests. What disturbs authors and publishers most is the unauthorized reproduction of multiple copies of a poem or story or chapter of a textbook to supply all the members of a class or larger group. A lot of this type of unauthorized subpublication goes on, and it is especially injurious to poets and short-story writers, who depend on anthology fees for much of their income, and to authors and publishers of scholarly and technical books with limited markets. Everyone agrees, however, that this is wrong, and no one seeks to legalize it in the new bill, though some urge that librarians and educators should be given blanket authority to copy subject to the payment of a stipulated fee fixed by law.

After important concessions on both sides, the only remaining issue as to content of the new law on the subject of photocopying is the insistence of libraries that they be free to make single copies of any entire work (other than maps, pictures, films, and the like) for a user without regard to the limits of fair use. Authors and publishers remain vigorously opposed to this proposal. In part their opposition arises from a recognition that an unlimited right to make single copies is a right to make an unlimited number of copies one at a time, a right that could have major economic importance as photocopying becomes cheaper and cheaper. But it is also based on a conviction that such an unlimited legal freedom to copy would be a mistake in the long run for libraries and scholars as well as for authors and publishers. Photocopying, including microcopying, has become far more efficient and economical than ever before; properly developed it can play a revolutionary role in making the whole world's range of documents available to scholars everywhere. It opens up the possibility, for example, of master copies of microfiche (small sheets of film, each of which may contain a whole book in microcopy) in every library, with copies inexpensively reproduced for each user in lieu of lending the original. But to achieve the most effective use of microcopying will require major investments that can be expected only with some assurance of the legal structure of rights. Setting up

"Langdon, I'd like you to meet my son. He's a conservative just like us."

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such a structure is the important job. Adequate copyright protection is needed not to suppress microcopying but to provide an incentive for investment in its wider use and in the creation of the works to be issued in microform.

The biggest problem remaining is cable TV. Cable TV used to be known as community antenna television, or CATV. It began when neighbors cut off by a hill from good TV reception would chip in together and build a high aerial on a hilltop to which all their sets would be connected. From this beginning, it expanded to a commercial scale: A company would erect a high tower and offer a similar service to a whole mountain-bound community for a monthly subscription fee. Such CATV systems thought of themselves as engaged in improving the reception of broadcasts, not as themselves performing works by transmitting them. This view was upheld by the Supreme Court under the specific facts in *Fortnightly Corporation* v. *United Artists Television, Inc.*

But the power of the cable far exceeded the improvement of local signals. Soon cable systems were bringing in broadcasts from distant stations in other market areas and offering programing of their own. The rise of a major new communications industry was in prospect. And with this prospect came a host of new issues. Was cable TV to be regulated by the Federal Communications Commission or by the local governments that issued franchises for installing the actual cables? Were the policy questions too large for administrative handling by the FCC? And if so, to what extent were they the responsibility of the Commerce Committee, with jurisdiction over broadcasting, and to what extent that of the Judiciary Committee, dealing with copyright? Should cable systems be allowed to bring in programs from distant stations or only to improve the reception of those of local stations? Should they be allowed, or indeed required, to create programing of their own? Should part of their multi-channel capacity be reserved for educational and other public use? Under what circumstances should they be required to obtain the permission of a copyright proprietor before retransmitting a performance of his work?

These questions far exceeded copyright, but they inescapably involved it. And the copyright revision bill became caught in an intense series of struggles—struggles among the FCC, two different Senate committees, the House of Representatives, and local governments—over questions of jurisdiction; and among cable systems, broadcasters, and film companies for what some of them felt was a right of survival.

Cable systems feared that if they had to negotiate copyright licenses on the sellers' terms and were restricted to upgrading local broadcasts, their whole future would be denied. Broadcasters feared that if cable systems could offer a wide range of alternative programs, the TV audience would be fragmented, the attractiveness of their service to advertisers radically reduced, and the whole value of their franchises eroded. Film companies, realizing an increasing share of their income by licensing their product to TV stations, feared that a film licensed to a station in one city might be picked up by cable systems in a dozen others without fee, robbing them of possible markets. A perhaps even greater fear was that if they were unable to guarantee exclusivity, they would have to accept much smaller fees for the licenses they were still able to issue.

All these contending parties have influential friends in Congress, and the inability to resolve this complex of issues has left the whole copyright revision bill stalled in the Senate for four years. And there it remains, to all appearances immovable.

"It is a hopeless task to draw up a statute that would provide a detailed resolution of the copyright questions raised by every new form of communication."

The Copyright Revision Bill was reintroduced in the Senate again this year, and again referred to the Judiciary subcommittee chaired by Senator McClellan. But once more the subcommittee has shown no disposition to act until the complex cable TV problems are finally resolved not only among broadcasting cable and film interests but also among Senators McClellan and Pastore, who have rival committee jurisdictions and conflicting concerns for cable communication and for broadcasting, and Dean Burch, the chairman of the FCC, which is caught in the middle. Recent weeks have shown flickering signs of a break in the deadlock that has now lasted for four years, and it may be that Congress will return to active consideration of the bill early next year.

As well it should, for the need for a new law is urgent. And if the deadlock is to be broken, Congress and its Judiciary committees will need to rise above the endless bargaining over specific advantage and enact a copyright law that is essentially a broad and clear statement of general principle. It is a hopeless task to draw up a statute that would provide a detailed resolution of the copyright questions raised by every new form of communication. Indeed, a whole communications revolution has already taken place while Congress and the Copyright Office have been working on revision. And even if, by miracle, a detailed and completely current law could be struck off, further innovations would quickly make its specific provisions obsolete.

What we need is a simple law that will clearly assert the right of a composer or author or artist to enjoy the fruit of his work without complex formalities, however and in whatever medium that work is used or may come to be used in the future. The law ought to assure the availability of the work for socially valuable uses for which the author is adequately paid and should adopt a commonsense attitude toward fair uses.

A sound copyright law is essential not only to the protection of authors but also to the development of the new communications media and the new educational tools we need. Investments of many hundreds of millions of dollars are needed in computer programming for social purposes, in the production of materials for educational broadcasting, in the accumulation of data banks, in devising methods of computer instruction, in setting up efficient services to provide copies of otherwise unavailable or inconveniently available material, and in producing other innovative materials and services. The function of a copyright law is not only to stimulate authors and composers to create works but also to induce the necessary investment in disseminating their works to the broadest public.

But most of all, it will determine whether artists and writers and composers can maintain their independence and freedom through the unpredictable changes that the future will bring in the ways their work is communicated and used.

Of all the ways the federal government relates to the creative arts, no other is even nearly so important as the copyright law—not a Kennedy Center, or a National Foundation for the Arts, or funds for research grants. The copyright law and it alone enables the creative artist to live by his own efforts, independent of federal or foundation or corporate patronage.

Although Congress is bored with copyright, there are few challenges before it that are more important for the long run. Maybe what is needed is a President cracking a whip, like Teddy Roosevelt in 1909, to get it to meet the challenge.

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—Sovfoto

Mao Tse-tung at Yenan in the late 1930s—"For men of poetry and feeling / we must seek in the present."

The Poetry of Chairman Mao

by N. G. D. MALMQVIST

When the first emperor of the Han dynasty had succeeded, toward the end of the third century B.C., in uniting the whole of China, he composed the following poem:

The storm wind rose,
scattered the clouds;
all lands between the seas have
learnt to honor my might.
I shall myself return home!
Where shall I find valiant men
to guard my state?

Many of China's rulers throughout history have followed the example of the Han emperor. That many statesmen and high officials of Imperial China won great fame as poets and literary men is quite understandable. Only those who were well versed in poetics were able to succeed in the state examinations, which for nearly 2,000 years served as the gate to an official career.

These literary traditions are being continued in present-day China. During the second half of the 1950s, the Chinese Writers' Union annually published an extensive anthology of the finest poems written in the preceding year. The 1957 anthology opens with poems by Chairman Mao Tse-tung; Premier Chou En-lai; Foreign Minister Ch'en Yi; the marshals Chu Teh and Yeh Chien-ying; the head of the Propaganda Bureau of the Central Committee, Lu Ting-yi; the president of the Academia Sinica, Kuo Mo-juo; and several other highranking members of the politburo. Common to all these poems is their having been dressed in the cloak of classical meters and written in an archaic and inaccessible language. While Mao himself, and many of his colleagues, prefer the meters that were brought to perfection during the T'ang (A.D. 618-906) and Sung (A.D. 960-1279) dynasties, Chou has chosen his metrical pattern from the Book of Songs, which was composed in the first half of the first millennium B.C. The poetry of Mao and his colleagues indeed makes great demands on the reader's knowledge of the classical language and of the literary heritage of China.

Mao's poetry would seem to be at great variance with the guidelines for literary and art work that came out of the famous discussions in Yenan in May 1942. According to these principles, China's literature should serve the workers, the peasants, and the soldiers; it should combine popularization and elevation, though popularization must be given priority. And further, the political criterion must be placed before the artistic criterion; the literary workers must be integrated with the masses of workers and peasants. If these and no other criteria were applied to Mao's poetry, his poems would seem, at first glance, singularly estranged from the literary dogma that developed after 1942. It should be stressed, however, that Mao himself had no intention of rejecting China's literary heritage: "Nor do we refuse to utilize the literary and artistic forms of the past, but in our hands these old forms, remolded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people."

It was not until January 1957 that the first batch of Mao's poems was published. In a letter to the editor of *Poetry*, the journal that carried his poems, Mao expressed certain misgivings as to the effect his classical poetry might have on readers: "Until now I have never wanted to publish these things in a formal way, since they are written in the classical style. Besides, they do not amount to much as poetry and are not in any way outstanding. But if you feel that they should be published, then go ahead and do so. . . . Our poetry should, of course, be written mainly in the modern style. We may also write some classical poetry, but it would be inadvisable to encourage young people to do so, because these forms might restrict their thoughts, and, besides, they are hard to learn."

By publishing his poems in 1957, Mao may have meant to stimulate the liberalization debate—the Hundred Flowers

N. G. D. MALMQVIST is professor of Chinese at the University of Stockholm, Sweden.

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—which then flourished. The later part of 1957 and the whole of 1958 brought new trends in literature, necessitated, perhaps, by the "great leap forward" in cultural activities and by the large-scale development of amateur literature, such as folk songs and drama. A new and exciting literary formula—"the combination of revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism"—was now hailed as "the scientific summing up of the experience of all literary history and an entirely correct proposition for meeting the characteristics and needs of the present time."

Tsang K'o-chia, one of China's leading poets, has this to say of Mao's poetry: "These poems are written in an expressive style and hold the reader spellbound. Mao Tse-tung is remarkable for his magnificent imagination, his wide intellectual range, and his command of the means of expression. He often links mythology with the realities of the present in such a way that his poems, which are rich in fighting spirit, are filled with revolutionary romanticism."

The new literary formula, which stressed the continuity in the development of China's literature, helped to accommodate Mao the poet in the realm of modern Chinese literature. At the same time, this new development meant that China had established a Marxist literary theory of its own and no longer had to rely on the outdated socialist realism of the Soviet Union.

Mao's latest published poem was written in 1965. It is as yet too early to tell to what extent the concept of literary continuity has survived the turmoil of the cultural revolution.

Resorting to a gross generalization, we can divide the great classical poets of China into two groups. To the first group belong such poets as Wang Wei (701-761) and Li Po (699-762), who often refused to obey the pedantic demands of the rules of meter. The other group comprises such poets as Tu Fu (712-770) and Su Tung-p'o (1036-1101), who so mastered the metrical forms that they no longer appear as fetters. In the extensive poetic production of Tu Fu, no single syllable clashes with the meter. And yet all that he wrote is poetry. Su Tung-p'o, himself a bold stylistic innovator, only very rarely disobeyed the metrical demands. The poet Mao has a closer kinship to Tu Fu and Su Tung-p'o than to Wang Wei and Li Po. His poetic characteristics—bold flights of fancy and vivid imagery—are contained within the frame of regulated meter.

Several of Mao's poems were written during the Long March, that collective feat of strength which has been called "one of the greatest triumphs man has won against all odds and against nature." In the autumn of 1934 the positions of the Communists in southern Kiangsi and the nearby provinces had become precarious as a result of the economic blockade and the military attacks of the Kuomintang. In October 1935, the main part of the Red Army—about 120,000 men—set out on the Long March, which during one year would carry them 6,000 miles, through twelve provinces, to the new headquarters in Yenan in northwestern China. The poem "Shan" ("Mountains") was written when the army passed the high mountain ranges that separate China proper from the Tibetan highlands.

Mountains!
I lay the whip to my fast horse; still in the saddle
I start as I turn my head
Three feet and three inches under Heaven!

Mountains!
Boiling seas and roiling rivers throw up huge waves!
Racing and raging
Ten thousand horses battle drunkenly.

Mountains!
Pierce the blue sky, their peaks unblunted.
But for these peaks
Heaven would crumble!

Toward the end of the Long March, the troops negotiated the mountain range that the Chinese call Minshan and that is the eastern extension of the mighty Kunlun massif. In his poem "Kunlun," which was written in October 1935, Mao dreams of the peace that shall one day prevail in the world. The poet provides the following comment: "A former poet has described driving snow in these words: 'When three million jade dragons have fought their battle / the whole sky is filled with their torn-off scales and broken claws.' I have here borrowed this image in order to describe the Snow Mountain. When you climb the Snow Mountain on a summer's day, you will see the mountains dance in the far distance, dressed in white snow. The people say that these mountains once were giant burning torches. When the Monkey King passed these mountains, he put out the fires with his fan, made from banana leaves, whereupon the mountains were covered with white frost."

Soaring against the sky, out of this world,
giant Kunlun,
you have seen through the colors of man's spring.
Three million jade dragons take to flight,
the whole sky is filled with piercing cold.
In summer, the thaw:
rivers and streams overflow,
men turn into fishes and turtles.
What man has ever taken you to task
for the good and the evil of a thousand autumns?

But today I tell you, Kunlun:
You cannot keep that height,
you cannot keep all that snow!
Could I but lean on the sky and draw my precious sword
I would cut you in three pieces:
One I would give to Europe,
one I would present to America,
one I would leave in the Eastern country.
Great peace in the world,
the whole earth would share this warmth, this cold.

The one poem by Mao that is best known and that above all others has served to establish him as a poet is "Snow." In this poem Mao gives a grand description of the winter landscape in northern China. The poem gives expression to unbound optimism and to a firm trust in the forces of the present. It is not in past history but here and now that the greatness of China is manifested.

The northern landscape,
thousand leagues sealed by ice,
ten thousand leagues of driving snow.
On either side of the Great Wall
endless vista.
Up and down the river
the torrents stilled.
The mountains dance silver snakes,
the plain races waxen elephants,
wishing to measure their height against high Heaven.
And then, on a clear day,
to see it dressed in red and wrapped in white—
an enchanting sight!

This beautiful country
has led countless heroes to vie with one another to gain her.
Alas! The rulers of Ch'in and Han
were lacking in literary accomplishments;
the founders of T'ang and Sung
were poor in poetic spirit.
And Genghis Khan, once the spoiled child of Heaven,
knew only to draw his bow to shoot the great eagle.
Gone are they all!
For men of poetry and feeling
we must seek in the present!

Mao once declared, in a conversation with Edgar Snow, that he would like to visit the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Park. Will Mao himself—or one of his fellow poets—one day dress his impressions of the Grand Canyon in the cloak of classical Chinese poetry?

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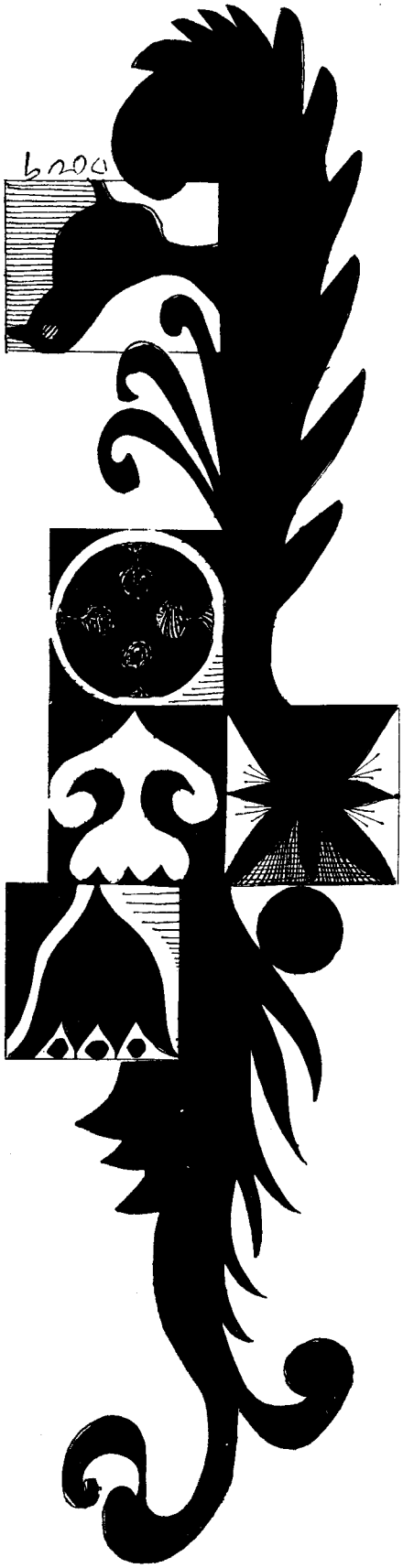
A Mild-Spoken Citizen Finally Writes to the White House

by WILLIAM MEREDITH



Please read this letter when you are alone.
Don't be afraid to listen to what may change you,
I am urging on you only what I myself have done.

In the first place, I respect the office, although one night
last spring, when you had committed (in my eyes)
criminal folly, and there was a toast to you, I wouldn't rise.

A man's mistakes (if I may lecture you), his worst acts,
aren't out of character, as he'd like to think,
are not put on him by power or stress or too much to drink,

but are simply a worse self he consents to be. Thus
there is no mistaking you. I marvel that there's
so much disrespect for a man just being himself, being his errors.

'I never met a worse man than myself,'
Thoreau said. When we're our best selves, we can all
afford to say that. Self-respect is best when marginal.

And when the office of the presidency will again
accommodate that remark (Did you see? Fidel Castro
said almost that recently) it may be held by better men

than you or me. Meantime, I hear there is music in your house,
your women wear queens' wear, though winds howl outside,
and I say, that's all right, the man should have some ease,

but does anyone say to your face who you really are?
No, they say *Mr. President*, while any young person
feels free to call me *voter, believer*, even *causer*.

And if I were also a pray-er, a man given to praying,
(I'm often in fact careless about great things, like you)
and I wanted to pray for your office, as in fact I do,

the words that would come to me would more likely be
god change you than *god bless the presidency*,
I would pray, *God cause the President to change*.

As I myself have been changed, first my head, then my heart,
so that I no longer pretend that I don't swindle or kill
when there is swindling and killing on my nation's part.

Well. Go out into your upstairs hall tonight with this letter.
Generous ghosts must walk that house at night,
carrying draughts of the Republic like cold water

to a man parched after too much talk and wine and smoke.
Hear them. They are elected ghosts, though some will be radicals
and all may want to tell you things you will not like.

It will seem dark in the carpeted hall, despite the night-lights
in the dull sconces. Make the guard let you pass.
'If you are the President,' a shade with a water-glass

will ask you (and this is all I ask), calling you by name,
himself perhaps a famous name, 'If you are the President,
and things in the land have come to all this shame,

why don't you try doing something new? This building rose,
laborious as a dream, to house one character:
man trusting man anew. That's who each tenant is

—or an impostor, as some of us have been.'

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Final Report to the Readers

The purpose of this editorial is to announce my resignation as editor of *Saturday Review*.

Almost six months ago on this page, we reported on the acquisition of *SR* by a group headed by John J. Veronis and Nicolas H. Charney.

A word about the men themselves as we have come to know them. We have seldom known a more compatible partnership. In most publishing duos, one man handles the business end and the other the editorial responsibilities. In the early days of Time, Inc., for example, Henry R. Luce was the editorial chief and Roy E. Larsen the business manager. John Veronis and Nick Charney are completely interchangeable. Each is capable of addressing himself to the full range of publishing problems—creative editorial planning, advertising policy and strategy, circulation promotion and distribution, personnel, printing and production. Sometimes John works on an advertising problem while Nick concentrates on a subscription-circulation matter and vice versa. More often, they work together on the same problems and have an uncanny way of anticipating each other's responses.

One fact in particular is completely to their credit. Most new owners of magazines—or other businesses, for that matter—seem to feel more comfortable if they replace existing personnel with their own people, especially on the executive level. John and Nick not only did not clean house but went out of their way to express appreciation of *SR*'s staff members.

It isn't difficult to develop strong bonds of affection for such men. Our personal and working relationships have been satisfying rather than merely satisfactory.

Despite this, I feel I cannot continue as editor. Nick and John have strong ideas about the future of the *Saturday Review*. This is as it should be. The one thing I have learned about editing over the years is that you have to edit and publish out of your own tastes, enthusiasms, and concerns, and not out of notions or guesswork about what other people might like to read. Nick and John are not just owners but editors and publishers. They have publicly announced plans to develop *SR* into four monthly magazines, each with its own staff and separate thematic identity. The magazines will be rotated so that readers will receive a separate monthly each week. Thus, over the course of a month, readers will receive four magazines—*The Saturday Review of Science*, *The Saturday Review of Education*, *The Saturday Review of the Arts*, and *The Saturday Review of the Society*. John and Nick have emphasized that the four monthly magazines are a natural outgrowth of the present supplements. A number of the basic features of the existing *SR* will be retained in each of the monthlies in order to provide continuity.

It is not my purpose here to enter into a detailed discussion of that plan. It is sufficient to say I find myself in philosophical and professional disagreement.

I object strongly to the commercial use of the *Saturday Review* subscription list for purposes that have nothing to do with the magazine.

I also object to the exploitation of the name of the *Saturday Review* for sundry marketing ventures. That name may no longer belong to the people who created it, but the people who created it have a duty to make known their concern.

I hope that John and Nick will recognize that this course is not in their interest or the interest of the magazine.

The differences between us are not over the need for change. *SR* has been the product of change ever since it began as a book-review periodical almost half a century ago. The present differences are over the kind of change that is planned. John and Nick may be successful in what they intend to do. They may well be right in their basic premises. I can only say that I cannot be comfortable with those premises. Nor can I justify to myself or anyone else the use of my name to advance a program I cannot support.

It may be asked whether there has been an adequate exchange of views. I believe there has. At one point, in fact, I was on the verge of becoming one of the investors in order to give additional resonance to my arguments.

John and Nick have not been dogmatic or arbitrary. They have gone to extraordinary lengths to persuade me to stay. They have suggested that I continue to write for the magazine and become Chairman of a new Editorial Board. Of course, I would like to continue to write for *SR*. But I cannot become Editorial Chairman if I cannot support a concept that seems to me to run counter to the historic nature and purpose of the magazine.

As I write this, I have the feeling that I am slipping into an error I was determined to avoid. I have no wish to argue a case or justify a stand. My purpose is to state the fact of an honest difference of opinion and to announce my resignation.

It is hard, very hard, to imagine myself without the *Saturday Review*. The magazine has been more than just a career. It has been a way of life. I can't think of any job in the world I would have preferred. And nothing about that job has given me deeper satisfaction than the direct relationship I have had with the readers. There is a small room at *SR* which is known as the "vault for N. C.'s treasures". A considerable section of those treasures consists of correspondence with the readers of this magazine.

There has not been a day during the past three months when I have not agonized over everything involved in the decision to leave. But I finally came to realize that my situation has become unworkable.

The day after I made my decision, I walked through the offices of *SR*. It

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didn't seem so long ago that all of us —Henry Canby, Amy Loveman, Christopher Morley, William Rose Benét, Harrison Smith, George Stevens, and I—shared two small offices in an old building in mid-Manhattan. Later Jack Cominsky became our general manager. We shared those small offices and spun large dreams—of a magazine that would be concerned with the life of the mind, a magazine that saw connections between the creative arts and the ideas that supplied civilization with its basic energy. It would be a magazine that wouldn't be self-conscious about expressing its conviction that though the world is imperfect, it can be made better than it is. We had the conviction, too, that other magazines might read faster and look better but that no magazine would try harder to win the respect and confidence of its readers. There were 15,000 of those readers in 1940; today they number 660,000.

It has been the greatest privilege of my life to have had a part in the making of such a magazine. I leave it with the tenderest and most joyous memories, and with the deepest feelings of pride in my associates who have contributed mightily to the growth and development of *SR* over the years. I include here not just the names listed on the masthead opposite but all those who are a vital part of the magazine—the men and women who have been on the firing line selling advertising space and who have stayed with *SR* despite all the blandishments and lures of larger magazines; our circulation and promotion people who understand the philosophy of the magazine no less than do the editors; the staffers who open the mail and make the stockroom into something of an emporium.

What are my plans for the future? Obviously my first problem is to try to live without the *Saturday Review*. This is an emotional, not an economic, problem. I've got some consecutive thinking to do. I want to catch up on my reading. Nothing is more lamentable in an editor's life than the fact that so much of his reading time has to do with his work and so little with reading for pleasure. But I don't expect to stay out of the communications arena for long.

As an immediate matter, I intend to get involved as deeply as I can in doing something about the mass tragedy of Bangla Desh. The fact that nine million human beings are homeless and hungry has yet to make an adequate claim on the moral imagination of the American people. The fact that the United States is sending weapons to Pakistan, thus providing an underpinning for the present terror, is unconscionable. The fact that the United States Government is calling on Pakistan and India to exercise restraint while its own policy adds to the danger of war is incomprehensible and inexcusable. But this is getting me into another editorial....

I resign without animus or rancor. But I want to leave while my memories are still whole and warm.

N.C.

Mending a Sidewalk . . . Making a Poem

By Ted Olson

IT'S simple in theory. Just three ingredients:
something solid, something fluid, some sort of binder.
The mix, though, must be right. The formulas
never quite fit. You keep experimenting:
a cupful, a fistful, a sprinkle. But look out:
a slosh too much and it's ruined.
Now to work.
They're refractory. They sulk. They don't want to marry.
You thwack, pummel, flail, churn, larrup,
and cuss. You're tempted to say the hell with it.
But somehow finally they cohere, into an ugly
coarse gray sludge.
And that's just the beginning.
The stuff doesn't like being caged. It clots, clogs,
spills over, goes wherever it isn't supposed to.
Matter's contrary. You've got to show it you're boss.
And slowly, ever so slowly, it dociles. You think
By golly, I've got it! But you haven't. Not yet.
It has to jell. Don't try to hurry it. But don't
wait too long. Catch it while it's malleable.

Now to groom and polish. Carefully . . . carefully . . .
until at last the coarse gray-burlap surface
takes on grain and lustre.
Stop, now, quick!
Don't let it get too slick.

Letters to the Editor

Constant Reminder

IN HIS ARTICLE "The United Nations in a Disorderly World" [*SR*, Oct. 23], former Chief Justice Earl Warren pointed out that the United Nations has the potential of becoming a strong international organization. Even though this potential exists and the need is great, nations continually ignore the United Nations as a peace-keeping organization. As nuclear weapons proliferate, time runs out.

Although most people are aware of the destructive power possessed by both the United States and the U.S.S.R., they subordinate this danger to the recurring problems of everyday life. I am afforded no such luxury. As a Minuteman missile combat crew commander, I am constantly reminded of the possibility of a nuclear holocaust. Needless to say, a holocaust means certain death for those I love, as well as those whom others love.

This realization in itself should move nations to swift action. The League of Nations grew from World War I; the United Nations grew from World War II. Must a stronger, more effective United Nations grow from World War III? I pray not.

CAPT. JOHN A. FRATTO, USAF,
Whiteman AFB, Mo.

Success Story (Cont.)

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S editorial "UNESCO: Record of Success" [*SR*, Nov. 6] was an appropriate reminder of the accomplishments of the United Nations in the field of education, scientific cooperation, and culture. . . . Still, I lament the fact that not a single word was devoted to its impressive contributions to the worldwide development of libraries, information and documentation centers, archives, and the training of librarians and information specialists.

Thanks to UNESCO, the international scientific community now possesses a whole galaxy of universal bibliographic and research tools either published or sponsored by UNESCO. In cooperation with the International Council of Scientific Unions it has been working on the creation of a world science information system, which until recently was only a utopian yearning of scientists, scholars, and researchers.

In order to bring hitherto inaccessible materials within reach for historical and social scientific research, UNESCO has microfilmed and made available millions of pages of rare documents held in archives in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. If today books, periodicals, government publications, films, and instructional materials can circulate free of duty from one country to another, the credit must go to UNESCO. Likewise, poor countries could not import them at all had UNESCO not enabled them to pay in their own currencies by means of an internationally valid book coupon scheme.

MICHAEL KERESZTESI,
School of Library Science,
University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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on man and society

"There is just no gainsaying the profound importance of Skinner's new book."—CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT, *New York Times* $6.95

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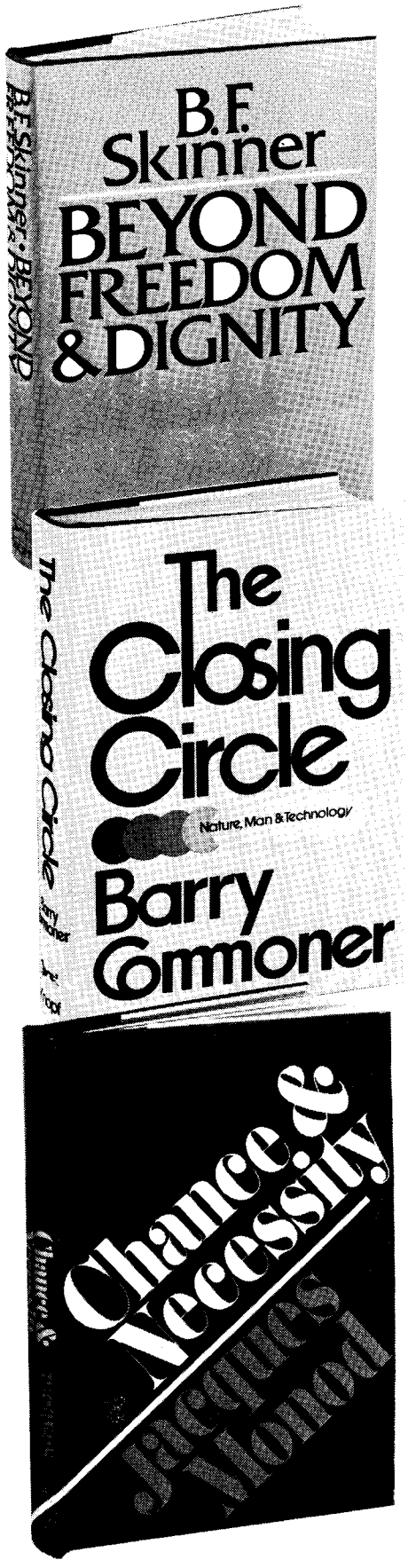

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Modeling a New Mind from a Brain-Breaking Vision

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

THE WASTE LAND:
A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts,
Including the Annotations of Ezra Pound

by T. S. Eliot
edited and with an introduction by Valerie Eliot

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 149 pp., $22.50

T. S. ELIOT:
A Memoir

by Robert Sencourt
edited by Donald Adamson

Dodd, Mead, 266 pp., $8.95

Fifty years old, a classic text, for decades a duty call not just for lit majors but for everybody "concerned with the period," T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* is also, as it turns out, still a newsmaker. The original manuscript of the poem, lost or hidden since the Twenties, surfaced a while ago—together with handwritten advice to the poet, from Ezra Pound, about revisions—among the papers of John Quinn, Eliot's friend and patron. And what followed was a major cultural stir. Articles in *The New York Times* rehearsed biographical details of the connection between Quinn and Eliot; the London *Times Literary Supplement* spread a cover and three lead pages with descriptive chat about the manuscript; a showing of the documents by the owners, the New York Public Library, drew crowds. And as literary scholars queued for a chance at the typescripts, notebook, etc., the flow of critical writing on Eliot quickened (the best new volume was *Eliot in Perspective*, an essay collection edited by Graham Martin for Macmillan in England). The latest fruits are the works at hand—a memoir by a British literary critic who was a friend of Eliot's for twenty years, and the complete text of the *Waste Land* manuscripts, lovingly and now and then brilliantly deciphered by the poet's second wife and widow.

For human and literary interest both items rank high. Robert Sencourt, now deceased, had been at Oxford with Eliot in 1914, but didn't meet him until 1927; as a result, the first half of *T. S. Eliot: A Memoir*—a summary of the poet's American childhood and education, the Oxford and Marburg period, the first years of his marriage and his earliest literary achievements—lacks immediacy. The book suffers, in addition, from frequent outbreaks of lordliness, beamishness, and punning. ("I agree with Tom entirely in his detestation of *The New English Bible*. I was never one of those who accepted as their first commandment: 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy Dodd, and him only shalt thou serve,' any more than I accepted the second: 'Thou shalt love thy Niebuhr as thyself.'" [Drs. Dodd and Niebuhr were, on Bible modernization and other issues, The Enemy.]) But in the fields Eliot cared most about—Indian religion and philosophy, the writings of the great seventeenth-century Anglican divines, Anglo-Catholic ecumenism, Dante—Sencourt was companionably knowledgeable. And the circumstances of his meeting the Eliots—the place was a Swiss hospital for patients with nervous ailments—were the kind that can create intimacy. ("I too suffered from insomnia and . . . my nerves, like Vivienne [Eliot's], were often on a knife-edge. I understood both her predicament and Tom's. It was perhaps inevitable that we were drawn

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which is *Surviving the Seventies*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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55 **"The Winds of War,"** by Herman Wouk

57 **"A Citizen's Novel,"** by Ernst Herhaus

58 **Criminal Record,** by Haskel Frankel

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together in a deep friendship which lasted for the rest of our lives.")

From the authority of this presumed intimacy Sencourt details Eliot's separation from his wife, disclosing in an unironical voice facts hitherto unknown. He recalls that, when Eliot converted to Anglicanism in the Thirties, becoming a daily worshiper at St. Cyprian's and accepting guidance and instruction from a series of high-placed divines, Vivienne "derided [his newfound church affiliations] as monastic." Sencourt describes the intentions and hopes of Eliot's "spiritual counsellors"— Father Mayhew, Bishop Bell, Francis Underhill—in language revealing that these men saw Eliot from the start as an extremely valuable piece of church property:

> Here [in Bishop Bell] was a man who appreciated to the full the role . . . Tom was to play in the Church of England, and without whom there would be no such play as *Murder in the Cathedral*. But this project would not mature for another four years. All that the Bishop could do for the moment was to appoint Martin Browne as a sort of dramatic director to the diocese; and it was Browne who ultimately directed *Murder in the Cathedral* in 1935. In exactly the same way, Bishop Bell appointed Quentin Nelson to be a diocesan psychiatrist, a man who could watch over the connection between mental illness and healing, which after all is one function of the Church. He used to say that the Church holds all the cards in her hand, but so often fails to play them. He looked on Tom as an ace of trumps.

Sencourt's account of the widening gulf between husband and wife assigns all "blame" to Vivienne, and hasn't a flicker of a reservation about the churchmen's forwardness:

> Tom and [Vivienne] were leading lives apart. She was developing a tendency to find fault with everything, both in herself and in those around her. She did not join in his worship. She would not accompany him on his weekend visit to the Bells at Chichester. . . . He had been the most devoted of husbands. He had tried every cure, even taking her to the French Riviera in 1930. . . . At this point his spiritual counsellors became decisive: he had a duty to his career and his spiritual life. He must not wreck the work he was doing for the Church.

When Eliot went off to Harvard to deliver the Norton lectures, leaving Vivienne behind in London, he said nothing to her about his intentions:

> Vivienne fully expected that he would return to her. . . . In readiness for his homecoming she arranged for their flat to be redecorated, and her brother Maurice has told me how, during the long waiting period, she invited their friends to a little party at which all drank to Tom's health.

—*from "T. S. Eliot"*

T. S. Eliot—"enclosures of feeling."

And it was from America that Eliot's lawyer brought word to the pathetic woman that she and her husband were finished. (Sencourt's tone as he reports this is benignly approving: " . . . the settlement was generous," he notes.) Doubtless the poet's torment and frustration at his wife's illness were real, and the churchmen weren't off in their estimate of the worth of their prize. But the breath of sanctimonious, exploitative arrogance that hangs over the episode in this telling is disquieting, and it's unlikely that later biographers will pass by the story as complacently. Nor are they likely—moving on from domesticity to literature—to be unimpressed with Vivienne's contribution to *The Waste Land* itself: in particular, to the section of the poem called "A Game of Chess." Certain lines of this section may or may not point straight at Vivienne Eliot's own neurasthenia, but nowhere does she decline into trivial response. Her husband's marvelous edgy lines beginning "My nerves are bad tonight" draw a cry of praise and recognition from her ("WONDERFUL" she prints out in the margins, "Wonderful," "wonderful," "yes and wonderful"). She goes on to propose changes in the memorable lowlife monologue of advice to Lil about new teeth, abortion, etc., inventing whole lines ("What you get married for if you don't want to have children?"), hardening and sharpening details and rhythms. Eliot writes:

> It's that medicine I took, in order to bring it off . . .

Vivienne proposes:

> It's them pills I took, to bring it off . . .

And the improvement is instantly accepted.

If it is affecting to follow Vivienne Eliot's reading of Eliot's ms., it is close to exhilarating to watch Pound at work, excising weak tissue, forty-two lines of sluggish couplets here, eighty lines of sea voyage narrative there. The author of the *Cantos*, whom Eliot called the better craftsman, is invariably colorful and curt. Next to these four lines:

> London, the swarming life you kill and breed
> Huddled between the concrete and the sky;
> Responsive to the momentary need,
> Vibrates unconscious to its formal destiny,

he (correctly) writes: "B----S," and scratches them out. Yet his relish of vulgarity and his pose of Ammurrican toughness seldom coarsen his taste. Eliot originally ended one sexual encounter of the poem (the bit about "the young man carbuncular" and the "typist home at teatime") with a view of the young man groping his way downstairs:

> And at the corner where the stable is,
> Delay[ing] only to urinate, and spit.

Pound killed these lines, noting that they are "probaly [sic] over the mark." And to the matchless passages of the poem Pound rises with the only kind of celebration that, among literary peers, is ever wholly convincing—silence, an end to pencil jottings and marginal jokes, a single word declaring with full authority that here in this stretch nothing, absolutely nothing, could be improved: "Echt." At its best this facsimile edition of the poem is a splendid revelation of two powerful literary intelligences meshing in unselfish service of their art—a sort of meta-poem, or hymn to craft, and an exceptionally inspiring handbook of right attitudes in critic and creator.

But striking as a creative collaboration is, it's scarcely a guarantee in itself that a poetic masterpiece has been brought off. The great function served by *The Waste Land* was that of introducing new forms of intellectual awareness—a new kind of mind, really—and persuading the general culture of that mind's interest, value, and possibilities. The poem told a "story"—yet had no definable narrative sequence; it developed a whole set of historical, cultural, and religious themes—yet eschewed explanation, qualification, announcements of purpose, and all other helpful hints; and it appeared to accomplish these tasks simply by behaving as though contemporary readers had taken (the day before the poem was published) a leap forward into extraordinary sophistication. People can (and ought to) think faster than they've been thinking, the poem

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seemed to insist. People can (and ought to) translate several languages at once, can and ought to link up—in a second—multiple, "unrelated" perspectives, and can and ought to find grounds of comfort among astonishing densities of allusion.

The initial public reaction to all this wasn't universally positive, as some will remember. Not every reader thought that it should be easy for him to inhabit a variety of times and places simultaneously, or to recognize instantly differences *and* resemblances between manners of the cosmopolitan rich and manners of the urban poor, or to grasp in every value-laden gesture of the present culture the significant contrast with earlier values. The mind Eliot envisaged—Pound envisaged it too, for he was utterly remorseless about deleting passages of explanation and amplification from *The Waste Land*—was simultaneously anthropological, novelistic, journalistic, psychoanalytic, everything by turns, nothing long, troutlike in its movement, shuttling in sensation between then and now, the Thames in 1600, the Thames in 1921 . . . And the poem wasn't an overnight triumph. People said the vision was brain-breaking: they held that no such mind was feasible, argued that the aptitudes blithely assumed to be just around the historical corner in fact would never be natural to anybody, and that in truth *The Waste Land* was just another outbreak of "obscurity."

But the poem did triumph in the end. In concert with other esthetic influences of the earlier decades of the century—movements in painting, film, fiction, elsewhere—it at length exacted acceptance of its model of feasible intellectual competencies. And soon enough the "new mind" was functioning everywhere. With practice the job of reading "wild juxtapositions" became less onerous: people learned how to negotiate the opening frames of a film showing a helicopter in midair, a statue of Christ hanging beneath it, Rome below—or how to interpret when another film cut suddenly from a lover's mind to the burning of Hiroshima—or what to conclude when Herzog raced from private anguish to public letters to Heidegger. Nonpoetic influences were important, to be sure, in nurturing and schooling the emergent skills. But in the history of those skills the appearance of Eliot's poem was the dramatic and seminal moment: it not only defined the characteristics of the new mind (speed, mobility, complication), it figured them forth in an exciting, substantive experience.

There was a model of feeling as well as of thought in the poem, though, and the effect of the former model was to reduce the potency of the latter, by cut-

(Continued on page 61)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Malevolent-uncle Attitude

IN HIS REVIEW OF *The Vantage Point* [*SR*, Nov. 6] John Kenneth Galbraith observes that Lyndon Johnson "treats everyone (almost everyone) with a kind of avuncular magnanimity . . ." When Galbraith accepts so much of it as the real thing, *he* is treating Johnson "with a kind of avuncular magnanimity."

Avuncular is hardly the benevolent-uncle attitude a historian should take toward this book. A Dutch-uncle attitude is called for.

A. S. FLAUMENHAFT,
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

MR. JOHNSON'S WORK may well make him the second President to win a Pulitzer Prize for letters.

The category, of course, would have to be for fiction.

HARRY V. POPENEY,
Encino, Calif.

Purely Coincidental Resemblances

"CRITIC BITES CRITIC who presumes to write novels" might well be the headline for Arthur Cooper's review of my novel, *The People Eaters* [*SR*, Nov. 20]. I presume to reply to his lurid description of the book not because of his inaccuracies, but because it seems to me Mr. Cooper is one of the least fitting of reviewers for the novel in question. In the book are *three* New York-based weekly magazines, not two, as he implies, and one of the three bears certain resemblances to the magazine (*Newsweek*) on which Mr. Cooper is employed as an associate editor. In addition, two of the main characters are employed on that magazine—called, coincidentally, *Newsfront*—and leave it for more fertile opportunities. A responsible reviewer would have immediately disqualified himself from the task of reviewing such a novel. Objectivity would be difficult for someone in Mr. Cooper's position.

By the way, it is precisely such reviewing as Mr. Cooper's that is one of the subjects of satire in the novel. Welcome to The People Eaters Club, Mr. Cooper.

HOLLIS ALPERT,
New York, N.Y.

Angela Davis

EMILE CAPOUYA, in his review of Angela Davis's *If They Come in the Morning* [*SR*, Oct. 30], manages to mention Mylai, Kent State, and Attica. Somehow, he ignores the fact that Angela Davis apparently supplied the weapons, and possibly supplied the leadership, which resulted in the death or permanent disabling of several innocent men. I can only assume that Mr. Capouya considers that the killing of "honkies" and "pigs" is a legitimate activity, as long as the magic words are said before and after the killings. It is hard to see how these maimings and murders can be so conveniently forgotten by so many of our so-called intellectuals. Such actions certainly show a great lack of honesty on the part of people like Mr. Capouya, and make me wonder if these people have even elementary intelligence.

JOHN B. WILKES,
Richmond, Calif.

Poor Little Rich Edwardians

IT IS INTERESTING to note the current fad for finding fault with most aspects of the Edwardian Era, and particularly with the lonely childhoods of the poor, unfortunate children whose parents could afford the services of a nursemaid or governess, as described in A. Alvarez's review of Graham Greene's *A Sort of Life* [*SR*, Sept. 25].

Offhand, it would seem to me that vast gardens, croquet lawns, revolving summer houses—even immense Edwardian "battues" might be more palatable than and environmentally preferable to asphalt jungles, stereotyped patios, revolving motorcycle wheels—even immense cocktail parties or pot sessions.

W. H. HARRIS,
Kent, Conn.

Condescension to Theater

"THE ONE-SIDED CHARACTERIZATIONS" of Betsy Drake Grant's *Children, You Are Very Little*, according to reviewer Eileen Lottman [*SR*, Nov. 6], "are acceptable in a drama whereas they are irritating in a novel." Ought not such condescension to have been relegated by now to the dustbin?

Since the works of Eugene O'Neill, Lillian Hellman, Maxwell Anderson and Robert E. Sherwood—to mention just a few of those who assisted in bringing broader vistas to the American theater in recent decades—exist in book form, little excuse can be found for Mrs. Lottman's myopia.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Purist Latin

PLEASE PERMIT this present Latin teacher to correct the former Latin teacher from Baton Rouge, La., in his correction [BOOK FORUM, Nov. 6] of Fred Cook's use of the singular "paterfamilias" for "dons" instead of a plural [*SR*, Oct. 9].

His first suggestion of "paterfamiliarum" is akin, *e.g.*, to "father-in-laws" as a plural form. For his second suggestion of leaving the word Englished *(sic)* by adding an apostrophe, *cf.* "father-in-law's" used as a plural word.

Since the proper plural form of "father-in-law" is, of course, "fathers-in-law," *ergo* the plural of "paterfamilias" is "patresfamilias."

SAMUEL A. GOLDBERG,
Seaford, N.Y.

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ISRAEL:
A Personal History

by David Ben-Gurion
translated from the Hebrew
by Nechemia Meyers and Uzy Nystar

Funk & Wagnalls-Sabra Books, 862 pp., $17.50

Reviewed by Dan Kurzman

■ Former Israeli Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion ranks among the towering figures of modern world history and of a Jewish history that began more than 5,000 years ago. Without his leadership, the State of Israel might never have been resurrected after centuries of Jewish dispersion, and the power equations bearing on world peace might be entirely different from what they are today.

Other Jewish leaders, such as Theodor Herzl and Chaim Weizmann, nourished the dream of a return to Zion and cleared a diplomatic path toward realization. But it was Ben-Gurion who forced the issue, defied the British occupier, and gambled all in a bold attempt to create a national haven for the remnants of a people that had found the gas chamber at the dead-end of exile.

Ben-Gurion has now written a book, *Israel: A Personal History*, which one had reason to expect might be among the more important works of our time: the inside story of Israel's rebirth by the man mainly responsible for it. And this is, undeniably, a very valuable book. In one huge volume the reader can find many of the principal documents and firsthand accounts essential for a reconstruction of the events that produced the state and have made possible its survival in the midst of a perpetual storm. Particularly enlightening are the previously unpublished verbatim minutes of meetings held to reach crucial decisions both before and after the establishment of the modern nation of Israel. From these one can infer that bitter differences have often divided her leaders on issues usually presented to the world as having monolithic Israeli support.

Still, in the context of high prepublication expectations, the book is disappointing. It soon becomes evident that Ben-Gurion is very selective in his factual offerings. The reader finds himself confronted with a facade without much interior support, and missing many bricks. Selectivity was essential, of course; the book is long enough as it is. But one longs for fewer speeches to the Knesset and for more private conversations and personal appraisals of men and events. After all, it could have been left to a lesser man than Ben-Gurion to compose a compendium of documents and addresses, whatever their value to history. One seeks here clues to the man's mind and temperament and their bearing on what happened.

Occasionally the reader finds such a clue. In discussing the explosive Lavon Affair, a dispute over an abortive intelligence operation, the former Prime Minister exhibits an unsuppressed passion that carries one along in fascination, even though one may not completely understand why the "affair" should have had such devastating consequences. It is the passion, not the involved detail, that captures the reader.

But insights like this are few. Ben-Gurion generally sidesteps the controversial issues—aside from offering his verbatim accounts of meetings—and plays down his own role in most. Indeed, as a rule he refers to himself in the third person, as if he were just another participant. In the writings of a subordinate describing the role of his superiors, such humility might be laudable. For readers who approach this book expecting a great leader to flesh out the bare bones of history it is scarcely satisfying.

In ignoring or de-emphasizing controversy, Ben-Gurion reflects a state of mind peculiarly characteristic of the Israeli leadership. Haunted by past horrors and future dangers, it clings together for security, hiding from the world its often deeply divisive internal disputes. This tendency denies us a full grasp of Ben-Gurion's monumental and ultimately successful personal effort to prepare his largely unarmed country for a war of independence that even some of B-G's most intimate associates refused to believe was coming, and of the part he played in forcing these colleagues to accept the idea of a state when events at last frightened them into realizing that the moment of decision had arrived.

Ben-Gurion thus writes about Moshe Sharett, his Foreign Minister (and later Prime Minister), as if they were seldom in serious conflict. For example, he stresses that Sharett supported him in pushing for the proclamation of a state. Yet, when I interviewed Ben-Gurion for my book *Genesis 1948*, he told me that Sharett had questioned the wisdom of declaring a state against the will of the U.S., which was pressing for indefinite postponement of the declaration in order to avoid a Middle East war. Ben-Gurion said, furthermore, that he had warned Sharett that if he voted to delay the state he would be ruining his life. It was only under such pressure that Sharett voted for the state—a crucial point unmentioned in Ben-Gurion's book.

Controversies that might prove embarrassing to himself are similarly passed over. Ignored is the rebellion, during the 1948 war, of some of Ben-Gurion's most trusted military com-

"Sing me some songs from Consciousness I."

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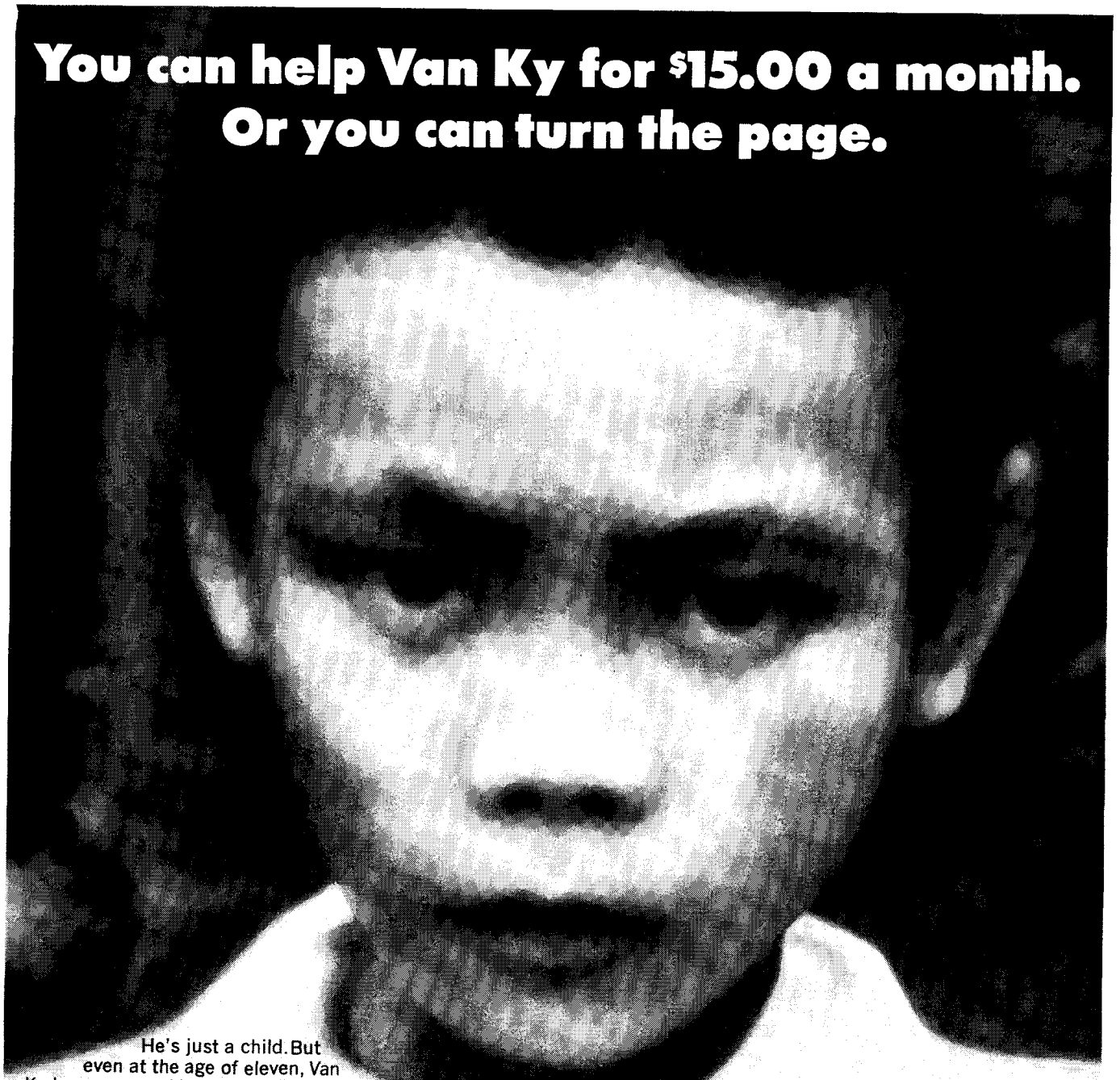

He's just a child. But even at the age of eleven, Van Ky knows something your children may never know. War. You see, Van Ky is Vietnamese. And when he was five the Viet Cong attacked his village and destroyed his home. His family had to flee to a refugee camp where they lived for two years.

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manders, who blamed him for disastrous defeats at Latrun and wanted to limit his power over them. Ignored also are the orders he issued to Yigal Allon, Israel's greatest field commander in the 1948 war (and today Deputy Premier), to halt his advance toward Eilat if he met any Arab resistance and to fire only in self-defense. Telling his troops, "Defend yourselves all the way to Eilat," Allon continued to advance despite subsequent orders to halt. In *Israel: A Personal History*, Ben-Gurion takes personal credit for the capture of Eilat. He also shows pride in *his* plan to capture the Negev in Operation Ten Plagues, in the fall of 1948. What he fails to mention is that, at the time, he preferred to fight for Jerusalem and that the decision to give priority to the Negev campaign was made only after long and fervent pleading by his military commanders. Another distressing oversight is Ben-Gurion's failure to explain his curious relationship with Weizmann, whom he supported as candidate for Israel's first presidency—after (incredible as it must still seem) denying him the honor of signing the state's declaration of independence.

Such shortcomings aside, this well-illustrated and statistics-thick volume will provide students of Middle Eastern affairs with an important source of historical documentation. And despite its author's efforts to depersonalize this "personal history," Ben-Gurion's greatness—undeniable even to his political enemies—somehow shines through in even the most arid stretches of the book.

Dan Kurzman is the author of "Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War."

PARIS JOURNAL: Volume II, 1965-1971

by Janet Flanner (Genêt) edited by William Shawn

Atheneum, 438 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by David Schoenbrun

■ In the fields of creative endeavor France has long been the heartland of the West, and Paris the crossroads where all minds met. Picasso the Spaniard, James Joyce the Irishman, Ernest Hemingway the American, Ilya Ehrenburg the Russian, and Nagai Kafu and Serizawa Kojiro, who wrote in Japanese, respectively, *Tales of France* and *To Die in Paris*, all lived and worked within the magic crucible of Paris which, while releasing their creative spirit, left their individual and national characteristics intact.

Is any song more folksy American than "Home, Sweet Home"? John Howard Payne composed it in Paris. It was in Paris that James Farrell sired that most American boy, Studs Lonigan of Chicago. And James Fenimore Cooper wrote of America's prairie at a sidewalk café in Paris. How appropriate, then, that the greatest chronicler of Paris for the past half century, one of its richest and most exciting eras, should be from Indiana, a Hoosier—Janet Flanner, "Genêt" of *The New Yorker*'s "Letter from Paris." Exactly fifty years ago this fall she came to Paris to portray the pageant of the arts and politics, and in the process created a monument of her own, her *Paris Journals*, the second volume of which has just been published.

The first volume, released in 1965, spanned the years 1944-65 and received the National Book Award. It has ever since been my bedside companion, at home and on travels. Pictured in that inexhaustible treasure chest of vignettes are the liberation of Paris; the emergence of Sartre and Camus, of Greco and Bardot; the rise and fall and second-coming of Charles de Gaulle; the flowering of Picasso, of Braque, Matisse, and Chagall; the recurrent strikes and riots and falling governments—along with the play of light and shadow on the Seine and the grass.

This second volume picks up on a high note (there are no low notes in Flanner's *Journals*) and soars through the last half of the Sixties, a period marked by the decline and fall of de Gaulle, whose last years are woven into this collection of Miss Flanner's Letters like a vivid, unifying thread.

Important and fascinating as the portrait of de Gaulle may be—and he was one of the dominant figures of our times—it is Janet Flanner's total tapestry, her brilliantly colored and intricately patterned portrait of Paris itself, that will enchant, educate, and inspire the reader, whether he has never visited Paris or has witnessed the entire course of the recorded events. I lived and worked in Paris during the years reported in her Letters, yet through Genêt's eyes I have relived them with new excitement and understanding.

The French are fond of repeating an adage from Terence: "I am a man: nothing human is alien to me." Nothing could better express the scope and depths of that very Parisian Hoosier, Janet Flanner, whose curiosity is insatiable, whose erudition is impressive, and whose taste is impeccable. She ranges in reportage from the elegant urbanity of those legendary lovers, novelist Elsa Triolet and poet Louis Aragon, to a colloquy on farm problems by rural mayors (on a radio program at 7 A.M.—does Flanner never sleep?), from a description of Maria Callas at the Opéra (with a contrapuntal review of a James Bond film and the Goldfinger syndrome that seized Paris), to a retrospective Ingres exhibition, an Anouilh play, a lecture by anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss, and an appearance by Bardot—clad only in brown velvet slacks, barefoot and barebreasted, singing on French TV. What a spicy, tangy, thick, and bubbling bouillabaisse of delights!

Janet Flanner writes in a sharp and flexible style uniquely her own, with long, complicated sentences, frequently broken up by semicolons, dashes and parentheses. Yet the most complex of sentences never loses direction, or bewilders the reader but carries him

(Continued on page 53)

"I was speeding to get home before I read this story and fell asleep."

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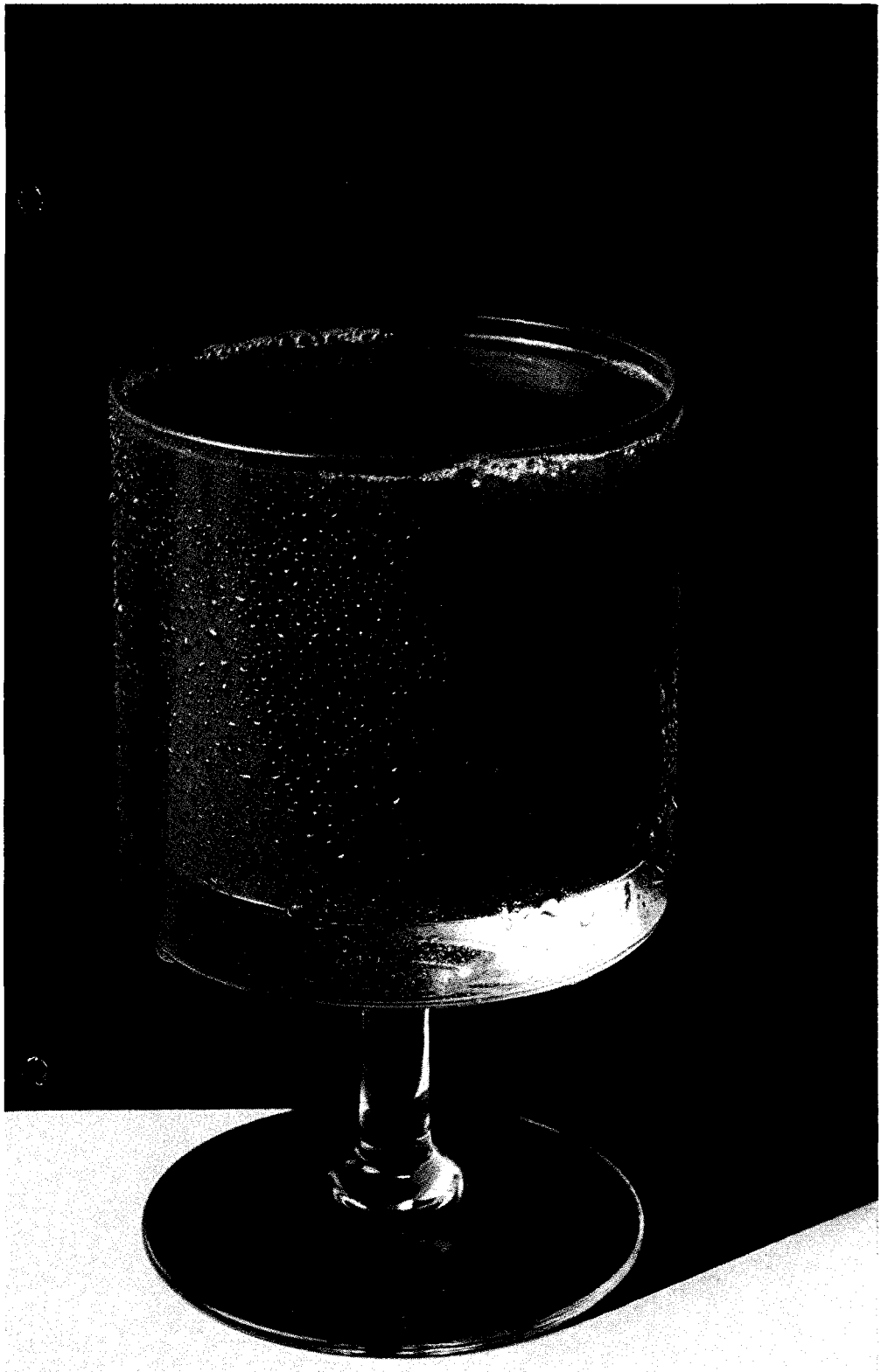
RUM BLOODY MARY IT'S CATCHING ON.



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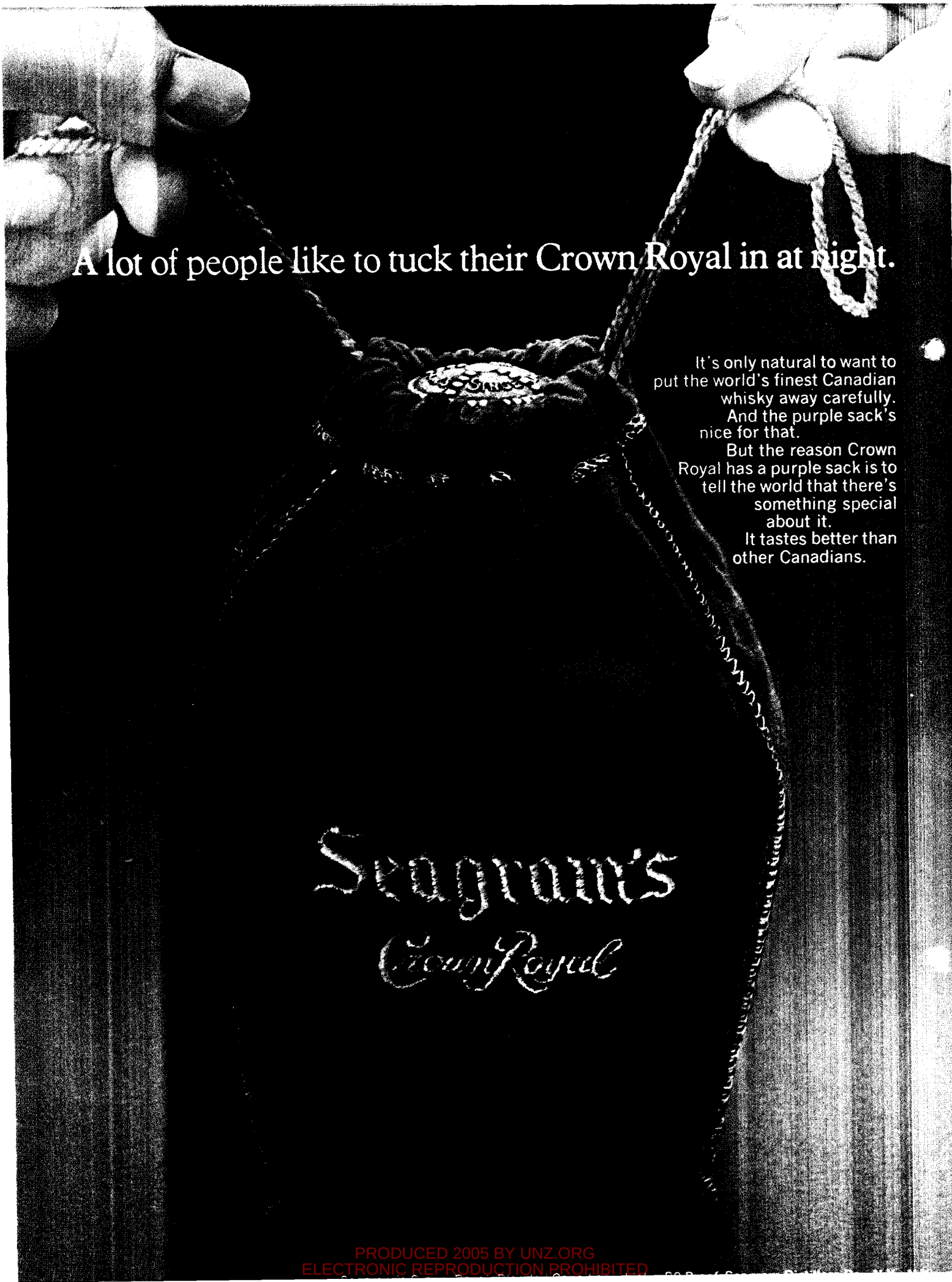
A lot of people like to tuck their Crown Royal in at night.
It's only natural to want to put the world's finest Canadian whisky away carefully.
And the purple sack's nice for that.
But the reason Crown Royal has a purple sack is to tell the world that there's something special about it.
It tastes better than other Canadians.
Seagram's
Crown Royal

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Book Business

Alan Green

Now, as the rite of Christmas shopping begins, every bookstore has become a gift-hunting preserve (it's open season on *Rabbit Redux* and *Three Trapped Tigers, Death of the Fox* and *The Day of the Jackal, The Imperial Animal,* and *A Pride of Lions*). The real kings of the forest though are the oversized, lavishly illustrated, handsomely printed and imposingly priced tomes. And, among these, the ones that are most favored by the connoisseur and the generous giver are the art books. Devoted to the work of an individual artist, a school, a museum, a period—to painting, drawing, sculpture, fresco, photography, collage—they come tumbling off the presses (most often those of Europe and Japan) to make up an important part of their publishers' outlay and income. Quite a few American firms issue from a handful to a sizable number each year. It's probable that Harry N. Abrams, Inc., is the only one turning out as many as sixty new, high-quality, full-color art books annually.

Twenty-one years ago Harry Abrams left his post as advertising and promotion manager of the Book-of-the-Month Club and founded his own firm. He began with volumes on Renoir, van Gogh and El Greco—all still in print and today forming the nucleus of the 400 art titles on his active backlist. In an art-book world studded with such luminaries as Skira, New York Graphic Society (a Time Inc. subsidiary), McGraw-Hill, Studio-Viking, Putnam, and Phaedon Press, the Abrams output may be unsurpassed in range of selection and quality of reproduction.

Harry, a pleasantly high-key entrepreneur who comes on in a relaxed low-key way, says, "I'm unique"—and supports the claim. He also mentions (because much of it surrounds a visitor) his remarkable personal art collection. Covering the twentieth century from the last years of Cézanne to the most recently celebrated contemporaries, and housed in his New York residence, his Putnam County summer home, his firm's Manhattan offices and the homes of his two sons, it includes works by Soutine, Modigliani, Picasso, Chagall, Rouault, Matisse, Warhol, Rockwell, Wesselmann, Reinhardt, Stella and Frankenthaler, to name a few. Abrams, who never sells a work of art, is constantly adding new ones; as a result, they number at least in the high hundreds. Of his acquisitions, he says: "I follow my own tastes, and they're catholic." The same applies to what he publishes.

Catching sight of a Norman Rockwell painting of Harry that was hanging on his office wall, I thought of last year's big Rockwell volume, which contains, among other examples of the artist's works, every one of his 317 *Saturday Evening Post* covers. "People said I published it only for commercial reasons. Others said I was reacting to the current vogue of nostalgia. They're all missing an important point: I like Rockwell. I enjoy his art." He gestured at a large Rockwell canvas of a man guiltily hiding in a wing-back chair while his wife and daughters, in Sunday best and carrying prayer books, primly cross the living room behind him on their way to church. Harry rose and, going over to the painting, started to expound on the skin tones, the quality of the brush work.

Aware that the Rockwell book was probably one of the most successful publishing ventures of our time—it has already sold most of the 225,000 copies in print (50,000 through the Literary Guild, the rest at prices ranging from $45 to $60 in bookstores and about $30 by mail order)—one realizes that Harry also knows something about public taste. But didn't the Rockwell represent a considerable departure from Giotto-to-Paolozzi publishing?

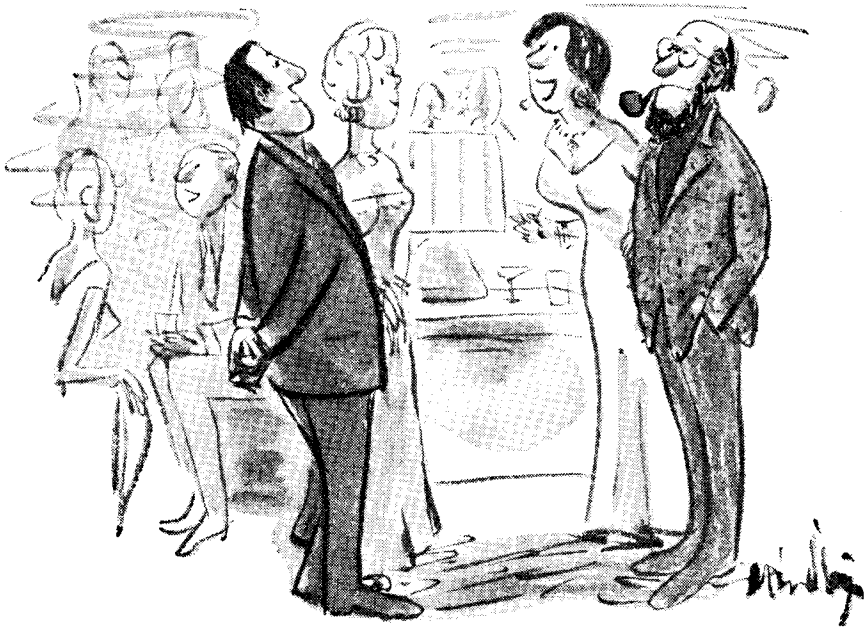
"Not at all," Harry said. "In 1968, Houghton Mifflin most successfully published Andrew Wyeth. This year we've just issued Edward Hopper in a first edition of 40,000 that will sell out by Christmas. I find that Norman fits nicely between them."

Some publishers and booksellers take what may be an elitist—or possibly snobbish—view of the Rockwell. One bookseller said to me, "The difference between the Wyeth and the Rockwell is the difference between the museum and the magazine cover." But, as Thomas S. Buechner, director of the Brooklyn Museum, observes in his long and illuminating introduction to the Abrams Rockwell: "He is the best in a relatively new profession"—that of artist-narrator. Abetted by high-speed, four-color magazine presses, Buechner goes on to say, this new breed of artist tells his pictured stories not just to the privileged few but to the millions who demand great verisimilitude of their art. Moreover, Abrams adds, "some of the most famous contemporary painters, including de Kooning, regard Rockwell's painting very highly."

Is the Rockwell collection Abrams's biggest-selling art book? No—only his biggest seller among those devoted to the work of a single artist. The firm's champion when it comes to sales is Professor H. W. Janson's *History of Art*, which Abrams brought out in 1958 and which, to date, has sold 1,500,000 copies—90 per cent of them at an average price of $11.95 in the text edition and the rest at $18.50 in the trade edition. In spite of being such whopping successes, neither Janson's book nor Rockwell's (which sold 60,000 copies through bookstores in its first four weeks) ever made the best-seller lists. For the possible reasons why, see "The Best Seller Bamboozle," *SR*, July 31, 1971.

Even though these and other books

(Continued on page 65)



"Malcolm is the guru of Eighty-seventh Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues."

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The Headiest, Happiest Holiday Gifts: Books

Asia

Forty Days with the Enemy, by Richard Dudman (Liveright, 182 pp., $5.95). Forty days and nights in the wilderness of Cambodia as a prisoner of "the other side" during the American-supported invasion provided this Canadian reporter with a startling set of insights into the "Asian revolution."

Hostage in Peking, by Anthony Grey (Doubleday, 365 pp., $7.95). A British journalist, who survived more than two years under close house arrest in the Chinese capital, details his fight against boredom, loneliness, and "a living death."

365 Days, by Ronald J. Glasser (Braziller, 292 pp., $6.95). A doctor's account of American soldiers—burned and maimed in Vietnam—who passed through his hands in Army hospitals is a stark reminder of what war is all about.

Belles-Lettres

Explorations, by Gilbert Highet (Oxford, 383 pp., $8.50). Under such headings as "Forgotten Books," "Language," and "Writing," an urbane man of letters draws us into his enthusiasms.

For Freedom of Imagination, by Andrei Sinyavsky, translated from the Russian by Laszlo Tikos and Murray Peppard (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 212 pp., $6.95). Essays on a variety of themes and writers by a Russian critic and novelist, who as a result of arguing for individuality and complexity in Soviet literature, ended up in Siberia.

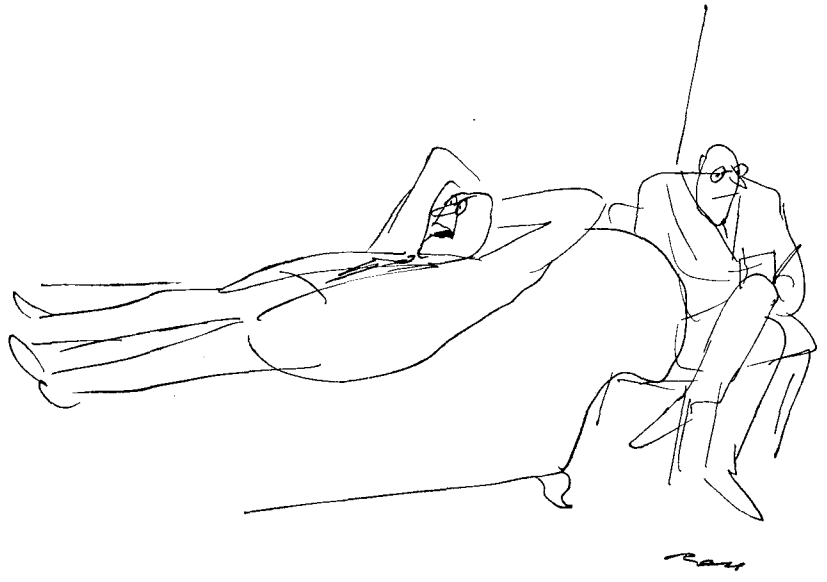
Homage to Theodore Dreiser: August 27, 1871-December 28, 1945, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House, 173 pp., $5.95). This reconsideration of the "outsider" who shook off the chains of gentility and helped change the course of American writing performs a much needed service for a novelist who is as relevant today as ever.

Cultural History

The Mathers: Three Generations of Puritan Intellectuals, 1596-1728, by Robert Middlekauff (Oxford, 440 pp., $12.50). More an intellectual history than family biography, this study dissects a body of Puritan thought whose ghost still rattles in the closet.

Of a World That Is No More, by I. J. Singer, translated from the Yiddish by Joseph Singer (Vanguard, 253 pp., $6.95). Leoncin, Poland, is the location of the *shtetl* evoked in this reminiscence of Jewish life from the turn of century through the Thirties. The author's view of a world that was murdered is as unsentimental as it is convincing.

Prudery and Passions, by Milton Rugoff (Putnam, 413 pp., $8.95). How a stench of repressed sexuality, cowlike conformity, and injurious prejudices was disguised as the quintessence of gentility is acerbically articulated in this masterful portrait of nineteenth-century America.



"Who am I? Where am I going? And how much is this going to cost me?"

The Samaritans: Heroes of the Holocaust, by Wladyslaw Bartoszewski and Zofia Lewin (Twayne, 442 pp., $7.50). Over 100 first-person accounts by Poles who helped (or tried to help) Jews during the Nazi occupation don't console the memory of three million murdered in Poland, but do prevent a total loss of faith in man's decency.

Current Affairs

The Assault on Privacy: Computers, Data Banks, and Dossiers, by Arthur R. Miller (University of Michigan Press, 333 pp., $7.95). The dangers of electronic record-keeping are chillingly presented in this analysis, which also assesses the computer's potential for good.

Blaming the Victim, by William Ryan (Pantheon, 299 pp., $6.95); *Regulating the Poor: The Functions of a Public Welfare*, by Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward (Pantheon, 389 pp., $10). Survival of the fittest, these authors argue, is the unfair principle on which our welfare programs are based.

The Female Eunuch, by Germaine Greer (McGraw-Hill, 349 pp., $6.95); *Man's World, Woman's Place*, by Elizabeth Janeway (Morrow, 319 pp., $8.95). "Sexism," say these ladies, degrades, and limits the freedom of, both women and men.

Of a Fire on the Moon, by Norman Mailer (Little, Brown, 472 pp., $7.95; Signet paperback, $1.75). A cold-eyed Aquarius (Mailer) confronts the moon, himself, history, and the world—and manages to humanize them all in an account that is, alternately, as boring and exciting as its subject.

Russians in Space, by Evgeny Riabchikov, translated from the Russian by Guy Daniels (Doubleday, 300 pp., $10). This history of Soviet space exploration by a leading Russian science writer contains a wealth of procedural and human detail not available in the West before its publication. Among many surprises is the USSR's almost religious conviction that man's destiny is "to live beyond the earth."

Without Marx or Jesus: The New American Revolution Has Begun, by Jean-François Revel, translated from the French by J. F. Bernard (Doubleday, 269 pp., $6.95). The noted French pundit, who sees the U.S. as the place where a revolution can succeed, is entertaining even while ignoring contrary evidence.

Fiction

The Aleph and Other Stories, 1933-1969, by Jorge Luis Borges, translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni (Dutton, 286 pp., $7.95). The Argentine fabulist at his finest in tales whose duality of form—fiction

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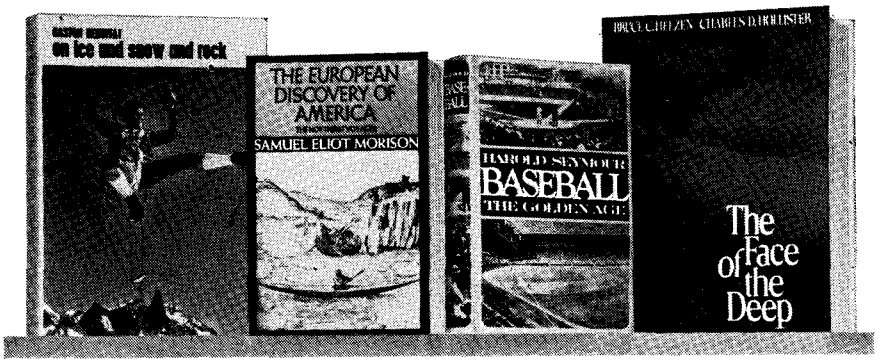
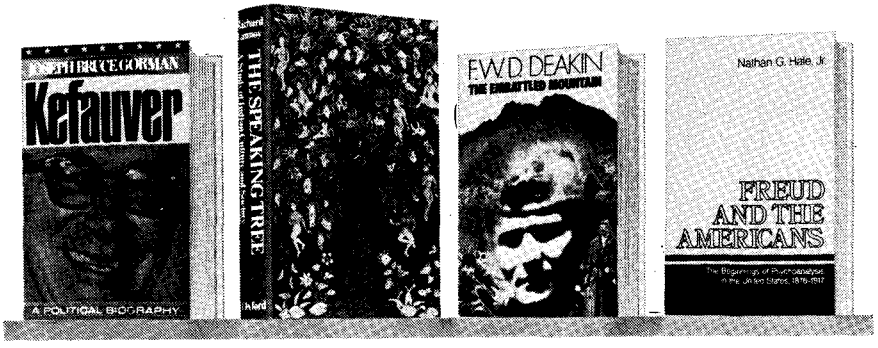


THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: The Northern Voyages. By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, author of THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. "Irresistibly entertaining." – PETER S. PRESCOTT, *Newsweek*. "A genuinely exhilarating foray into the beginnings of American history."–JOHN BARKHAM, *N.Y. Post*. *210 illustrations, 17 maps.* $15.00

KEFAUVER: A Political Biography. By JOSEPH BRUCE GORMAN. "A view of politics from an unusual angle – close to, but just outside, the winners' circle." –WALTER CLEMONS, *Newsweek*. "I welcome this new book on Estes Kefauver and the additional insight it gives into the life and accomplishment of a great American."–SENATOR HUBERT H. HUMPHREY. *8 pages of halftones.* $10.00

ON ICE AND SNOW AND ROCK. By GASTON RÉBUFFAT, translated by PATRICK EVANS. An exhaustive, up-to-date guide to every aspect of mountaineering, complemented by what must be the finest collection of illustrations of the sport ever assembled. *247 illustrations, 58 in color, 20 line drawings.* $15.00

EXPLORATIONS. By GILBERT HIGHET. "Would you like to read some exquisite and fascinating essays by someone who wants to tell you something you did not know and would like to learn? If so, get a copy of EXPLORATIONS."
–JAMES J. ROOS, *Saturday Review* $8.50



FREUD AND THE AMERICANS: The Beginnings of Psychoanalysis in the United States, 1876-1917. By NATHAN G. HALE, JR. "Brilliant and broadly conceived... [in its] discussion of the American social, moral, intellectual, and medical climate preceding Freud's American visit." – ILZA VEITH, San Francisco Medical Center. $15.00

BASEBALL: The Golden Age. By HAROLD SEYMOUR. "For anyone who ever scooped up a grounder, caught a fly, or beat out a bunt, this book is irresistible." – HERB KENNY, *Boston Globe*. "Restores flesh and blood to men who have too long been cartoons from a sportswriter's imagination." – THOMAS LASK, *N.Y. Times*. *16 pages of halftones.* $12.50

THE FACE OF THE DEEP. By BRUCE C. HEEZEN and CHARLES D. HOLLISTER. "A huge and exciting visual introduction to the newly discovered mysteries and marvels of the undersea world. . . . [and to] what oceanographers and geologists have learned about the ocean floor." – *Publishers' Weekly*. *8 color plates, 551 halftones, 194 line drawings, maps and charts.* $25.00

THE EMBATTLED MOUNTAIN. By F. W. D. DEAKIN. The author's first-hand account of the Yugoslavian battle for freedom against the Nazis. "A document of historical importance . . . nothing better or more moving has been written about the Second World War." – LORD BIRKENHEAD, *Daily Telegraph* (London). *34 halftones, 3 maps.* $7.50

A DISCOVERY OF CINEMA. By THOROLD DICKINSON. "The best brief account I have yet read of what movies are, where they are today and how they got there. He writes with a film-maker's knowledge . . . and an inspired scholar's historical perspective." – CHARLES CHAMPLIN, *Los Angeles Times*. *68 pages of illustrations.* $8.50

THE SPEAKING TREE: A Study of Indian Culture and Society. By RICHARD LANNOY. An overview of India's rich, exceptionally diverse culture that explores her artistic and social development, achievements through the ages, and current dilemmas. *24 halftones.* $15.00

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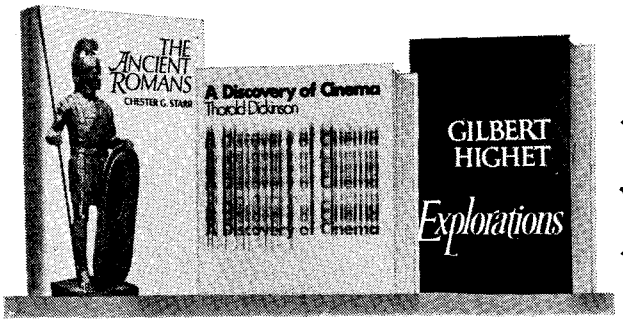

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Oxford University Press

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and essay—animates unique metaphysical concerns.

Angle of Repose, by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday, 569 pp., $7.95). Gentility and frontier exigence inform, and grate on, each other in this saga of the pioneer West, whose real setting is the human soul.

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman, by Ernest J. Gaines (Dial, 244 pp., $6.95). The spiritual odyssey of a slave woman toward freedom—from the Civil War to the 1960s—in which the search for a black messiah transcends the realities of a Louisiana plantation.

Babi Yar: A Document in the Form of a Novel, by A. Anatoli (Kuznetsov), translated from the Russian by David Floyd (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 478 pp., $10). Kuznetsov's experiences in Kiev during the Nazi occupation and the slaughter at Babi Yar were harrowing, but his account is also interesting because the cuts made by Soviet censors in the Russian edition are here restored in boldface type. Allegations that the author "added" the censored parts after defecting to England were rejected by *SR* reviewer Theodore Solotaroff (Jan. 23).

The Bell Jar, by Sylvia Plath (Harper & Row, 296 pp., $6.95). The breakdown and preoccupation with suicide of her heroine foreshadow the author's own fate in this, her only novel.

Collected Stories, by Mary Lavin (Houghton Mifflin, 425 pp., $8.95). A collection that offers a thirty-year view (1940-70) of an Irish writer who always has something more to say.

A Cry of Absence, by Madison Jones (Crown, 280 pp., $5.95). The new and old Souths collide painfully over racial and family matters.

Death of the Fox, by George Garrett (Doubleday, 739 pp., $10). This re-creation of one poet, Sir Walter Ralegh, by another, George Garrett, is a superb achievement that recounts magnificently the baroque splendor and intrigue of Elizabethan England.

Farragan's Retreat, by Tom McHale (Viking, 311 pp., $6.95). A romp with some Irish-American Philadelphians whose farcical behavior has tragic overtones.

Fire Sermon, by Wright Morris (Harper & Row, 155 pp., $5.95). In the fifteenth novel by one of America's best writers, a boy of eleven is separated from his octogenarian uncle by a hippie pair—who in time, the author implies, will suffer the same loss of dignity and strength they hastened on the old man.

Grendel, by John Gardner (Knopf, 174 pp., $5.95). This modern variation on the Old English saga *Beowulf* is narrated in part by the monster, whose point of view is as hilarious and refreshing as the author's prose.

Love in the Ruins, by Walker Percy (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 403 pp., $7.95). A guided tour through the chaos of a future United States where everything comes together and falls apart—by one of the better Virgils around.

Old Morals, Small Continents, Darker Times, by Philip F. O'Connor (University of Iowa Press, 186 pp., $5.95). Thirteen stories by a new writer whose Irish-American background is explored and transcended.

Smith's Gazelle, by Lionel Davidson (Knopf, 260 pp., $5.95). *Gazella smithii* may or may not have been discovered in the Sinai Peninsula in 1866, but readers of Mr. Davidson's entertaining tale won't care in the least—as they are more likely than not to end up preferring fancy to fact.

The Sword of the Golem, by Abraham Rothberg (McCall, 232 pp., $5.95). The lore and fantasy of a lost world are richly evoked in this reconstruction of the legend of the Golem of Prague.

The Tenants, by Bernard Malamud (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 230 pp., $6.95). As a novice black writer and Jewish novelist wrestle for each other's soul in a condemned Manhattan tenement, their creator builds a parable of our civilization and its possible fate.

This Earth, My Brother: An Allegorical Tale of Africa, by Kofi Awoonor

(Continued on page 52)

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In 1917 two brothers, master bakers from St. Louis, stumbled across the secret recipe for the most expensively made fruit cake in the world.

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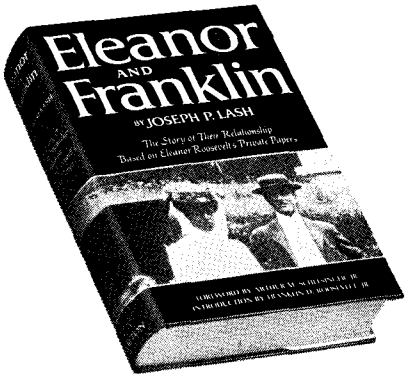
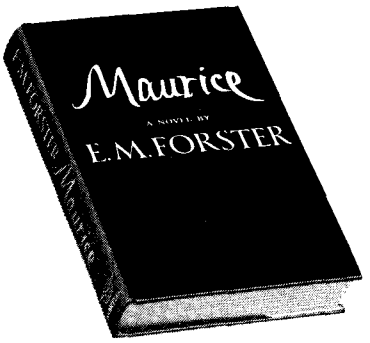


"Exemplary biography."—*Book World.* Illus. $12.50. After 12/31/71: $15.00



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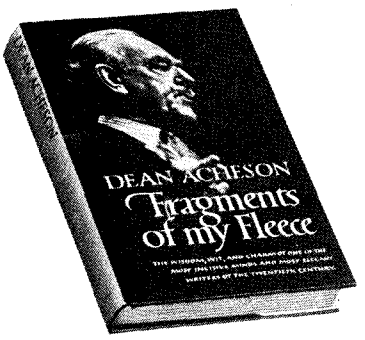
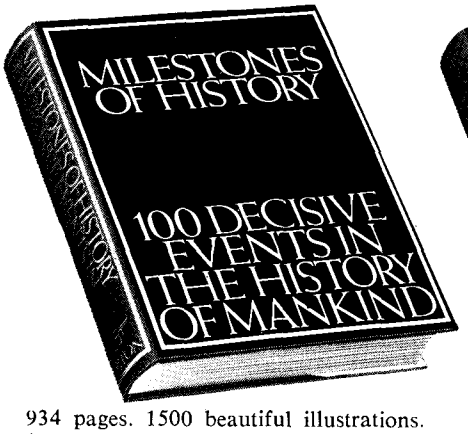


Witty and eloquent pieces by the author of *Present at the Creation.* $6.95



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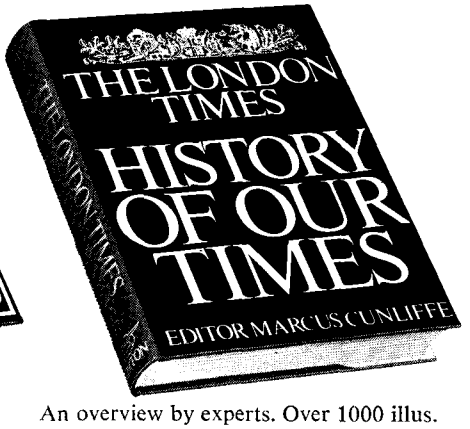

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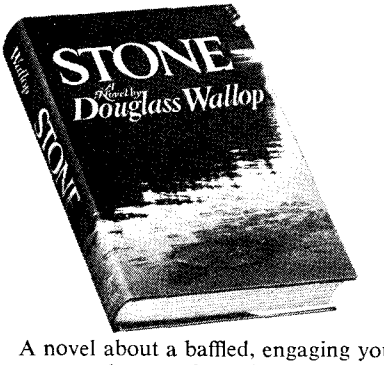

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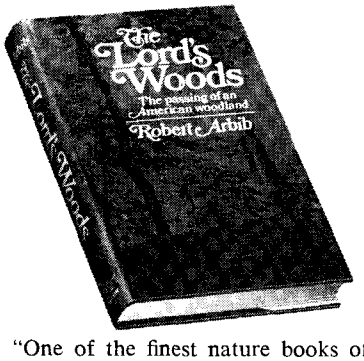

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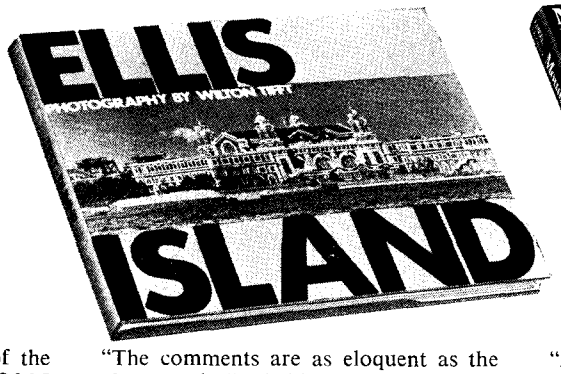
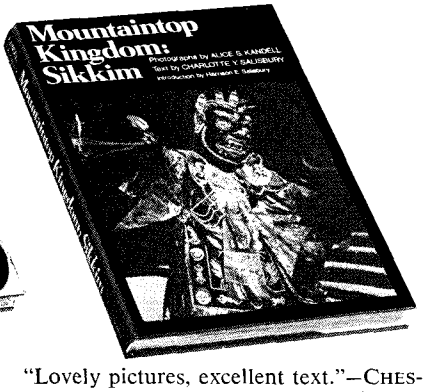


"The comments are as eloquent as the photographs."—*N.Y. Times.* $10.00



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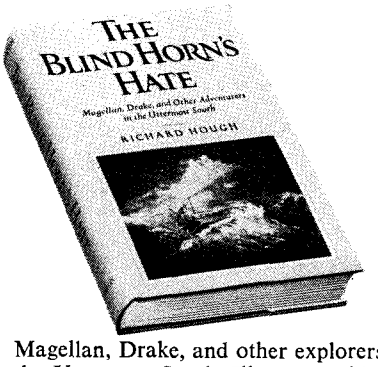
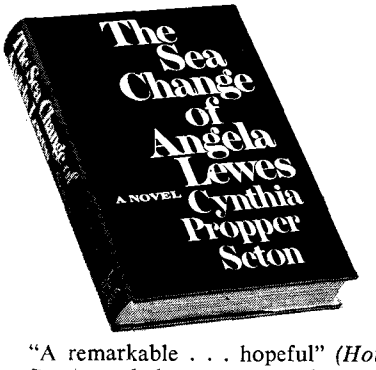
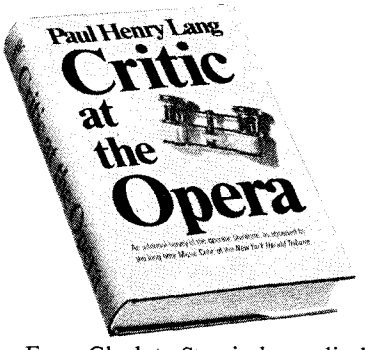


Magellan, Drake, and other explorers in the Uttermost South. Illus. $10.00



"A remarkable . . . hopeful" *(Houston Post)* novel about women today. $5.95



From Gluck to Stravinsky—a lively, authoritative survey of opera. $7.95

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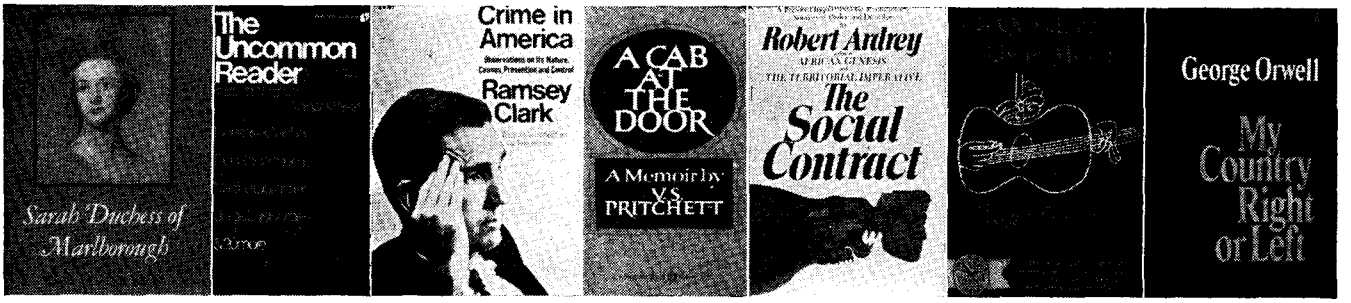

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Some 10,000 paperbacks appeared this year. Here is a Santa's bag of suggestions that range from such pre-packaged books as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's novels to such best sellers as *Papillon* and *"Don't Fall Off the Mountain."* Then there are those hefty books like *Crisis in the Classroom* and *Losing Battles* that many want to, but haven't, read. At the end of the listing you'll find a grab bag of books I just happen to like, among them *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*—for a really big sock.

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

THE SAUL BELLOW GIFT PACK (Fawcett, 5 Vols. Boxed, $5.45). A panorama of the best of Bellow—from the youthful escapades of Augie March to the seasoned ruminations of the venerable Mr. Sammler. Also included are *Herzog, Seize the Day*, and *Henderson the Rain King*.

LOSING BATTLES, by Eudora Welty (Fawcett Crest, $1.25). What happens when the clan gathers to celebrate Granny's ninetieth birthday reveals a great deal about the human heart and, in microcosm, a lot about life in Mississippi in the 1930s.

MOVING ON, by Larry McMurtry (Avon, $1.50). Bonanza-sized Texas novel about young marrieds circulating on the fringes of rodeo and university life.

FIVE MYSTERIES OF GEORGETTE HEYER (Bantam, 5 Vols. Boxed, $4.75). Many of Georgette Heyer's millions of fans in both the U.S. and England know her for her Regency novels. How many know her detective stories? How many should? The solution can be found in this fivesome, which offers *Envious Casca, No Wind of Blame, The Unfinished Clue, Death in the Stocks*, and *They Found Him Dead*.

THE NOVELS OF ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN (Bantam, 4 Vols. Boxed, $4.95). Russia's greatest living novelist is also a first-class storyteller. The works here neatly packaged in the American manner include *The First Circle, Cancer Ward, One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, and *The Love Girl and the Innocents*.

THE ODD WOMEN, by George Gissing (Norton, $1.95). That greatly underestimated author of *New Grub Street*, George Gissing, turns his incisive realism to a tale of five husbandless women living in Victorian England. Written in 1893, the novel still moves and the people still matter.

TIME AND AGAIN, by Jack Finney (Paperback Library, $1.25). That old space-time routine, but here reworked into a wonderfully engrossing story about a young New Yorker who can switch back to Manhattan in the 1880s. Properly faded photographs add to this remembrance of times past.

THE UNCOMMON READER, edited by Alice S Morris (Avon, $1.65). Only the most faithful *Harper's Bazaar* readers would have read all these stories, which have appeared over the years in that magazine's pages. Among the thirty-five authors represented are Terry Southern, Jorge Luis Borges, Flannery O'Connor, and Susan Sontag. Scarcely a dropped hemline in the lot.

VICTORIA HOLT. MARY STEWART. PHYLLIS WHITNEY (Fawcett, 5 Vols. Boxed, $4.75 each). Probably more Gothics than anyone needs, but for addicts of the form Holt, Stewart, and Whitney are the champs. Each boxed gift pack contains five romantic suspense yarns.

THE WALTER SYNDROME, by Richard Neely (Signet, $1.25). A big city newspaper office background, lurid sex crimes, and a psychopathic personality combine to make a properly scary tale.

The American Way

THE GREENING OF AMERICA, by Charles A. Reich (Bantam, $1.95). There's a whole new life style going on out there, and Yale Professor Reich's guidebook to a refreshed consciousness was one of the year's most argued-about books.

LIVING THE GOOD LIFE. THE MAPLE SUGAR BOOK, by Helen and Scott Nearing (Schocken, 2 Vols. Boxed, $5). After the greening comes the sugaring. Here's how to pioneer today: from tapping a maple tree to responding spiritually to the natural world. Paul Goodman wrote the appreciative introduction.

CRIME IN AMERICA, by Ramsey Clark (Touchstone/Simon & Schuster, $2.95). One of the best books written on violence in America, the people who perpetrate it, and the rest of us who live with it, by the former Attorney General. Introduction by Tom Wicker.

CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM, by Charles E. Silberman (Vintage, $2.45). Johnny may be reading now, but chances are he's also yawning. Trenchant comments on why U.S. education frequently bores both teachers and students plus helpful suggestions in the form of ideas we could borrow from our less rigid British friends make this one of this (and last) year's important educational books.

FUTURE SHOCK, by Alvin Toffler (Bantam, $1.95). How the sis-boom-bah of modern technology is causing more and more humans to twitch and shudder—mentally, at least—is explained and explored by a former editor of *Fortune*.

THE SUBURBAN MYTH, by Scott Donaldson (Columbia University Press, $2.95). To make your friends in Scarsdale and Winnetka feel merry at Christmas, here's a defense of suburbia which reaches back to its pre-crabgrass philosophical roots in the Jeffersonian ideal.

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS, by Edgar R. Jones (Simon & Schuster, $4.95). They don't write ads like they used to. How about "Cultured People Use Electric Lustre Starch" or "Marry Your Trousers to the Century Brace and They Will Be Comfortably Sup-

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ported as Long as They Live"? After the wave of nostalgia for these American advertisements from 1830 to 1930 passes, Madison Avenue doesn't seem quite so bad.

People

A CAB AT THE DOOR, by V. S. Pritchett (Vintage, $1.95). A gentle book about growing up in Edwardian England and the kind of boyhood that molded an adult literary critic. A little precious perhaps in its details, but the tone is flawless.

CELEBRITIES ON THE COUCH, edited by Lucy Freeman (Pocket Books, 95¢). Here's one of those odd books that you can only give to friends who ought to be in psychoanalysis and who would be comforted to share the experience with such luminaries as Sid Caesar, Graham Greene, Floyd Patterson, and Tennessee Williams.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS, JOURNALISM, AND LETTERS OF GEORGE ORWELL, edited by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus (Harvest, 4 Vols., $3.95). Orwell's life and thought from 1920 to 1950 as recorded in his own writings provide a revealing portrait of an era in violent change.

"DON'T FALL OFF THE MOUNTAIN," by Shirley MacLaine (Bantam, $1.50). Not a movie star's book at all, but a funny, yeasty autobiography of an upbeat young woman who sat-in down South, shared loving cups with Masai chiefs, and searched for her guru in the Himalayas. She also starred in *Pajama Game* and knows Frank Sinatra.

THE ART OF SYLVIA PLATH, edited by Charles Newman (Midland-Indiana University Press, $2.95). For those previously acquainted with the *Ariel* poems and for those who have only recently read *The Bell Jar*, this symposium of critical articles, reminiscences, and book reviews will illuminate the poet-and-novelist's work.

PAPILLON, by Henri Charrière (Pocket Books, $1.95). The ultimate in escape fiction is this French ex-con's allegedly true account of his getaway from Devil's Island.

SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, by David Green (Scribners, $2.95). There are all kinds of reasons to enjoy this biography of that sprightly eighteenth-century lady and not the least of them is that, as played by Susan Hampshire, she enlivened the TV series *The First Churchills* as the brave-spirited wife of the military hero John Churchill.

ZELDA, by Nancy Milford (Avon, $1.50). Here's a major biography of a minor figure who has intrigued everybody who ever read about her: Scott Fitzgerald's wife, who danced her way from the Plaza to the Ritz and careened into madness.

Global Conflict

THE COLLAPSE OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC, by William L. Shirer (Pocket Books, $1.95). The fall of France in 1940 was more than a military debacle, for a great and glorious culture almost disintegrated.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA, by John King Farbank (Harvard University Press, $2.45). This classic diplomatic history, first published in 1948 and now updated, is as relevant as ever to an understanding of China's nationalism, mistrust of Westerners, and attitude toward the U.S. in particular.

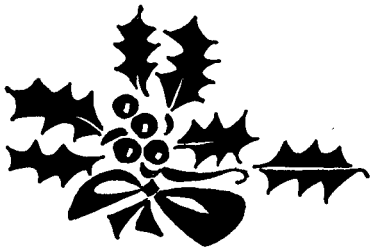
THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE, by Robert Ardrey (Dell, $1.25). THE SOCIAL CONTRACT, by Robert Ardrey (Delta, $2.65). Two insistent and often convincing books about animals who fight for their own turf both in and out of the jungle. Ardrey's reflections on wildlife lead to theories about the natural inequality of man, the downfall of the family, and why people struggle to reach the top of the tree.

THE RISING SUN: THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE JAPANESE EMPIRE, by John Toland (Bantam, $2.25). Remember Pearl Harbor, Midway, Bataan, Hiroshima? Toland retells the whole awful story of the war in the Pacific from the Japanese point of view.

Music and Art

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE AND URBANISM, by Vincent Scully (Praeger, $5.95). The author tells what architecture is really all about and how the buildings we erect change not only the environment but our life styles. An important and handsomely illustrated look at the way past generations of Americans planned, built, and lived—as well as at the way we live now.

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF THE ANCIENT ORIENT, by Henri Frankfort, (Penguin-Pelican, $4.85). A beautifully balanced combination of text and illustrations illuminates a venerable culture. This volume ranks high in the Pelican History of Art series, of which some thirty of the proposed full set of fifty books have already been published.



GEORGES BRAQUE: ILLUSTRATED NOTEBOOKS 1917-1955, translated from the French by Stanley Appelbaum (Dover, $3). Originally this portfolio appeared as a limited edition. Crammed with Braque's ideas about art illustrated with quick and brilliant sketches (a profusion of bottles and violins and sad-eyed semi-faces), it's a real find.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE POSTER, selected and edited by Hayward and Blanche Cirker (Dover, $3.95). European and American posters from the heyday in the 1890s when Aubrey Beardsley, Pierre Bonnard, Maxfield Parrish, Toulouse-Lautrec—to mention but a few of the artists represented here—were doing some of their best work. The posters in this oversized book are in fine color and suitable for framing.

THE NEW LISTENER'S COMPANION AND RECORD GUIDE, by B. H. Haggin (Horizon, $3.95). An uncommonly sensitive critic's highly personal selection of and illuminating comments on music and recordings he has enjoyed, plus essays on thirty-eight composers.

QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSIC, by Roger Sessions (Norton, $1.75). One of America's most austerely intellectual composers articulates his attitudes toward the composing and performing of music.

Grab bag

THE ANTIQUE BOTTLE COLLECTOR, by Grace Hendrick (Pyramid, $2.95). A book so attractively illustrated that anybody who doesn't already cherish old bottles may be tempted to reconsider.

THE BACHARACH & DAVID SONG BOOK (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). Using these arrangements for guitar and piano, sing along with Burt and Hal—and try to pick up that erratic and unmistakable Bacharach beat.

THE CRAFT OF CREWEL EMBROIDERY, by Erica Wilson. THE CRAFT OF CABLE-STITCH KNITTING and THE CRAFT OF LACE KNITTING, by Barbara G. Walker. THE CRAFT OF FLORENTINE EMBROIDERY, by Barbara Snook (Scribners, $2.95 each). This brand-new series of large-sized, well-illustrated how-to books takes nimble fingers and crafty minds for granted.

THE FRENCH CHEF COOKBOOK, by Julia Child (Bantam, $1.95). Julia, the great-

(Continued on page 91)

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SPECIMEN DAYS

by Walt Whitman
introduction by Alfred Kazin

Godine, 197 pp., $35

Reviewed by Margaret R. Weiss

■ Charting guidelines for "recorders ages hence," Walt Whitman wrote:

> Come, I will take you down underneath this impassive exterior, I will tell you what to say of me,
> Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover . . .

The new illustrated *Specimen Days* follows this directive in spirit, if not in letter. Taking its text version from the 1892 David McKay edition, the volume projects the familiar self-portrait that Whitman hoped his future biographers would perpetuate: humanitarian, sustainer of the sick and wounded, insistent moralist; a man for whom war was a "cause" and even the body count of corpses a "fulfillment of Nature"; a romantic responsive to Transcendentalism's mood of revolt; visionary of broad democratic vistas and an earth as divine as heaven; prophet of Self and the "singleness of man."

For the Civil War buff and camera historian, many of the 133 war photographs highlighting the text will be equally familiar as specimen pages from the field photojournalism of Mathew Brady, Alexander Gardner, Timothy O'Sullivan, among others. The wounded after the battle at Fredericksburg, the hospital wards in the Patent Office Building and Armory Square, the ambulance wagon trains, the prison at Andersonville—these images graphically reinforce the written word of reminiscence. So much so, in fact, that the reader rather misses similar pictorial documentation for Whitman's nature observations and for his travels along the Hudson, into Canada, and across the Western plains and prairies.

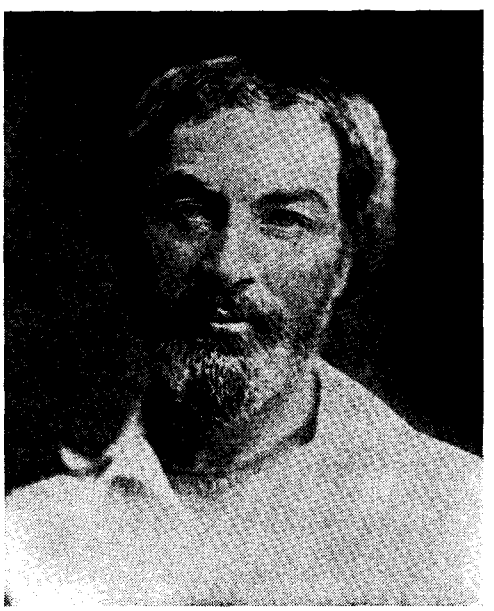
The special bonus that the book offers is its sixty-four-page section of photographic portraits, culled from some of the nation's major print collections and captioned with a thought for chronology and continuity. (Regrettably, Brady's first name is consistently misspelled, and the full-length photograph of the poet "age thirty" would certainly seem to be of a later vintage than 1849.)

From the evidence in these folios, Alfred Kazin, who wrote the introduction, is correct in his estimate that Whitman was "one of the most photographed men of the nineteenth century." Paralleling his rise from obscure newspaper compositor to pivotal figure in American literature, the pictures range from primitive tintypes to distinguished portraits by Brady, Gardner, George Cox, and Thomas Eakins. Apparently the poet enjoyed the idea of being photographed. In his travels he frequently took the time to stop at a studio like Sarony's—even though the artificial "scenic" background usually given to the sitter was a poor imitation of the natural landscape he praised.

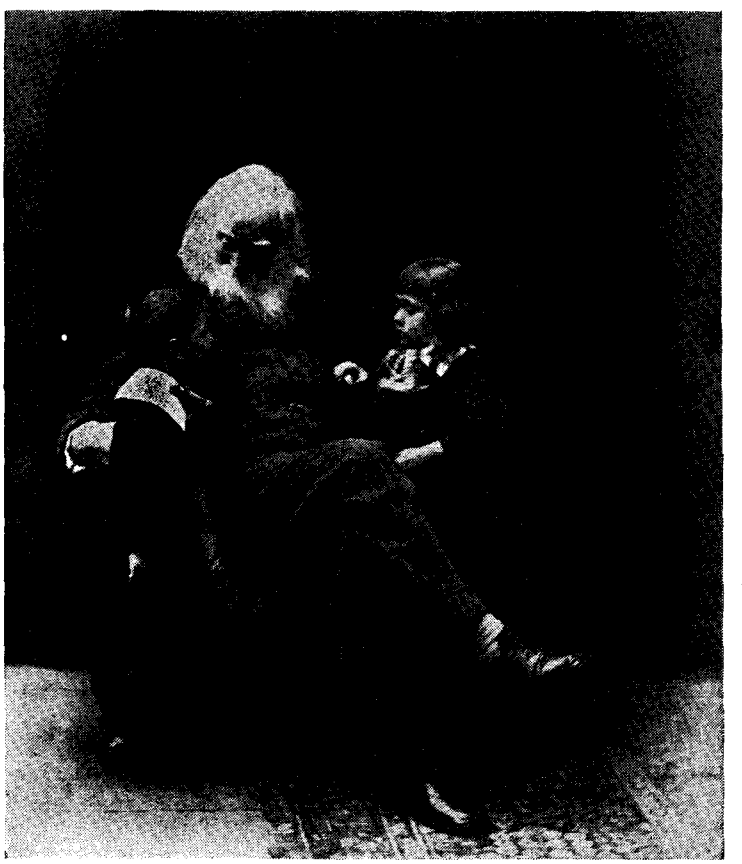
The most revealing of the Whitman images are those mirroring the poet in his own environment: on the wharf near his house; in the horse and buggy that Mark Twain and other friends contributed to ease his paralytic years; at home in his favorite armchair surrounded by assorted Victoriana, newspapers, and shaggy fur throw.

A memo Whitman penned in 1889 gave specifications for a portfolio or small album of portraits called "Pictures from the Life of Walt Whitman," to be printed in an edition of 200 copies. *Specimen Days* in its newest format would have pleased him immeasurably.

"Humanitarian, sustainer of the sick and wounded, insistent moralist . . ."



—*Trent Collection, Duke University Library*



—*Smithsonian Institution*

"One of the most photographed men of the nineteenth century," Walt Whitman at age thirty-five, just before the first publication of "Leaves of Grass," and (right) at age sixty-eight, with Nigel and Catherine Chomley-Jones.

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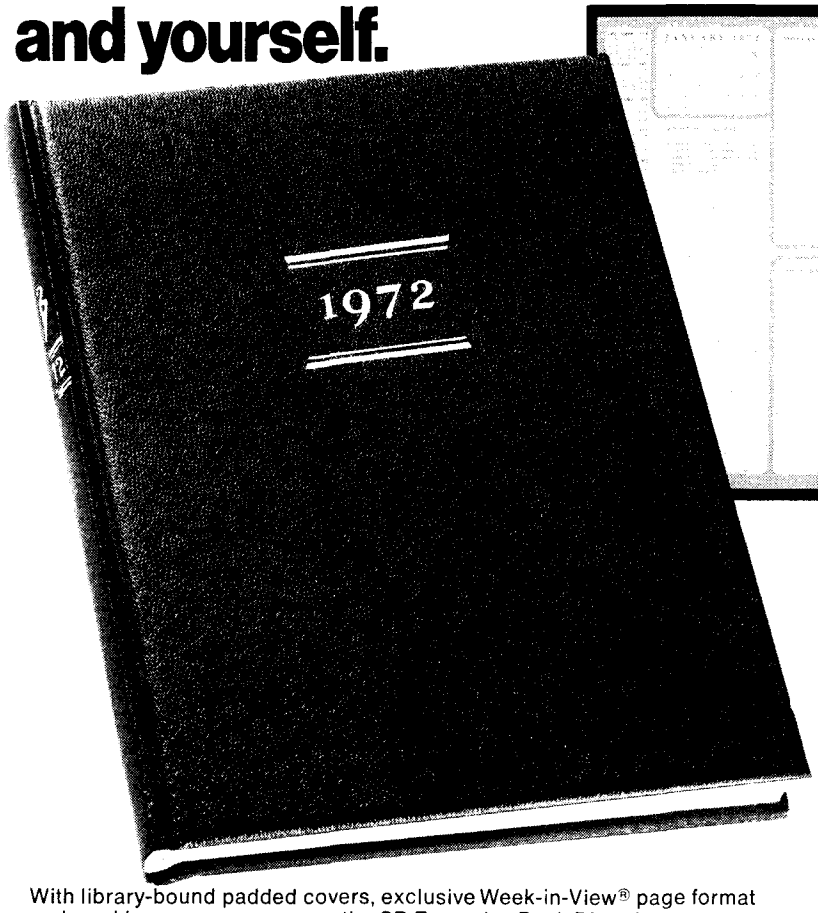
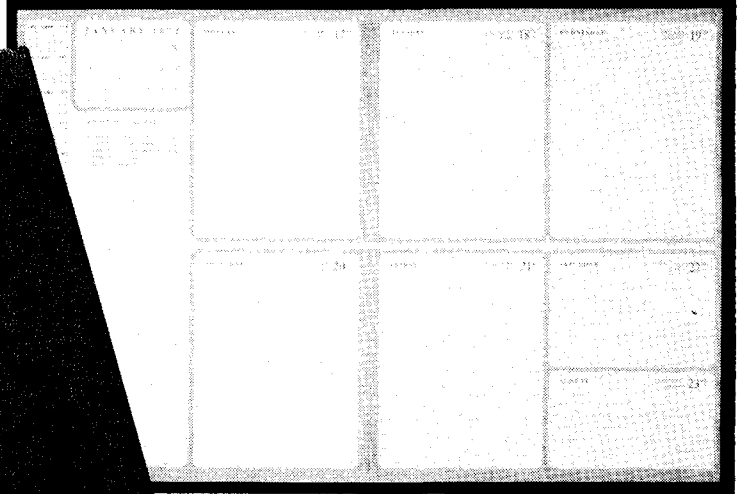
Here's the perfect Christmas gift to give your friends, relatives, business associates and yourself.





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Gift Books

Continued from page 46

(Doubleday, 232 pp., $5.95). The complexities of life in a newly independent African country are brought sharply into focus in this story of a Ghanaian lawyer who attempts to reconcile his public and spiritual selves.

History

Lord Palmerston, by Jasper Ridley (Dutton, 689 pp., $12.50). Nineteenth-century saber rattler, statesman, and randy Victorian lover were but three facets of this many-sided British Prime Minister.

The Marquis de Custine and His Russia in 1839, by George F. Kennan (Princeton University Press, 145 pp., $6). A sense of wonder informs this study of a Frenchman who foresaw the "menace" inherent in Russian life 130 years ago.

Robert, Earl of Essex, by Robert Lacey (Atheneum, 338 pp., $8.95). The noble courtier who tried to wrest Elizabeth's throne from her is here reanimated with all his charm, bluster, and youth intact.

Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45, by Barbara W. Tuchman (Macmillan, 621 pp., $10). How our China policy was shaped and misfired can be traced in the story of an American general and his relationship with Chiang Kai-shek.

Personal History

After Great Pain: The Inner Life of Emily Dickinson, by John Cody (Harvard University Press, 538 pp., $14.95). The poet, posthumously, exhaustively, psychoanalytically and, some say, uselessly analyzed. Read the poems.

Brendan, by Ulick O'Connor (Prentice-Hall, 328 pp. $6.95). Brendan Behan, who wrote one great book, *Borstal Boy*, and play, *The Quare Fellow*, before pickling his talent in alcohol, is here exhumed and probed in all his dimensions by a fellow Dubliner.

Capone: The Life and World of Al Capone, by John Kobler (Putnam, 409 pp., $8.95). The crude and nasty Twenties and Thirties were personified in the career of a figure who was, according to the author, just a slightly different kind of Robber Baron.

H. L. Mencken: Iconoclast from Baltimore, by Douglas C. Stenerson (University of Chicago Press, 287 pp., $7.95). A blaster of sacred cows, he had his conservative side, but fought the good fight with style and vinegar.

Ibsen: A Biography, by Michael Meyer (Doubleday, 865 pp., $12.95); *Ibsen: A Portrait of the Artist*, by Hans Heilberg, translated from the Norwegian by Joan Tate (University of Miami Press, 313 pp., $10). Two pictures of the seminal Norwegian playwright—the first a mural; the second, by comparison, a miniature—that bring him to center stage.

Living Well Is the Best Revenge, by Calvin Tomkins (Viking, 148 pp., $6.50). Gerald and Sara Murphy, who were idealized by F. Scott Fitzgerald, may have been the last couple in the world with the talent, as well as the money, to make themselves into carefully "formed people."

The Saddest Story: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford, by Arthur Mizener (World, 616 pp., slipcased, $20). The English man of letters, who was larger and better than he seemed, is finally given his due in an exhaustive, but absorbing, account of his life and times.

A Sort of Life, by Graham Greene (Simon & Schuster, 220 pp., $6.95). Growing up was not an Edwardian idyll for the English novelist, but his boyhood era is faithfully represented in this vivid, yet reserved, self-portrait.

Upstate: Records and Recollections of Northern New York, by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 386 pp., $8.95). The author's old stone house and its environs at Talcottsville, N.Y., are made a metaphor of the changing world.

Poetry

Collected Poems, 1916-1970, by Conrad Aiken (Oxford, 1,049 pp., $15). A lifetime of accomplishment by America's most distinguished living poet, whose newest lines can still startle and delight.

A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle, by Hugh MacDiarmid (University of Massachusetts Press, 136 pp., $7.50). This long poem in Scots Lallans dialect (with a facing vocabulary) was written in 1926. Now issued in a fine edition, it is rated among the best poetry of the century.

Iconographs, by May Swenson (Scribners, 88 pp., $4.95). Typological verse exquisitely patterned by one of the better craftsmen around.

Lives of X, by John Ciardi (Rutgers, 118 pp., $5.95). Lyric narratives in a supple blank verse that packs more insights into a stanza than most poets manage in a book. Ciardi's best work yet.

Selected Poems of Gabriela Mistral, translated from the Spanish and edited by Doris Dana (Johns Hopkins, 235 pp., $10; paperback, $2.95). In this anthology of Chile's first Nobel Prize-winning poet selections show the four main stages in her development.

The Only World There Is, by Miller Williams (Dutton, 77 pp., $4.95). The "world" is everyday United States, which an accomplished artisan catches on the fly—how, what, where, when, and why.

Topography and Other Poems, by Ruth Stone (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 116 pp., $5.95). Accessible, even in its privacies, this poetry can be enjoyed on many levels.

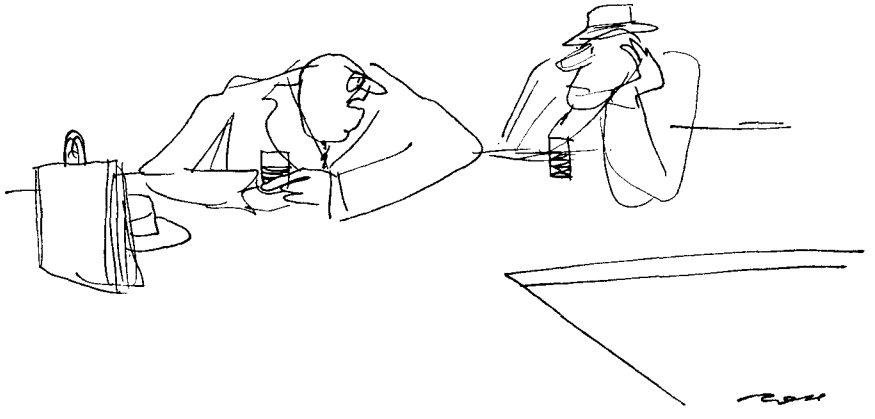
Religion, Philosophy, Psychology

The Farther Reaches of Human Nature, by Abraham Maslow (Viking, 423 pp., $12.50). The first posthumous work by the noted humanist-psychologist is a searchlight in the fog of contemporary psychology.

Martin Buber: An Intimate Portrait, by Aubrey Hodes (Viking, 256 pp., $7.95). The author, who knew Buber for twelve years, interweaves a lucent explanation of the great Jerusalem sage's ideas with an absorbing biographical narrative.

The Perfectibility of Man, by John Passmore (Scribners, 396 pp., $14.95). A history and analysis of ideas by, states Walter Arnold [*SR*, Sept. 4], "one of the best makers of philosophical prose in English today."

H. L. Van Brunt



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"Paris Journal"

Continued from page 40

along on the buoyancy of her phrases and the cogency of her insights into the human drama of French life and letters.

Although she has won fame and honors, Janet Flanner remains modest, and—despite a half century in Paris—very Midwestern in her directness, simplicity, and manners. By day she wears good, honest tweed or wool suits; for dress occasions, dark blue or black, with a kerchief or an ascot for color and dash. Next year she will be eighty but her eyes are as keen, her zest for life as abundant as when she wrote her first Letter for *The New Yorker* in 1925. Above all, she has a level head and a sense of proportion, as I discovered a number of years ago.

We were discussing my decision to resign from CBS, and she urged me to consider carefully before acting. "You have a good job, my friend. You can educate and influence a great many people. Don't think you are bigger than you are. You know, my dear, ours is a very minor talent."

Insofar as journalism is concerned, Janet Flanner is right. Ours *is* a minor talent. But hers is a major pen.

David Schoenbrun, author of "As France Goes" and "The Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle," was Paris correspondent for CBS from 1944-1964.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1480

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1480 will be found in the next issue.

G WGZ NV MNFS VNKKNZA

NZ G HGKTKQH: BZOS UBQ

ASK QVSP KB TNW, TS'V ZBK

VB TBK.

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RABBIT REDUX

by John Updike

Knopf, 407 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Brom Weber

■ John Updike has demonstrated, notably in *The Centaur* (1963), that he is a virtuoso of literary audacity, sustained by a sensuous imagination and a prose of seemingly limitless variety. Now, in *Rabbit Redux*, sequel to *Rabbit, Run* (1960), Updike's novelistic gifts are again given over to his long-established mission of illustrating how "poor dependent, nothing-Creature Proud Man"—to quote from a seventeenth-century Puritan sermon—is inextricably caught between Heaven and Hell, knows nothing of either, and cannot remedy his brief, tawdry life on earth. When a novelist closes the gates of human possibility, be he religious or no, he runs the risk of dehumanizing his characters and overemphasizing their physical existence and their socio-physical environment. The kind of damage that may result is visible in Updike's *Couples* (1968), where loveless copulators function busily like biochemically agitated dummies, failing because of their essential dullness to horrify as modern technological nightmares, and ultimately providing merely a high quotient of ephemeral sexual excitement. Yet Updike by no means intended *Couples* to be a superior contribution to the entertainment industry's output.

From his first novel, *The Poorhouse Fair* (1958), through *Rabbit Redux*, Updike has been concerned primarily with what he regards as the inability of American religious and social thought and action to fill man's spiritual void. Neo-orthodox Protestantism, tinged with existentialism, corroborated and strengthened his sense of the desperate transiency of human existence, the pervasiveness of evil, the centrality and mystery of God. However, whereas initially Updike wrestled directly and suggestively with secular and spiritual ideas in his novels, increasingly he appears to have abandoned speculation and disputation for the expression of uncertainty, agony, nausea, shock. And, increasingly, as man's nothingness has loomed ever greater for Updike, his novels have moved from constriction of meaning to vagueness to nonexistence at their centers. Correspondingly, the characters are emotionless and mindless as well as godless.

Rabbit Redux reveals Updike's continued propensity for literary bravura. "Redux," an uncommon word, means both "led back" and "return of an organ to a healthy state." The novel is a parody of the 1960s, which deluded itself into believing that it has progressed beyond the alleged lethargy of the Eisenhower Fifties, having forgotten the dynamism of neo-orthodoxy's reformation message. In the Fifties—depicted in *Rabbit Run*—the nonhero was on the hunt for spiritual answers. In the Sixties, he has returned to his wife, held onto a steady job, bought a suburban home, developed psychic sexual impotence, become a bigot, and settled down to the cheap illusions against which he earlier had rebelled.

Scrupulously fair in presenting an alternative to Rabbit's running, Updike meticulously details Rabbit and his environment. The test begins. Rabbit's wife abandons him for a superior lover; he remains unaffected. But he is roused from torpor by love (for Jill, a white, teen-aged girl on the run from rotten-rich, parental oppressors) and

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MORE SERVANT PROBLEMS

The servants in Column 1 had varying fortunes under their masters and mistresses in Column 2. Anne McCaughey of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, asks you to link each to each, along with their respective creators. Turn to page 65 for the servants' register.

1. Mrs. Danvers ( )	A. Capt. Ahab	a. Barrie
2. Jane Eyre ( )	B. Sir Clifford Chatterley	b. Beckett
3. Françoise ( )	C. Mr. and Mrs. Darling	c. Brontë
4. Grumo ( )	D. Dr. Faust	d. Dickens
5. Uriah Heep ( )	E. Henry Higgins	e. Goethe
6. Jeeves ( )	F. Marcel	f. Lawrence
7. Lucky ( )	G. Petruchio	g. Melville
8. Mellors ( )	H. Pozzo	h. du Maurier
9. Nana ( )	I. Edward Rochester	i. Proust
10. Mrs. Pearce ( )	J. Mr. Wickfield	j. Shakespeare
11. Starbuck ( )	K. Maxim de Winter	k. Shaw
12. Wagner ( )	L. Hon. Bertie Wooster	l. Wodehouse

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by social idealism (inspired by Skeeter, a revolutionary young black on the run from the police).

Rabbit's house is converted into a runaway shelter, a commune, a free school, a new-consciousness oasis in which his two friends gradually liberate him into a taste for marijuana and a yearning for "catastrophe and deliverance." The mesmeric Skeeter becomes a brilliant rendition of the evolution of rational protest and revolt into megalomaniacal anarchy; a satanic being who believes that he is Christ destined to rule, he precipitates holocaust.

None of Updike's redoubtable stylistic distinction makes the book hang together, the parody work. Ironically, the charismatic Skeeter, despite his egomania, drug-pushing, and brutality, presents a better case for evil than Rabbit can for good. Until Skeeter emerges, *Rabbit Redux* reads like a monotonous reprise of Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*, minus the humor. Saint, antihero, existential man, God-seeker, whatever he is, Rabbit marks a dead end from which John Updike should make a turnabout.

Brom Weber is working on a study of the American novel of the Sixties.

THE WINDS OF WAR

by Herman Wouk

Little, Brown, 885 pp., $10

Reviewed by David W. McCullough

■ Albert Speer mentions in his memoirs that the Battle of Tours, which broke the back of the Muslim invasion of Europe in the eighth century, fascinated Adolf Hitler. If only the Arabs had won, the Fuehrer is supposed to have mused, Germany would have inherited a militant religion, far more useful for his purposes than Christianity with its stress on meekness.

Most of the characters in Herman Wouk's mammoth but compulsively readable new novel (the first volume, ending in December 1941, of a fictional history of World War II) indulge in similiar hindsight daydreams. If only Wellington had not won the Battle of Waterloo, one British officer suggests, France would have dominated Europe for the next 150 years, and there would have been no political vacuum for Hitler to fill.

If only President Roosevelt could have given more war material to England and Russia. If only the State Department had believed the reports it sporadically received telling of German atrocities against the Jews. If only Japan hadn't attacked Pearl Harbor dur-

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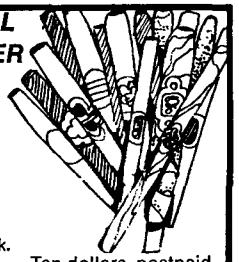

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ing the hangover hours of a Sunday morning. If only more people had taken the advice of Captain Victor ("Pug") Henry, U.S. Navy.

Captain Henry—the hero of *The Winds of War*—may well be the most likable humorless character since Soames Forsyte. A "hard-fibered" and unusually good-looking puritan, he presides over a family of two boys, a girl and a vague wife, who is usually and prudently kept offstage. With Mr. Wouk's considerable assistance, Captain Henry manages to rub shoulders with important people and to observe many of the major events in the Western world between the time of the signing of the German-Russian nonaggression pact and the attack on Pearl Harbor. At FDR's suggestion, Captain Henry sends his advice directly to the President—avoiding the usual chain of command. When word is received that the British Navy has finally cornered the *Bismarck*, the handsome captain is among the first to hear the news: he is dining at the White House, together with such notables as Somerset Maugham, Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles, the Crown Princess of Norway, and scottie Falla. As President Roosevelt's personal envoy, Henry drops in on Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, and Churchill. And, as Mr. Wouk's own eyewitness emissary, he flies over Berlin on an RAF raid, is present at the Battle of Moscow, at the signing of the Atlantic Charter, and at Pearl Harbor on the fatal day. How on earth, one wonders, did Wouk miss smuggling him aboard the plane Rudolf Hess flew to Scotland or, at the very least, booking him an audience with the Pope?

Still, in Mr. Wouk's capable hands, Captain Henry's ubiquitousness—like that of Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd—is thoroughly acceptable. In Berlin in 1939, as Naval attaché, he is able to observe the Nazi leaders with an unjaundiced eye. He visits their shipyards and their country estates and finds that they are not simply figures out of a comic opera. Indeed, he gets along with them so well that he is approached about becoming a Nazi secret agent. Later he serves his country in similiar diplomatic posts in London and Moscow.

To readers at this late date little is new in what Henry observes, yet, fitted out with proper period costumes and slang, the novel is satisfactorily credible. Mr. Wouk has effectively recreated a time which is on the brink of being forgotten, a time when each of Hitler's outrages was explained away as glibly as was the one before, a time when many Americans were willing to believe that Hitler had, for better or worse, stabilized Europe for the next twenty years or so.

The Winds of War is a copious novel, crowded with more stories to tell than merely Captain Henry's. There is his daughter, Madeline, who works for a New York radio station and gets to know a number of people her father would not approve of; and Warren Henry, the tried and true son who marries a Senator's daughter and becomes a Navy flier aboard the *Enterprise*; and Byron, the wild son, who goes off to Europe to study art history and falls in love with Natalie, a Jewish girl, whom he follows to Warsaw in the midst of the German invasion of Poland. And there is also Pamela—the daughter of a famous English journalist—who frequently manages to turn up in Captain Henry's company.

Characterization, especially among the minor figures, is purely functional, with cowardly diplomats being cowardly on cue and racist Congressmen telling anti-Semitic jokes whenever a Jew is within earshot. And what about FDR, the only historical character who appears at length? In spite of all of Mr. Wouk's efforts at homage, he comes off as a well-educated bartender (he rarely appears without cocktail shaker in hand) who tells bad jokes and is always seeking advice, especially Henry's.

For a novel replete with so many battles, escapes, and diplomatic parties *The Winds of War* is strangely nondramatic. Mr. Wouk seems to see the need for all the adventure—after all, there *is* a war going on—but he also appears to be far more interested in his characters' reactions to what is happening than in the events themselves. The result is not an "epic"—the publisher's ill-chosen word—but an appealing if somewhat wooden novel of manners. Regardless of the occasional whiff of cordite, it is a novel more of the drawing room than of the battlefield.

Members of the Henry family frequently refer to themselves as tumbleweed blown about by the winds of war. When we leave them, on page 885, they are all briefly at rest during the lull that followed the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Obviously, though, their story has hardly come to an end. Will all the marriages hold together? Will Natalie's relatives succeed in escaping from the Nazis? Will Byron settle down to become a serious officer? What's going on between Madeline and her boss? Will anything truly unpleasant ever happen to Captain Henry?

This volume has taken seven years to write. In 1978, the winds of war willing, perhaps we'll get answers to at least some of these questions. Who knows? —in the next volume there may even be a mutiny.

David W. McCullough is a book club editor based in Manhattan.

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A CITIZEN'S NOVEL

by Ernst Herhaus
translated from the German
by Veronika von Nostitz

Harper & Row, 250 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Joseph P. Bauke

■ A decade ago a new era in postwar German literature was ushered in by Günter Grass' savage and innovative novel, *The Tin Drum.* Changing the literary climate of the country, Grass' book encouraged a number of younger writers, notably Jakov Lind and Gisela Elsner, to conduct their own experiments with grotesquely distorted angles of vision. The newest member of the cult is an epidemiologist from Hamburg named Ernst Herhaus, whose second book, *A Citizen's Novel,* is a distinct contribution to the genre.

In this brilliant attack on that bulwark of German civilization, the solid burgher, Herhaus employs by turns axe and rapier, exhibiting a sure thrust and an eye for the goriest laceration. If novels are, as the narrator of this one declares, "the typical means of amnesty of the middle class," then this book has been mistitled: in the Herhaus satyricon there is no pardon for anyone or for any bourgeois institution either. Banking, advertising, and psychotherapy, as the century's preeminent concerns, are slashed to ribbons and laid out like so many corpses on a mortuary slab.

The locale of the novel is Frankfurt, home of Goethe and the annual Book Fair—or, as Herhaus sees it, a hybrid between a loony bin and advertising agency. "Frankfurt was a huge stony twitch, a petrified mass dream, a single self-portrait of a magnitude that had long since ceased being comprehensible, . . . a superdimensional cash register . . . a swaying mighty façade in front of which a million egos, gradually going mad, were walking up and down." The descriptions of Frankfurt as a paradigm of modern city life, with apocalyptic shadows hovering above, are among the author's most accomplished.

Into this city Clemens Blumenschein is born, a precocious youngster who bursts into speech while still in the crib and cunningly fools the child specialist Betteltanz, who is called in to examine the phenomenon. His schizoid fantasies help Clemens to split himself into "I" and "he" and thus survive until, at last, he concludes that only a complete lobotomy will render him able to lead a bourgeois life. Clemens's development is paralled by that of his friend Christian—the son of a grotesque couple consisting of a nobleman of spurious lineage and a banker's daughter, who is both a rapacious bitch and a Lesbian. Christian, trained to punctuality like a Prussian, is ultimately as unwilling as Clemens to accept law and order, and is, accordingly, also doomed to a grim fate.

What makes this novel fascinating is Herhaus's seemingly unlimited gift for outrageous detail and his mastery of language, obvious even in this translation, which is nothing short of excellent. Herhaus follows the daydreams of his characters to their remotest corners, their passions to the last narcissistic impulse.

No synopsis of the book's plot could possibly keep up with everything that goes on, since Herhaus creates a madcap landscape of bawdy invention that ranges sovereignly from Frankfurt to New York and switches abruptly from crib to office to bedroom. On occasion, when the jokes become too private or the allusions to Frankfurt's intellectual scene too recondite, the reader's attention may flag. Yet if he is willing to suspend all preconceived notions of what a novel is, or should be, the reader will find that plunging headlong into it is a startling and hilarious experience.

Joseph P. Bauke is the chairman of the German Department at Columbia University.

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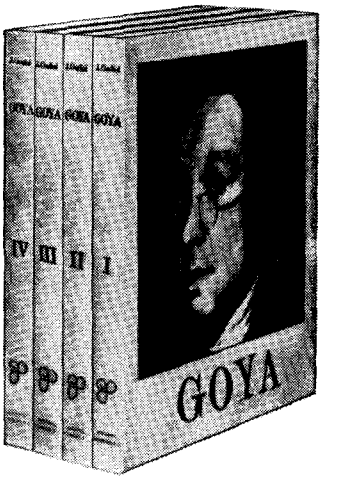

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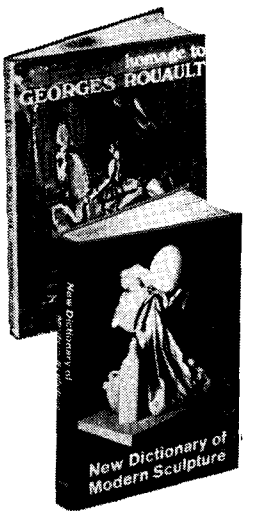

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Criminal Record

Fact

The Family. *By Ed Sanders. Dutton.* $6.95. There seems to be almost a book each month coming out on Charles Manson and his murderous family of mindless disciples. Without doubt, this is the best and most complete of the bunch. Exhaustively researched, Mr. Sanders's account of the events leading up to the arrest of the "Dune Buggy Attack Batallion" for the Tate-LaBianca murders takes the reader into a world of blood sacrifices, frighteningly sick cults, and unsolved killings. If, at the book's end, Charles Manson and his love slaves still elude comprehension, this is no fault of the author; his subjects simply defy understanding. While to me the author's mildly hip prose style is a bit flippant for such grim material, others may find it just right.

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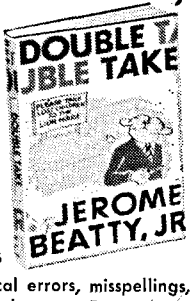

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Fiction

Don't Look Now. *By Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday.* $6.95. Herewith, five short stories by the lady who will always be known as the author of *Rebecca.* In the title story, a psychic's warning of imminent tragedy is ignored by a man stopping over in Venice on a sightseeing trip with his wife. In "Breakthrough," science achieves its first contact beyond death. Each story has its appropriately dark thread and special fascination. My favorite is "The Way of the Cross," which combines suspense with spiritual matters as a group of British tourists retread Jesus' steps along the Via Dolorosa.

Manhattan North. *By Martha Albrand. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan.* $5.95. A man is stabbed to death on the streets of New York. When the corpse is identified as a Supreme Court justice, the question arises: Was he killed because of his legal decisions or as a result of a hidden episode in his sexual life? Because of the victim's erstwhile lofty position and also because the lawyer who eventually solves the case is assigned to a Presidential investigatory commission, one keeps expecting political overtones. None appear. *Manhattan North* remains, however, a novel of crime and detection, written with more thought and polish than most.

The Brood of Folly. *By Margaret Erskine. Doubleday.* $4.95. A corpse found in a family tomb, a curse that threatens to come true, a strong possibility that the devil is wandering the English countryside, and a damsel in distress, all give rise to the wearying feeling that one has waded through this before.

Ask the Right Question. *By Michael Z. Lewin. Putnam.* $4.95. Introducing Albert Samson, private eye in Indianapolis. (Why is it that private detectives, when we first meet them, are always a long time between clients?) Enter 16-year-old Eloise Crystal with convincing evidence that her old man isn't her "biological father," and with enough cash to engage Samson to find her bio daddy. Halfway through Mr. Samson's fictional debut he has the mystery solved to everyone's satisfaction—except his own. It's then that the case really opens up. I think you'll like this one.

The Foo Dog. *By Tobias Wells. Doubleday.* $4.95. Remember Charlie Chan's Number One Son who was always trying to help pop solve the case? He's bound to come to mind when you meet Ming Toy—a young lady who, along with a pair of Chinese buddies who speak in Oriental proverbs, sets out to discover who killed her Aunt Lotus with a stone foo dog. Aside from the novelty of Miss Ming (called Tinker by her friends) and her two sidekicks, this is pretty standard stuff. Verdict: Foo.

The Only Good Body's a Dead One. *By Tony Kenrick. Simon & Schuster.* $5.95. As a nightclub act the team of Reynolds and Wood is not exactly first rate. They're somewhat more successful as detectives, a calling they take upon themselves when a man is murdered in the club while trying to contact Reynolds's girl friend. The background is Nice, the style is light, the result is pleasure.

Not One of Us. *By June Thomson. Harper & Row.* $5.95. A young girl is found strangled, a quiet English village seethes against a stranger in its midst, and a police inspector begins the tedious work required to solve a case almost devoid of clues. It's hard to believe that this novel, so rich in characterization and atmosphere, is a first effort. *Not One of Us* is the best crime novel I've read in many months. Recommended without reservation.

Anthologies

The Midnight. *By Raymond Chandler. Houghton Mifflin.* $10. Two complete novels featuring Philip Marlowe (*The Little Sister* and *The Long Goodbye*), plus four stories and Mr. Chandler's essay "The Simple Art of Murder" make up a volume worth the price.

Best of the Best Detective Stories. *Edited by Allen J. Hubin. Dutton.* $7.95. This is the "25th anniversary collection" collected from the *Best Detective Stories of the Year* series, which has been showing up annually since 1946. A *crème de la crème* offering, these twenty-four stories by names large and small run the gamut of detective fiction from the funny to the frightening.

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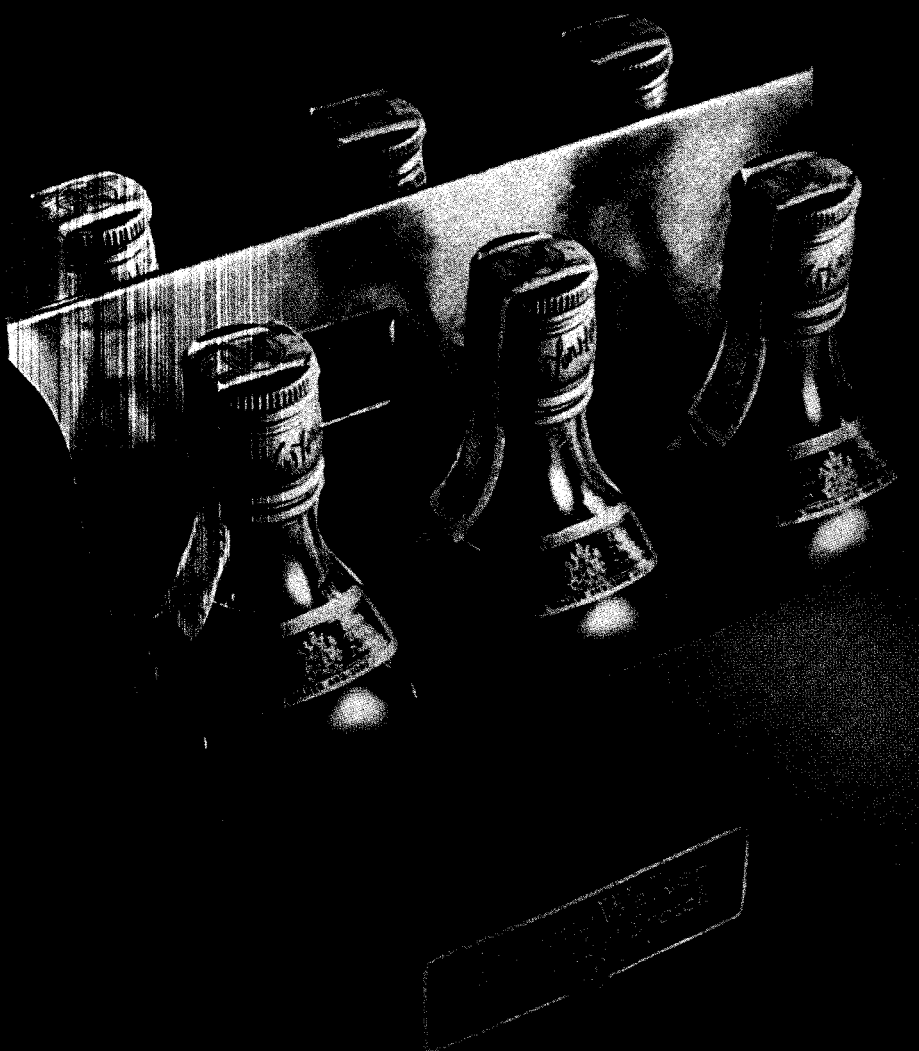

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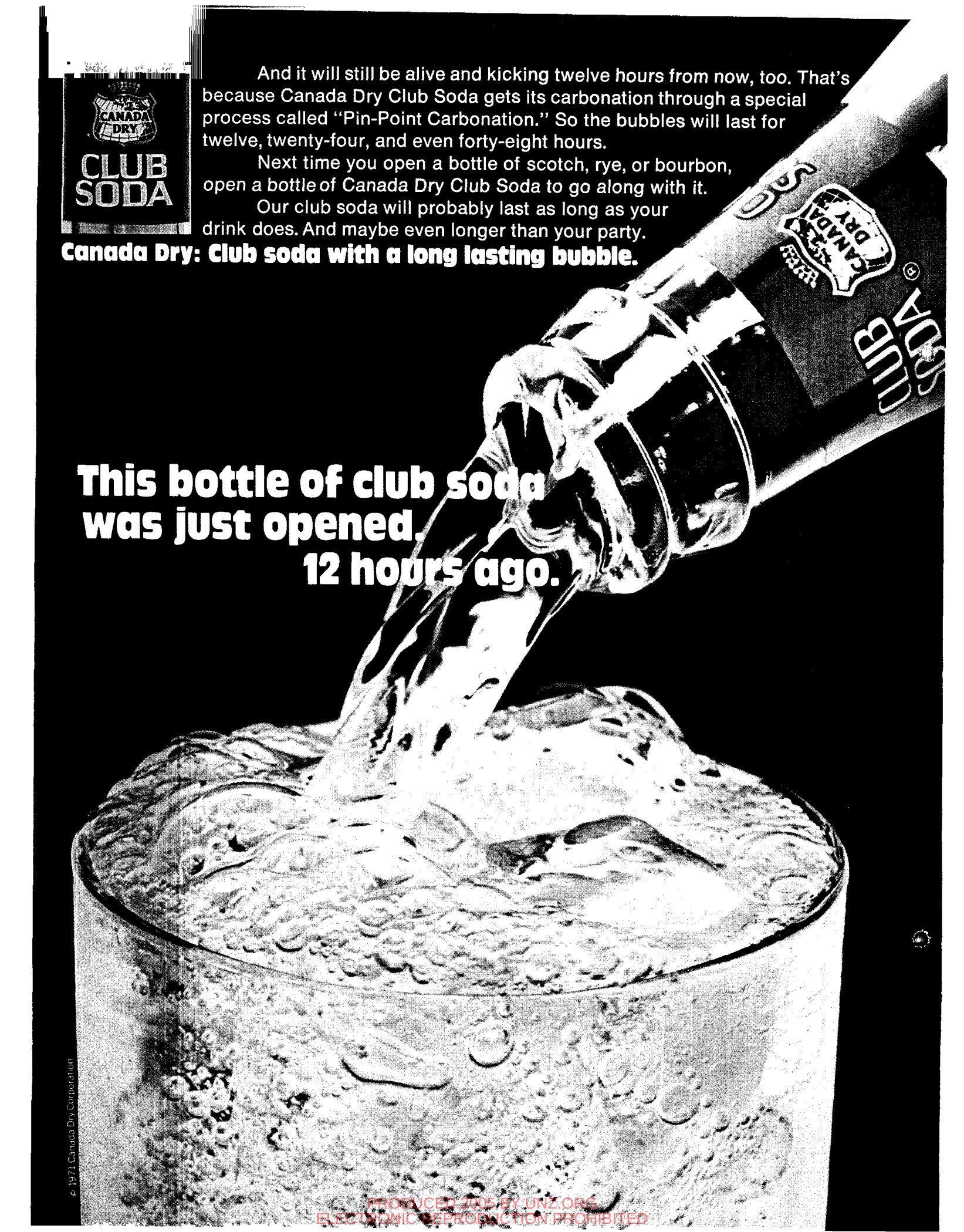

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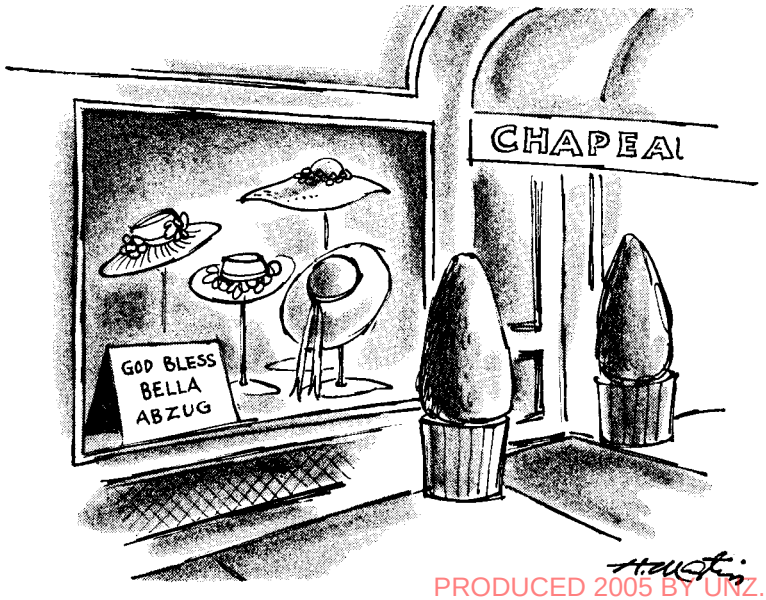
"The Waste Land"

Continued from page 37

ting it off from social and humane functions. *The Waste Land*, on its "affective" side, is a poem confined in wary emotions—foreboding, distaste, detachment. It mocks, teases, warns, chides, chokes in torment, but only once—and then only briefly—does it fully enter a moment of human time, breathe with a person at the borders of hope or communion or ecstasy. (Before the revisions the poem, less tightly enclosed, possessed several moments of openness.) The ideal reader of the poem is a person intellectually alert to alien standards and values, but disinclined to link himself in sympathy with them, indisposed to fathom understanding at class levels different from his own, and skeptical about social or cultural reconstruction. Accustomed to seeing from above, from a distance, this reader never springs toward what he observes, is touched from within by no force save that of religious despair. Dominated on the one hand by habitual distaste and on the other by expectation of doom, he neither wants nor is able to adapt his complex intelligence to social need as ordinarily conceived: he lives in a world beyond politics, beyond significant social interaction, beyond "possibility" other than religious redempton.

For Eliot and all others suffering a comparable confinement of sympathies that location is crippling: and thereby hangs social loss and deprivation. A mind capable of staying in touch simultaneously with opposing or contrasting values and beliefs could be of immense service in contemporary social contexts; it could become the means by which men carry through without disaster the negotiations that open an established culture to excluded influences, energies and beliefs; the means by which they articulate new standards of democratization and new moral and cultural values. But in order to function in this way, such a mind requires the support—no way to say it except flatly—of an essentially optimistic and embracing temperament. When complexity feeds on itself, multiplying perceptions of interdependence and interrelationship as though for their own sake; when the ruling conviction is that interactions of values—out there, in the social world, between, say, the rich and poor—lead only to the corruption of the best, never to the improvement of the whole, then sterility is almost inevitable. The case is, in sum, that the complex, admirable alertness to conflicts of value which emerged in *The Waste Land* is severely diminished in usefulness by the atmosphere of the poem—its polluting pessimism, sniffishness, terror of the future. You grasp as you read that here at moments is a kind of incarnation of the intellectual talents necessary for a human future—a model of human power to perceive, order and compare in complex situations, a guide to ways of advancing beyond sexual, geographical and historical limits. The promise is immense, or so it seems: escaping cultural bonds could move us toward the growth point wherein effective caring for otherness, and for our successors, could begin.

But the poet hangs back. In its inner feeling his poem turns in, rejecting largeness of spirit and mutualism. It moves steadily deeper, through its multiplying perspectives, into the frustration and nausea of the labyrinth, and ends as no guide at all to right relations among men. The "causes" of the containment are in part buried in a psyche, in part legible in the poet's life story. The Sencourt memoir's treatment of the relations between husband and wife is illuminating about T. S. Eliot's inner landscape, the emotional



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setting of his detachment. And, as should be added, the sketch of the objective life provided in that book says a good deal about how "the new model of mind" was shaped. It establishes that the whole texture of Eliot's first thirty years nourished intellectual comprehensiveness, skill in registering likeness and difference in socio-historical particulars. Writing long ago on this poet as international hero, Delmore Schwartz arrayed a list of names and events "as heterogeneous as a circus or America itself—St. Louis, New England, Boston, Harvard, England, Paris, the First World War, Oxford, London, the Russian crisis and the Depression" and more and declared that all had been "*presences* in Eliot's work in a way which is not true of many authors, good and bad, who have lived through the same years."

Robert Sencourt's little book develops the notion by talking of Eliot at tea with prime ministers and at boxing lessons with "Irish toughs," and by faithfully tracing his voyages—his movement through Europe, his uneasy but uninterrupted absorption with working-class life, his access to intellectual as well as to social aristocracies, his breadth of linguistic culture and religious and philosophical inquiry. The poet's feeling for a doubled and tripled, "quoted" world—a place of parallels, allusions, shadow structures, simultaneities, multi-layered fears and *angst*—is convincingly shown to have grown not alone from reading and study, or acquaintance with earlier art, but from remarkable conversancy with the variousness of experience.

But the matter of "sources" isn't really consequential. What counts most is the future of the legacy—the question whether men will ever come to use the best of what Eliot offered them. Partly because of the airlessness in his poetic career, mockery of the aristocratic pretenses of broad intellectual culture and comparatistic ways of thought has lately grown noisier. (Its voices are intellectual anti-intellectuals—spokesmen for nature or simplicity or blood-impulse or death-of-art values or plain good-humored single-mindedness: writers, speaking only of America, as dissimilar as Henry Miller, Norman Mailer, Leslie Fiedler, Kurt Vonnegut.) And that mockery has increased the difficulty of recognizing and honoring the invaluable part of Eliot's gift—the strong, precise, unremitting hostility to oversimplification and total self-involvement. There is no defining, on the basis of the books at hand, the lines of Eliot's future influence: no certainty as to whether generations ahead will prefer his openness to intellectual complication or his enclosures of feeling. All that is clear is that to make the latter choice is to waste *The Waste Land*.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

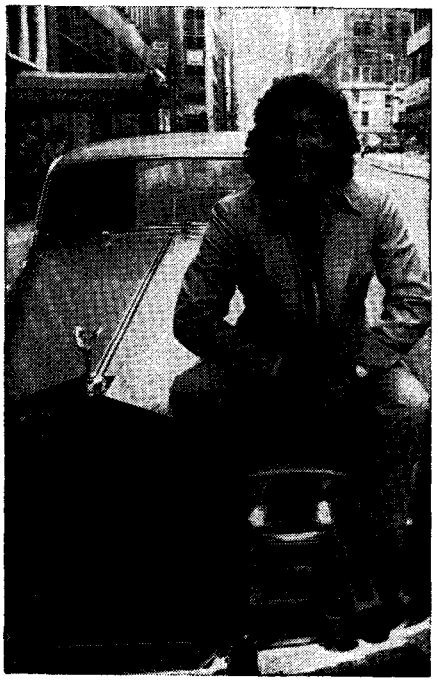
The Japanization of New York

I HAVE this recurring dream. Cast adrift in a sea of *miso* soup, I reach out for land but find nothing but disintegrating shores of *tofu*—you know, the white chunks of bean curd that look and feel like foam rubber—and luckily I wake up when it begins to rain torrents of *shoyu*, soy sauce. Doctor, what can I do?

Heaven forbid I should be taken off Japanese food. If you like the stuff as I do, such a deprivation would be hard to bear, especially in New York City, where a new Japanese restaurant opens every other week. In the early 1960s the city had no more than half a dozen Japanese restaurants; now there are sixty-one spread out from the Battery to 116th Street—this according to the guidebook *Japan in New York*, which last published a spring-summer edition. By now, most estimates put the total at eighty.

Other signs point to a growing Japanization of New York. Banks and businesses, department stores and Japanese head shops, health food dens stocked with dried seaweed and fruit, Japanese films and book stalls, all have arrived within the last few years. Other Japanese institutions, of course, have been around for ages, begging to be discovered. Just the other night, my chopsticks stilled for a moment, I was describing the neighborhood in which I live to a Japanese woman, a longtime New York denizen, when her eyes lit up, and she said, "Then you are around the corner from St. Luke's Place and that lovely row of ginkgo trees." Chinese or Japanese, the fan-shaped leaves assuredly covered the pavement on an inspection the next morning. And there are cherry trees in Central Park (nearly 750 altogether), and on Riverside Drive, and over in the Brooklyn Botanic Garden—sources of cheer and revivification for thousands of transplanted Japanese residents each spring. Next year 130 cherry trees will be planted on Park Avenue between 54th and 96th streets.

Of New York's 10,000 Japanese, only 2,000 are permanent residents of first, second, third, and older generations; the rest are here for several years with business firms, government offices, or on study programs. The Japanese haven't settled a single area like Chinatown but have tended to gravitate to such nearby suburbs as Riverdale and Flushing. And with them they bring the customs and traditions of a thousand years. "When you go into their houses," says my Japanese woman friend, who manages to straddle both worlds, "it is like leaving New York and entering Tokyo. Shoes outside the door. *Tatami* mats. Wives preparing the meals but not sitting down to dinner."



—*Teruo Kunitama*

Rocky and his Rolls—shucking all the traditional and honorable bonds.

Another element is the Japanese artist or student, a different species from the dark-suited and closely cropped businessman. If you meet a young Japanese with long hair and hip clothes in New York, chances are he is an artist or photographer who lives in a loft in the SoHo district, south of Houston Street. He is here because New York has become the mecca for artists and photographers and because his own country, although changing, still denies young people the social and professional mobility they find in the United States.

Fumie Adachi, director of language and visitor services for the Japan Society in New York, an energetic woman who acts as a sort of mother figure to far-from-home Japanese, told me that her young countrymen fit comfortably into the local hodgepodge. "One artist tells me that in New York he doesn't feel he is so foreign," Miss Adachi said. She agreed with the observation that young Japanese artists and intellectuals are descending on New York with the same longing and purpose the Lost Generation of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and others took to Paris in the 1920s.

Nor do Japanese tourists have trouble adjusting to the allegedly harsh ways of New York. "Even the horrendous language barrier doesn't get them down," says John MacBean of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau. "They go all over town, in and out of the subways, see every sight from Grant's Tomb to the Statue of Liberty, and never seem to run into trouble. And I'm not talking only about the big tour groups, I mean the ones who go around alone or in pairs."

Now and then you meet a Japanese in New York who combines both commercial acumen and bohemian spirit, and the result is a Hiroaki (Rocky) Aoki, a young man of thirty-three who was selling ice cream bars off a truck in Harlem less than ten years ago and now rules a $15-million Japanese steak house empire, Benihana of Tokyo, Inc. He is called Rocky because his first name sounds something like that and also probably because he was a champion wrestler who competed in the 1960 Rome Olympics before moving to New York to study hotel and restaurant management. "I remember Rocky with a crew cut and cauliflower ears," says a friend who knew him in his early New York days.

Sitting in the darkness at noon the other day in his flagship steak house, the Benihana Palace at 15 West 44th Street, Rocky Aoki, attended by his smooth public relations agent, acted anything but pugnacious. He has a drooping mustache and his hair puffs out like a Japanese Afro. "Natural?" I asked. "No, permanent," he explained. His suits, tight and tailored, hew closely to his five-foot-four-inch, 155-pound frame (up forty pounds from his wrestling weight), and he wears bright floral shirts open at the neck. Around us hung samurai swords and lances, a carved wooden carp, dark beams from an ancient Japanese farmhouse, and other collector's items Rocky imported as part of a $750,000 building and decorating venture to bring a little of his homeland to midtown Manhattan.

With $10,000 he saved selling ice cream and an additional $10,000 borrowed from the Bank of Tokyo, Rocky opened his first Benihana at 61 West 56th Street in 1963, naming the little four-table nook after a chain of restaurants his father owned in Tokyo. The idea was to get Americans to sit down at a table with a grill in the middle, watch a Japanese fry a batch of steaks and shrimp with the *élan* of a samurai warrior—and believe they are eating Japanese food when actually the only Japanese touch is the seasoning. Business was slow until Clementine Paddleford of the old *Herald Tribune* wrote a rave notice. "From there it was

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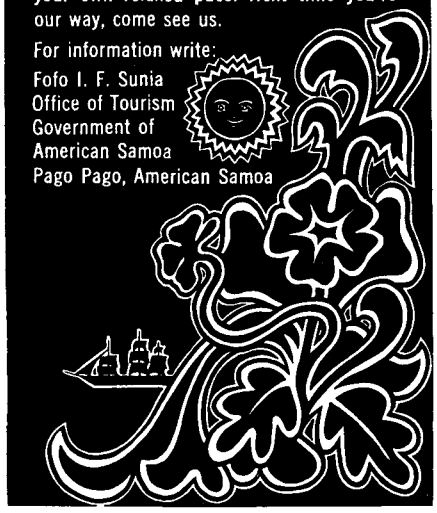

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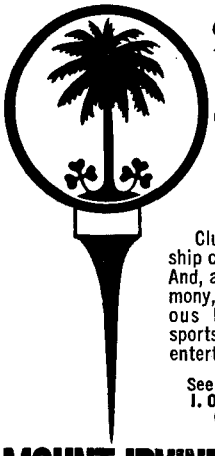

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socko," said Rocky's agent. Since then the little emperor has spread his business all over the United States, to Harrisburg, Fort Lauderdale, Beverly Hills, Honolulu, Las Vegas, Chicago, San Francisco, and all the way back to Tokyo, where Japanese-American steak houses have caught on big since the American Benihana debut.

At Benihanas (there now are three in New York and a dozen competitors around town) each grill has a number of seats around it, and if you don't bring your own friends, you may find yourself sitting next to a salesman from Cleveland or a housewife from Yonkers. Somehow in crass, brash New York the random mixing seems to work. Indeed, Rocky's sidekick claimed that untold romantic and business liaisons have been struck up over the spatter of *shoyu*. You wonder if out-of-town steak houses encourage such camaraderie. At Seattle's Benihana I once enjoyed a perfectly harmonious evening at a table of strangers, but in Fort Lauderdale two friends and I had to switch tables to escape a pair of soused salesmen, and then we made such a racket at the next table that a party of four got up and moved.

Rocky contends—or at least his agent does—that for a Japanese to "make it" in New York he has to shuck all the traditional and honorable bonds and turn into an extroverted, aggressive capitalist. Toward that end Rocky has bought a piece of a Broadway play, *The Incomparable Max*, made a film about Japanese artists discovering themselves in New York, and is now trying to promote a fight for his friend Muhammad Ali in Tokyo. Wherever he goes, this made-over man takes with him a chauffeured silver Rolls Royce with television and telephone in the rear. And he flies a small plane.

To top off his Americanization, Rocky has lost his taste for real Japanese food—a shame because in New York he could eat almost as well as he could in Tokyo. Among the fourscore Japanese restaurants, most of them clustered in the midtown area, there are traditional and exotic places with private alcoves and eat-on-the-mat rooms, sukiyaki parlors where the cook works right at the table, and quick-order sushi, sashimi, and tempura counters behind which Japanese swordsmen in white frocks flail away at raw tuna and striped bass. Some Japanese restaurants have combined forces with other national cuisines to produce spots like the Akasaka, at 712 Second Avenue, which turns out lacy crêpes alongside trays of sushi.

For years, Saito Restaurant drew a taste-conscious Oriental and Occidental clientele to its ornamental palace at 131 West 52nd Street, but in June it was destroyed by fire. Now, while she prepares to rebuild on the ashes, the owner, Mrs. Moto Saito, is keeping her hand in the business by fixing box lunches for deskbound Japanese tycoons. Nippon Restaurant, at 145 East 52nd Street, has much the same appeal as Saito's did, with ornamental prices to match. "Best food, most expensive," is the way a Japanese friend classifies Nippon. One of the smoothest meetings of East and West is at Kegon Japanese Restaurant, 80 East 56th Street, whose three floors are honeycombed with private *tatami* rooms, rock gardens, and secret lairs behind sliding panels. An antique water wheel turns slowly in the front window, and nearby stands a pile of straw-covered sake barrels. One of Kegon's more esoteric dishes is *ishiyaki*, better known as stone steak, beef cooked before you on a volcanic gray rock that has been heated for four or five hours in the back room. "Some customers think rocks come from moon," chuckled a waiter, "but they are from Tenryu River."

With less time and money, you are better off eating sushi, sashimi, or tempura in the likes of Kamehachi (41 West 46th Street and 150 West Fourth Street in Greenwich Village) or Edo, at 7 West 46th Street. One evening, while I was still swimming in sukiyaki from a lunch at The Miyako, 20 West 56th Street (whose origins go back more than fifty years to a kitchen in a little boardinghouse), my Japanese woman friend called to say she had discovered a first-rate sushi house, and suggested we try it out. When I arrived at Ineh's, 129 East 47th Street, she was sitting across from the empty counter, her head in her hands. "No sushi tonight," she said of the rice chunks topped with raw fish. "The cook cut his finger and won't be able to make sushi for a week." Sure enough, a sheepish young man behind the counter held up a heavily bandaged forefinger.

New York offers little of the fabled Ginza nighttime comforts—there are exotic baths but not in the Japanese style, and no geisha houses—but lonely or unattached businessmen can find comfort in the little piano bars hidden away up flights of back stairs, far from the crush outside. At the above-mentoned Edo you have to ask for the piano bar and then pick your way unescorted through a side door by the bar, up the steps, and into a darkened, carpeted lounge. Groups of three or four Japanese men sit around small tables with pretty hostesses in Western dress, laughing, exchanging stories and jokes, while at the piano a Japanese duo plays mood music and folk songs from home. Japanese songbooks an inch thick are piled on the bar. Late at night, when other lonely

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men in other piano bars are asking for "Melancholy Baby," Japanese customers, the older ones at any rate, make requests for long-forgotten martial songs and other sentimental tunes.

Hardly an office or apartment in New York is not decorated with some kind of Japanese object—a *bonsai* tree, a paper lantern, a *zabutan* cushion. One of the reasons is the entrenchment of several shops and stores dealing in such goods. Takashimaya, Inc., a prestigious Japanese department store, opened its first and only American branch at 509 Fifth Avenue in 1958. Keizaburo Tsuji, controller for the New York store, apologized to me for the small and cramped quarters, which he said would barely fill a corner in one of the Tokyo outlets. He said the market for high-grade Japanese products was created by U.S. servicemen returning from the Orient who would no longer put up with the made-in-occupied-Japan gimcrackery peddled in the States. Early on, Takashimaya found that New Yorkers wouldn't go for the expensive antiques and art goods popular in the home stores, so, as Tsuji said, "We changed to more daily-life merchandise—flatware, chinaware, radios, televisions." Recently the store imported the first supply of women's wear and linen from mainland China, selling silk pants suits for $90 and hand-embroidered blouses for $10 to $30. At the appliance counter in front, a man with a German accent was examining one of the latest Japanese electronic wonders, a tiny $400 adding machine with a bright green board lighting up the figures. "Before this," Tsuji said smiling, "we have abacus."

Azuma, a chain of seven brightly decorated novelty shops, all in New York City, hits you first with the smell of scented candles. Its headquarters at 415 Fifth Avenue near 37th Street carries everything from Indian and Pakistani bedspreads to bottles of Unisex Body Oil. There are items, according to Motakazu (Mark) Tsugiyama, the young house flack, priced from a dime up to $200 and $300 (though the store has discontinued stocking expensive electronic products since the surtax on imports went into effect).

Noboru Sato, now forty-seven, founded the Azuma chain sixteen years ago when he was barely out of UCLA. He doesn't wear an Afro or drive a silver Rolls, but his Japanese-American dream sounds similar to the Rocky Aoki saga. You can be sure theirs will not be the last empires to go socko.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Kh (*Rebecca*), 2Ic, 3Fi, 4Gj (*Taming of the Shrew*), 5Jd (*David Copperfield*), 6L1, 7Hb (*Waiting for Godot*), 8Bf, 9Ca (*Peter Pan*), 10 Ek (*Pygmalion*), 11 Ag (*Moby Dick*), 12De.

Book Business

Continued from page 43

bearing the Abrams imprint sell like hotcakes, Harry says that "what really supports my art-book publishing is Abradale," a subsidiary of his firm. Abradale Press does such books as *The New Illustrated Medical Encyclopedia for Home Use*, which has already sold more than one million four-volume sets at up to $50 a set; various Bibles, each illustrated by the works of an old master; *Great Italian Cooking*; *An Israel Haggadah*, and other highly commercial publications.

In 1966, Abrams's firm became part of the *Times-Mirror* publishing empire (World, New American Library). The conglomerate provides him with additional working capital, but gives Abrams editorial and sales autonomy. Capital is especially important to Harry's operation. From the time he conceives the subject for a new book, finds the right authority to choose and describe the works it contains, gets permission to reproduce them from museums and private collectors, has color photographs made (easy in Amsterdam or Paris, a bit tougher when he's after a fresco on a monastery wall sixty miles south of Zagreb); designs the book, gets it to the European or Asian printer, waits for color corrections, then for the finished books to be shipped back here in spite of press delays and longshoremen's strikes, as many as seven years can have elapsed.

Is Harry afraid that the recently devalued dollar (abroad, if not at home), combined with the price-freeze on new printings of his already published books, will crimp his style? Not really. Harry covers enough of his costs on the first printings to provide some extra margin on subsequent ones. He says he can manage to bring out new books with the present devaluation of about 6 to 9 per cent. Above that he'll have to raise retail prices if new books are ruled exempt from the freeze (as they were in World War II and the Korean War). At this writing, the question is still unresolved.

What about the long-term future of art books? Won't he and other publishers run out of available subjects? Harry laughs. "Fifteen years ago they were saying the field was drying up. Last year was our biggest ever, and my plans are laid for the next thirty." Those plans appear to include one major American artist on each fall list. For instance, a year hence, Grandma Moses. And, in 1973, John Sloan.

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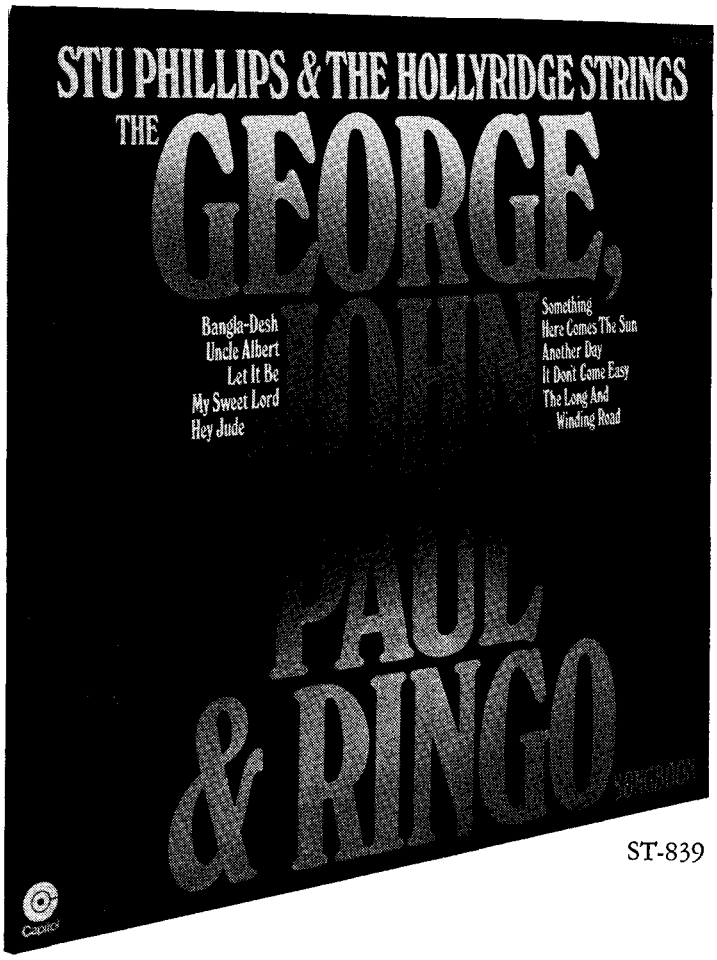

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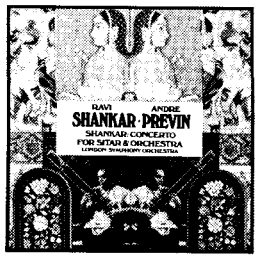

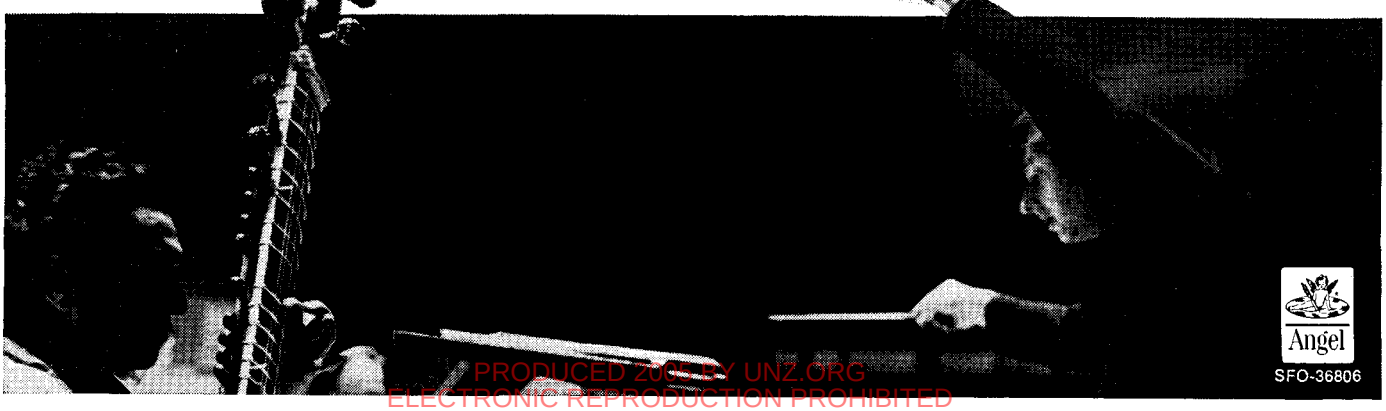

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—*Christian Steiner*

Miles Davis in his "bizarre but comfortable Upper West Side residence."

THE UNMASKING OF MILES DAVIS

by CHRIS ALBERTSON

When Miles Davis returns from a tour of Europe and takes his quintet into Philharmonic Hall this week, chances are that a good percentage of his audience will consist of young black people. This is not a writer's prediction based on a typical Miles Davis following—no one has determined just what that might be—but a request Miles made in a phone call from Paris four weeks ago. Jack Whittemore, his agent, was to take half of Miles's fee, spend it on tickets for the concert, and hand the tickets out to young black people who otherwise could not afford to attend. "Miles has never done anything like this before, but nothing he does surprises me," says Whittemore, admitting that he doesn't quite know how to go about distributing more than $2,000 worth of free tickets to the right people.

Such unusual gestures are as typical of Miles as they are atypical of most performing artists, and they come as a surprise only to those who know the enigmatic trumpet player from a distance. Since his first appearance on the musical scene some twenty-six years ago, Miles Davis has been the subject of controversy—endearing with his music, offending with his personality. That is to say, his personality as it is most commonly interpreted, for the forbidding mask of hostility that in many minds characterizes Miles is just that: an image fostered by his own deliberate lack of showmanship and sculptured by reporters who have failed to recognize a serious artist at work. We don't, after all, expect Rostropovich or Casadesus to warm up their audiences with small talk, and Miles Davis is as serious about his music as were Brahms and Schubert.

The music performed by Miles Davis today has undeniably evolved from that—labeled "jazz"—which New Orleans pioneers played sixty years ago,

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—*Popsie*

Young Miles (1949).

but there are other elements contained in it, too, and if Miles's music is jazz, then so is Stravinsky's *Ragtime for Twelve Instruments*. He himself feels that jazz is "a white man's word" that, when applied to his music, is tantamount to calling a black person "nigger." Accordingly, though he still must give performances in noisy, smoke-filled nightclubs, Miles approaches his work with the dignity it deserves.

During club or concert appearances he never addresses his audience or announces his selections, generally wears clothing that reflects future fashion trends (*Gentlemen's Quarterly* named him best-dressed man ten years ago), saunters off the bandstand or to the rear of the stage when not playing, and occasionally turns his back to the audience while focusing attention on his fellow musicians. "I have been with him on several occasions when he left the stage during a performance," says Robert Altshuler, Columbia Records' publicity director. "He either crouches or ambles to the side of the audience, and you realize that he is deeply concentrating on everything that his musicians are playing—he is digging his own band, digging it in a way a Miles Davis fan would. He simply becomes a part of his own audience."

Club owners and concert promoters have been known to go into a rage over Miles's seeming detachment, but conformity is not a part of his vocabulary, and, despite the constant criticism, he has for twenty years remained the dark, brooding, wandering loner who doesn't care whether he is regarded as an eccentric genius or a bellicose bastard as long as people listen to what he has to say through his music.

The son of a well-to-do dental surgeon, Miles Davis has never been poor, but money cannot cure the inherent stigma that society has attached to people of dark skin, and, faced with prejudices that sometimes are so subtle that only their victims can detect them, he has always sought to fight back on his own. "I am not a Black Panther or nothing like that," he explains. "I don't need to be, but I was raised to think like they do and people sometimes think I'm difficult because I always say what's on my mind, and they can't always see what I see."

One thing Miles never fails to see is someone taking advantage of him. "Back in the days when he was only getting a thousand dollars for a concert, Miles was booked into Town Hall," recalls Jack Whittemore. "The tickets were selling very well, so the promoter suggested doing two shows instead of one. As was customary in such cases, Miles was to get half fee, five hundred dollars, for the second concert, but when I approached him with this he looked puzzled. 'You mean I go on stage,' he said, 'pick up my horn, play a concert, and get a thousand dollars. Then they empty the hall, fill it again, I pick up my horn again, play the same thing, and get only five hundred—I don't understand it.' I told him that this was how it was normally done, but he was not satisfied. Finally he turned to me and said he'd do it for five hundred dollars if they would rope off half the hall and only sell half the tickets. When the promoters heard this, they decided to give him another thousand for the second concert."

If Miles is "difficult," it is because his scrupulous honesty is a trait so rare in the world of show business that few people in that field know how to deal with it. His monumental disdain for the complimentary small talk and instant familiarity that entertainers are exposed to, and his absolute refusal to indulge in such trivia, have earned him the reputation of being unapproachable. "I have found," observes Altshuler, "that when Miles meets someone new—people from the press I've introduced him to—he will check them out first. They don't always know this, but Miles is actually laying down the ground rules for a totally honest exchange of questions and answers, and he will accept his interviewer only if he can be sure that his time is not going to be wasted with inane questions." As one might expect, Miles is reluctant to appear on TV talk shows.

"Dick Cavett and Johnny Carson don't know what to say to anybody black, unless there's some black bitch on the show and she's all over them," he told me while conducting a guided tour of his bizarre but comfortable Upper West Side residence. "It's so awkward for them because they know all the white facial expressions, but they're not hip to black expressions, and—God knows—they're not hip to Chinese expressions. You see, they've seen all the white expressions like fear, sex, revenge, and white actors imitate other white actors when they express emotions, but they don't know how black people react. Dick Cavett is quiet now when a black cat is talking to him, because he doesn't know if the expression on his face means 'I'm going to kick your ass,' or if 'Right on' means he's going to throw a right hand punch. So," Davis continued, pointing out the oddly shaped, multileveled, blue tile bathtub, "rather than embarrass them and myself, I just play on those shows and tell them not to say anything to me—I have nothing to say to them anyway."

Miles makes a good point. Intelligent, relevant questions are rarely directed to black guests on TV talk shows, and the media's handful of established hosts relate to his music about as well as Nixon's Silent Majority relates to the problems of Bedford-Stuyvesant residents. We stepped down into the circular bedroom. A television set, dwarfed by the gigantic bed, silently radiated an afternoon ballgame. "I just put it on because I have nothing to do," volunteered Miles, revealing at the same time a long row of flamboyant clothes and boots in dazzling colors. "I have these made for me," he explained. CBS flashed the image of its night host on the little screen, and it served as a cue. "Merv Griffin is embarrassing to me; I felt like yanking his arm off last year." Miles was referring to the 1970 Grammy Awards ceremony at Alice Tully Hall when, after a superb performance by Miles's group, Griffin—the evening's master of ceremonies—brushed him off with a remark that was disrespectful of his music. "The trouble with those cats is that they all try to come off to those middle-aged white bitches."

Such remarks don't exactly produce invitations to guest on late-night TV shows, but Miles aims his fire without such considerations. Even Columbia Records—with which he has enjoyed a good and fruitful relationship since the mid-Fifties—has been the victim of his public candor. In a recently published statement to a black weekly, Miles, who refers to himself as the "company nigger," expressed a belief that his label was not affording black artists equal opportunities in terms of exposure. As we seated ourselves comfortably in the round, sunken living room, I asked if there had been any repercussions from Columbia. "No," he replied, "Clive [Columbia's president, Clive Davis] asked me why I had said that, and I said, 'Was I telling a lie, Clive? If you can say I'm a liar, I'll retract that statement.' You see, all those records I have made with them have been a bitch, and they come out being rich behind all this token shit."

"You would think that he's not grate-

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ful," says Clive Davis, "but I just know he is. I'm not sure that it's his mind that he speaks; I'm not sure that he just doesn't tell people what they want to hear, because it takes a certain amount of research before you go off making such statements. I'm prepared for all of Miles's statements; none surprise me. I do mentally treat him differently, not because he's black—because we have a tremendous number of black artists—but because he's unique among people, and you expect the unexpected from Miles Davis."

Clive Davis admits that he is not totally unaffected by Miles's criticism. "It bothers me because I think we have really done a tremendous amount to be creative along with him, and we work very closely with him so that we make sure that he sells not only to jazz audiences and to contemporary rock audiences, but to R and B audiences as well."

Despite his complaints, Miles readily admits to having an unusually close relationship with Columbia, and his long tenure with the label bears this out; the forty-five-year-old giant of black music would have no problems finding another home for his recording activities. "The Internal Revenue Service is always after me," says Miles, in this connection, "but I just send their bills on to Clive. I got one for $39,000, but he took care of it." When asked to confirm this, Clive Davis's reply was diplomatic: "Miles is treated very well by Columbia Records. I think he's really appreciative of it, too—we don't get Internal Revenue bills from Chicago or Blood, Sweat and Tears."

The recent upsurge in Miles Davis's popularity is due mainly to an album entitled *Bitches Brew*. Released in the spring of 1970, it was the subject of a well-coordinated national promotion campaign aimed more at the young rock fan than at the established Miles Davis follower. Of the nearly thirty Miles Davis albums that have accumulated in Columbia's catalogue over the past fifteen years, *Porgy and Bess*—with sales figures approaching 100,000—had been the most successful; other albums averaged around 50,000; recent releases barely crawled to the 25,000 mark, but *Bitches Brew*—a two-record set—has sold more than 400,000 copies in this country alone.

The sound of Miles's *Porgy and Bess* album and that achieved on *Bitches Brew* reflect a disparity that is as great as the gap separating the sales figures for the two releases, but it is not only the sound Miles has changed, he has updated the appearance of his group as well: surrounded by young black and white musicians sporting Afros, long hair, headbands, dungarees, and dashikis, Miles still wears tomorrow's fashions; and his group, positioned amid complex-looking electronic paraphernalia, has all the visuality of a modern rock band. His new music is an abstraction of everything Miles has ever played before; it is as if he is summing it all up for us, and yet we know that he will not allow it all to end here. At the same time, it is a testimony to Miles's artistry and forward thinking that none of his past recordings—starting with the revolutionary 1949 Capitol sessions—sound outdated in 1971.

—*Popsie*

Miles Davis "has updated the appearance of his group as well: . . . Afros, long hair, headbands, dungarees, and dashikis."

If rock groups are not envious of Miles's musical accomplishments, they should be; many of them are just now reaching a poor approximation of the stage he and collaborator Gil Evans passed in the late Fifties, and one can't help but wonder if, ten or twelve years from now, anyone will have more than a nostalgic nod for the current efforts of today's musical pop heroes. There is bitter irony in the fact that Miles has to take second billing—as was the case last year—to Blood, Sweat & Tears, which sells records in the millions and turns youthful audiences into a frenzy of excitement with musical ideas borrowed from Miles's past. "I can't be bothered with these groups," he says, recalling with amusement the time he turned down promoter Bill Graham's plea to have him retract a negative statement about Blood, Sweat & Tears. "If they can't stand constructive criticism, to hell with them. I'm honest in what I say, I don't lie, so I don't have to watch my words or take them back."

There are those who feel Miles's attacks on rock groups are unfair and that he, in an odd sense, owes them a debt of gratitude. They see his appearances last year at the Fillmores East and West—former meccas for the rock cult—as a turning point in his career, but they seem to lose sight of the fact that those concerts, as well as Columbia's promotional efforts, would not have sold the public on Miles Davis if he had not had something very special to offer. For more than twenty years, Miles has been pointing music in new directions, reaching unexplored plateaus, and forging ahead before others could catch up with him. "He has never been bound by convention," says Ted Macero, who has produced virtually all Miles's records since 1958. "You wouldn't expect Miles to go back and do something the way he did it years ago any more than you would expect Picasso to go back to what he was doing in his 'blue' or 'rose' periods."

One tangible result of Miles's recent commercial success has been the signing up by Columbia of several black musicians who last year would hardly have been able to get as far as Clive Davis's eleventh-floor office. Explaining this change in policy, Clive Davis makes one momentarily forget that he is running a highly competitive commercial business: "I am very eager to allow Columbia to be used by the most forward-looking American jazz artists, to explore what kind of synergy can come out of jazz and rock. What do the jazz giants, the leading jazz figures of today, have to say? What is *their* reaction to the fact that, in attempting to fuse jazz and rock, Chicago and Blood, Sweat and Tears have reached millions of people all over the world while they, without such an attempt, only reach a few thousand with their music?"

Clive Davis mentioned that the label has signed Ornette Coleman, Jack De Johnette, and Weather Report—an offshoot of Miles's group; that it was recording Charlie Mingus. "Just as Columbia sponsored a Modern American Composer series in classical music—not having any less reverence for Stravinsky, Mahler, or classical music performed by the New York Philharmonic or The Philadelphia Orchestra—so we are here exploring a very exciting new development in music to see

(Continued on page 87)

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David Selby as the blinded returnee (David) is haunted by the image of the native girl (Asa Gim) he left behind in Vietnam.

"ONLY WINTER IS WHITE"

by HENRY HEWES

Occasionally in the theater one finds a play that drives deeper into the despair of existence than can be stated in clichés. David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones* is one such, and although I cannot fully comprehend its meaning, I am aware that it is invading with freshness and honesty some of the most painful ambiguities that afflict contemporary America.

The setting is a comfortable middle-class American home with a TV set, wall-to-wall carpeting, and goodies in the fridge. Into this home comes a disturbing element, David, a blind son returning from the Vietnam War. He is brought there by a sergeant who delivers truckloads of amputees and other handicapped veterans to their homes and asks parents to sign receipts as if the men were packages from a department store. David intuitively senses that his home is foul, but he is forced to stay. His parents, Ozzie and Harriet, and his younger brother, Rick, welcome him home as a member of their kind of family. They effuse with the clichés American families use about returning sons, including Ozzie's proud remark that since David was a foul-tempered baby, he probably was a holy terror as a bloodthirsty killer in uniform. But, we discover, David's war experience has changed him in ways they are not prepared to accept.

While in Vietnam he had a love affair with a native girl, whom he later had to abandon. His parents, who resent him for having even considered marrying her and giving them yellow grandchildren, are determined to make him regard the affair as a purely physical relationship between a soldier and a yellow-colored whore. He replies, "They are the color of the earth, and only winter is white, and the earth under it like a suicide."

In Vietnam David also witnessed and perhaps participated in atrocities. However, he is haunted by these experiences and wonders at the ability of other soldiers to do and see such things and "then head on home to go in and out of doors and drive cars and sing." Here in his own "home" he finds the irreality overwhelming. He tells his parents, "We are hoboes. We make signs in the dark. You know yours. I understand my own. We share—coffee."

Yet David's function in the play is not self-revelation but the unsettling of the rest of the family, so that they are driven into some recognition of what they are. As it turns out, Ozzie becomes the play's most anguished figure. The story of Ozzie is somewhat allegorical. He grew up in a farm town where he achieved an identity through his swift running. Unfortunately, he left the town for the city and while there came under the influence of a man named Hank Grenweller. Hank, whom we never meet, obviously stands for the values that have led America astray. David tells his father, "Hank is a creature of rot and lies. 'Everything is fine,' he says, with poison under his skin and eating away our own. Everything he has ever said and you believed was meant only to pass you on unnoticed into death."

Hank led Ozzie into a marriage he never wanted and a parenthood he is not suited for. Now Ozzie fears his wife and children, because, being no longer of any use to them, he may be abandoned by them. In a futile struggle to assert some identity, he has printed up an inventory of his possessions and the dollar value of each item, so that it may be handed to anyone who wants to know who he is.

David also proves most disturbing to his mother, to his younger brother, and to the family priest, whose mean-

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ingless blessings and amateur psychology he beats off with his cane. Since David is unchangeable, the family must get rid of him and the memories he brought them from the war. They do this by strangling the personification of the Vietnamese girl, who has been silently appearing throughout the play, and by helping David to kill himself. But the suggestion at the end of the play is that David will not entirely die, and that America will never quite exorcise the ghosts of Vietnam.

It is impossible to be very explicit about some of Rabe's implications. For instance, there's a strong hint that the behavior of American soldiers in Vietnam is the logical extension of our worship of violence, and yet Rabe seems to say that there is also an honesty and a satisfaction in our recognition of our violent natures. Our violence may be, the play seems to imply, the antidote to a comfortable but vapid family life in which a non-communicative peace hides real feelings.

Above: The sergeant (Hector Elias) has brought David home to his family. They are (left to right) his brother Rick (Cliff de Young) and (at rear) his mother (Elizabeth Wilson) and father (Tom Aldredge).

Left: At a party designed to cheer David up, he quarrels with his brother Rick.

Bottom: The family priest (Charles Siebert) promises to do his part in bringing David back to the church.

PHOTOS BY ZODIAC

The performance at the Public Theater is directed by Jeff Bleckner, who has seen to it that the play never becomes too artificial on the one hand or too real on the other. As the weak and troubled Ozzie, Tom Aldredge manages to seem both pathetic and insidious. As Harriet, Elizabeth Wilson succeeds in subtly suggesting the hostility behind her goodness. And, except for his moving initial outcry, David Selby offers us a nicely controlled portrayal of David the antagonist that helps keep the play at a distance. This distance is presumably what the playwright wanted, for *Sticks and Bones* is not the complaint of one American soldier, but a remarkably ambitious attempt to explore a larger and more complex American dilemma.

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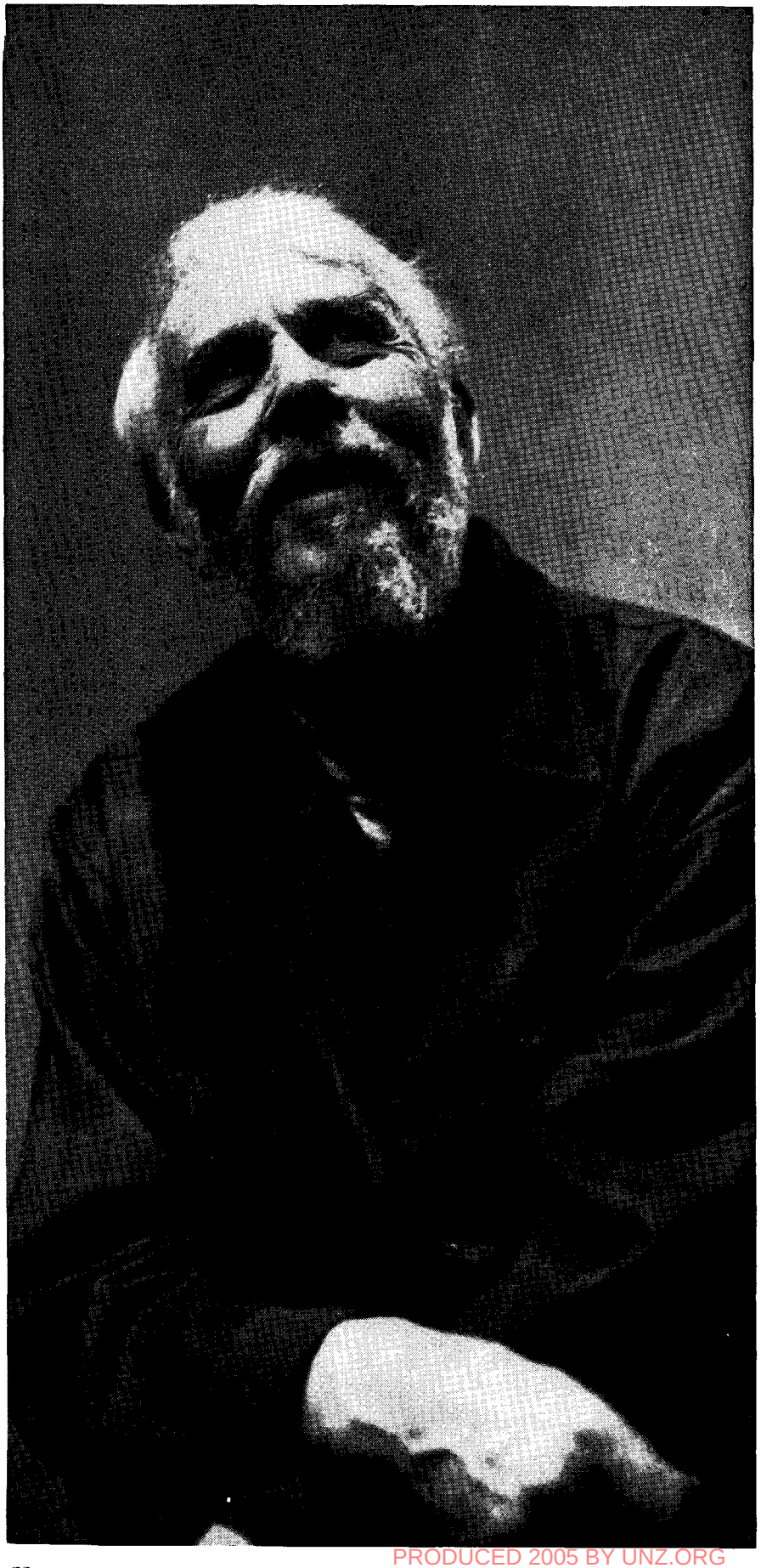
PARTCH FOR ALL



A lesser man might have jumped at the chance to rescue his name from cultural oblivion by taking the advice of a New York TV producer and arranging "White Christmas" for pitched beer cans. But since the age of twenty-eight, when Harry Partch surrendered all his output to a potbellied stove "auto-da-fé," the septuagenarian has been singularly committed to a strange world of even stranger sounds unmutilated, as he puts it, by "the European chauvinism of New York, or the mindless caterwauling in Hollywood recording studios, or the 'We sell b-y t-h-e y-a-r-d' mood-music people."

So Harry Partch laughed off the lure of TV gimcrackery and went back to tinkering with his own timbral hot-rods: the spare parts of cloud-chamber bowls, artillery casings, bamboo fragments, and "whang"-guns making up the *Spoils of War*; the congeries of wine bottles, oak blocks, and hubcaps of the *Zymo-Xyl*; the disemboweled light bulbs in the *Mazda Marimba*; the temple bells and airplane fuel-tank sections on the *Gourd Tree*; the souped-up reed *Chromelodeons*; the one-string glissando *Crychord*; the *Surrogate Kithara*; the *Quadrangularis Reversum;* the *Eucal Blossom;* the *Boo*—in short, the whole fantastic menagerie of the dozens of instruments that he has built. But far from gadgetry, this zany muster has been pressed into the service of a sonoric imagination so vibrant and integrating that it can rightly be called genius.

Partch's instruments are indeed one of a kind, and his performers have to master their special playing techniques as well as learn to decipher his notational tablature and to hear microtonal differences in pitch. Because of these inherent problems in performing his music, it used to be that you had to go to Harry Partch if you wanted to hear his work at all. Few were so lucky.

But his latest Columbia recording affords a clear example of how the wide distribution of an electronic reproduction of music no longer complements but necessarily assumes the cultural function that was filled by individual concerts in the past. (It is an uncanny vindication, among increasing others, of Walter Benjamin's predictions nearly forty years ago in a brilliant and disturbing essay, *The Work of Art in the Age of Its Technical Reproducibility.*) Especially since it is the "first recording" of Partch's most recent and most ambitious work, as well as the only version we are ever apt to hear, the technical excellence of *Delusion* is a credit to the record's producer, John McClure. Danlee Mitchell conducts "an ensemble of unique instruments" that sparkles through the sensual filigree. And Harry Partch himself on a bonus disc with the two-

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record set lays down esthetic law with the gentle humor that comes from utter conviction, while illustrating the beatific banality of each of his instruments. (*Delusion of the Fury: A Ritual of Dream and Delusion,* Columbia stereo, M2-30576, $11.98.)

Oxymoron, the juxtaposing of contradictions, more than hallmarks Partch's style. It is the method to his madness. *Delusion,* whose spirit is quintessentially American, is a curious blend of a Japanese noh play in Act I and an Ethiopian folk tale in Act II. An enlightened ghost is hero of the one; a deaf, nearsighted judge hero of the other. Partch elaborates, "Act I treats with death, and with life despite death. Act II treats with life, and with life despite life." The exordium that introduces the work evokes the Oriental world through a wave-like alternating major-minor lilt on the *Harmonic Canon I* splashed with chime-like echoes of *Cloud-Chamber Bowls* and plucks of the koto (in fact a psaltery).

Any glimpse into the world of Harry Partch is not complete without some account of what it is he tries to conjure up through music. Against the "abstract," secular, compartmentalized symphonic tradition, Partch anchors his "corporal" music: a tactile music, physically joined with poetry or dance, drawing its strength from the religious ritual that was its source. His theater is total and mantic, springing from non-Western and pre-Christian roots. His musicians should be mimes, singers, and dancers too, and must love the sculptural metal, glass, and wood materials of their instruments enough not to hide them from their audience. Finally, in the book *Genesis of a Music,* he argues why his listeners should reject the intellectualism of the equal-tempered scale in favor of a just intonation that does not conflict with the acoustic facts of life.

The most profound innovators in American music seem to have inherited the sign of Cain that has kept them apart from the musical mainstream. They have been forced into the roles of loners, outsiders, tramps. Only after their deaths have composers like Ives and Varèse been accepted into the central tradition. More than anything else, this lifetime ostracism is what saddened me recently on hearing of Carl Ruggles's death. "But the rebelliously creative act," Harry Partch asserts, "is also a tradition, and if our art of music is to be anything more than a shadow of its past, the traditions in question must periodically shake off dormant habits and excite themselves into palpable growth." The beautiful recording of *Delusion of the Fury* is eloquent evidence that Harry Partch is carrying on that tradition.

—LARRY STEMPEL.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

LILITH RIDES AGAIN

by HOLLIS ALPERT

The woman as temptress, witch, devil, and source of untold evil has been a theme in movies almost from their beginnings, and one would think that, in these more rational (but still embattled) times, the clichéd image would be as laughable as the original "vamp," Theda Bara, eventually became. But it still persists, and in no fewer than three current films it is the female of the vamp species whose effect on the male is so baneful that it is only through the grace of the fates that he survives.

An English critic, Alexander Walker, ascribes the beginnings of the whory cycle to a painting by Burne-Jones exhibited in London in 1897. The painting was called *The Vampire,* and it showed an attractive and white-clad woman leaning over the prostrate form of a man who was, presumably, her unlucky lover. Rudyard Kipling had contributed an illustrative poem to the artist's catalog in which was the line "a fool there was. . . ." The poem, in turn, gave birth to a play, and the play to a movie, and the vampire movie became all the rage. Actually we can go a lot further back for the progenitor of the type—to Lilith of Jewish folklore and even to Jezebel of the Old Testament. And what innumerable guises she has assumed since.

In a new film, *Tam Lin,* directed by Roddy McDowall, she is personified by Ava Gardner, undeniably mature but still mightily attractive. Miss Gardner's sinister role is that of an exceedingly rich widow whose tastes run to handsome young men she lures into a life of indolence and ease. She maintains a fleet of some of the world's fastest and most expensive cars and surrounds herself with a sycophantic coterie of the beautiful young. From the group she picks or plucks one for the sharing of her bed. While she is allowed to tire of him, he may not tire of her, and, should he do so, his fate is death by contrived car accident.

This baleful tale is embellished by a song based on "The Ballad of Tam Lin," which, I'm informed, is an old Scottish ballad first set down on paper by Robert Burns. Naturally the young man (Ian McShane) who runs afoul of the voracious widow is called Tom Lynn, and the settings range from chic London to a Scottish estate where beautiful people play idle games that eventually become eerily wicked. McDowall, who has done some first-rate still photography, tends to linger over his richly decadent setups, but if his tastes in stories is not immaculate, certainly his feeling for atmosphere and background is far beyond the ordinary. He also more than implies that the widow is a witch, her coterie a coven.

Far less happy a result is obtained in *Jennifer on My Mind,* directed by Noel Black, and written by no less a personage than Erich Segal. Here the wicked temptress is a pretty young thing played by Tippy Walker. Born of rich parents, and idle as all get out, she is first glimpsed by the hapless hero (Michael Brandon) in Venice. Falling madly in love with the lady fair, he learns she enjoys freaking out on drugs. Willing to do anything, but anything, for her favors, he supplies her with pot and eventually, at her bidding, injects her with an overdose of heroin. All this, by the way, is seen in flashback, for Tippy is already dead when the movie begins.

The problem with the movie is not so much the plot, which, it must be admitted, is silly to the point of sickness, but with the two main characters, who are some of the least interesting people ever met. Mr. Black and Mr. Segal seem unable to make up their minds as to whether the girl is a suitable case for treatment or merely evil by nature, and Miss Walker, whose acting consists mainly of curious grimaces and set stares, doesn't seem to know either.

Play Misty for Me marks the directing debut of Clint Eastwood, who is also the much-beset hero of a grisly tale that begins as though it's going to be about the life of a popular and handsome disc jockey in the San Francisco area. But no, enter that seductive woman again (Jessica Walter). Meeting her in a bar he succumbs to the lure of the one-night stand she offers, but then finds she is as difficult to extricate from his life as cotton candy from the fingers.

Nor does she cotton to rejection. From temper tantrums she proceeds to rampant destructiveness, and eventually uses butcher knives to carve up his maid and then comes awfully close to dispatching both Eastwood and his "nice" girl friend. For the kind of genre work that it is, Eastwood's direction is competent, but McDowall, who is also an actor, far outpoints him when it comes to style and subtlety. But those women! Seeing all three films in a week made me wonder if it isn't time for a psychological and sociological study on the cinematic portrayal of modern womanhood. Bitches and witches they can't all be.

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THE KUBELIK-NILSSON "OBERON"

Nothing in the long history of *Oberon*'s repute as a problem opera is refuted or mitigated by the initial impact of the first serious effort to render it phonographic justice (Deutsche Grammophon stereo, 2709 035, $27.92). But the expectations aroused by the promise of six sides of Weber's music performed by Birgit Nilsson, Placido Domingo, and Hermann Prey under the direction of Rafael Kubelik are hard to suppress, and one plunges on, hoping for the best, fearing for the worst.

Three hours and six sides later some clarification sets in. For one, the greatest concentration of fine music in the score is on the last three sides. That includes not merely the undauntable "Ozean! du Ungeheuer!" but a feast of melodic fantasy which only Weber could have written. Thus it is well for those who are approaching the work for the first time to bear with its opening torpidity, in which, after the brilliant Overture, little happens for minutes at a time other than German voices declaiming dialogue and background, while the listener waits patiently (or im-) for the next snatch of music.

This humorless indulgence of the unhappy circumstances in which Weber created the work for a London producer of the 1820s is, of course, a by-product of the "serious effort" to do the work justice. German thoroughness consists of demonstrating the obvious, lest it be thought that those involved are unaware of it. However, we are not even favored with a historical documentation of the spoken-sung text as Weber created it, but "a version of the dialogue written by Friedrich Schreyvogel and Oscar Fritz Schuh for a production which was planned for the Vienna State Opera in 1947." The explanation in the brochure with the records continues: "The production had in fact to be abandoned at that time owing to a strike of stagehands." (Refusing to collaborate on a production of *Oberon* in the historic old Theater an der Wien, where the Vienna company was performing while the Ring Opera was being restored, could well credit the stagehands with having more foresight than the management.)

What *Oberon* needs, really, is the creative attention of a theaterwise editor with a profound love of Weber to extricate the music from the glue of words in which it is imbedded and give back to the world the genius that he poured into it. As it stands, *Oberon* is a combination of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Puck and Oberon feuding with each other over a trivial falling out, and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, in which the humans they have embroiled in their spat meet up in Harun-al-Rashid's regal Baghdad pad.

It is here, really, that the opera begins, as Hüon comes to the rescue of the Pasha's daughter, Rezia (he has auditioned her in a dream, of course, and knows that his rescue mission is not really a blind date). When they elude the suitor to whom the father had promised Rezia, the team of Puck and Oberon gets in the way again, a storm arises, Hüon and Rezia are shipwrecked, resulting in her opportunity to sing "Ocean! thou mighty monster!" They are, indeed, rescued, but now the opera turns into *The Magic Flute* as the fairy string-pullers decide to "test" the lovers' constancy before permitting them a joyous reunion. This means being parted and sold into Tunisian slavery, where a lot of sinister things happen, such as each of the pair being offered seductive temptations and rejecting them. This proves to Oberon that they really are A-OK, and the opera ends on a note of hope.

In a way, the intrusions and extrusions of Puck-Oberon into the affairs of Hüon and Rezia are almost as complicated as the Greek gods and the commedia dell'arte folk in *Ariadne auf Naxos*. But Hofmannsthal created his confusion quite purposefully, with Strauss as a willing partner. Weber, poor man, was the victim of a witless English producer bent on producing a spectacle, and the great music in *Oberon* has been suffering ever since.

That it is worth the necessary task of reconstruction even now, nearly a century and a half after it was written (1824), is clearly demonstrated by the charm of the music exposed under Kubelik's excellent direction, its gaiety and insinuation as well as power. Clearly the honor long assigned to Mendelssohn for creating the vocabulary of fairy music in his *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture should be reassigned to Weber, who pioneered the way when his well-born colleague was only fourteen.

Vocally the performance is decidedly more spotty than it is instrumentally (orchestras, of course, play the Overture constantly, but vocalists are not so favored with stage productions of *Oberon*). Miss Nilsson doesn't possess the flexibility of sound to meet the varied requirements of a Rezia, and though she delivers the big storm scene in a big style, intonation, focus, and phrasing are often more approximate than exact. As Hüon, Domingo is plainly in a dilemma of range and language, his style lacking the trumpet projection this pre-heldentenor part requires. Easily the best of the men is Hermann Prey, a fine Papageno who has the Papageno-like part of Hüon's servant, Scherasmin. Unfortunately, he isn't heard at all until Side 3, and not sufficiently thereafter. When the four principals (the quartet is completed by Julia Hamari as Fatime, the Papagena that Scherasmin acquires because she is Rezia's servant) sing together, the blend of voices is often beautifully proportioned. Also there is a fine sound from Arleen Auger in a little speciality (after the shipwreck) famous as the Mermaid's Song.

In a way, appreciation of *Oberon* consists of surviving a series of tests not unlike those imposed upon Hüon and Rezia. If the listener can prove himself worthy, by enduring such German gems as *"Jetzt ist schon lang genug gescheit geredet worden,"* he will find a pot of gold at the rainbow's end, in the form of a shimmering share of Weber's imagery and invention. But only . . . .

Beethoven and "The Last Rose"

BEETHOVEN (ARRANGED): *"The Morning Air Plays on My Face"; "Thou Emblem of Faith"; "Come, Draw We Round a Cheerful Ring"; "Sad and Luckless Was the Season"; "The Return to Ulster"; "Since Greybeards Inform Us"; "No More, My Mary, I Sigh for Splendour"; "The Pulse of an Irishman"; "'Tis Sunshine at Last"; "Once More I Hail Thee"; "Morning a Cruel Turmoiler Is"; "The Soldier's Dream"; "Put Round the Bright Wine"; "Dermot and Shelah"; and "The Farewell Song." Frank Patterson, tenor; with David Parkhouse, piano; Hugh Bean, violin; and Eileen Croxford, cello.* Philips stereo, 6500 104, $5.98.

BEETHOVEN'S well-paid efforts on behalf of the scheme of the Edinburgh publisher George Thomson to make every owner of a cottage piano an owner of an anthology of Scottish folk tunes is relatively well known. That there were, among the 126 settings by Beethoven, a number of Irish and Welsh airs is less well known. As for the material itself, it has only been sampled in the recordings by Helen Traubel, Dyer-Bennet, and others.

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The opportunity presented by this well-made cross section of the Irish material suggests that Beethoven abided by Thomson's directive that he provide each song with an introduction and postlude, with string parts that were strictly *obbligato* (in other words, embellishing elements that could be added or omitted without sacrifice to the voice and piano lines). Beethoven earned his fee and Thomson netted his profit without, together, leaving much that is durable for the listener of today.

One light the Beethoven involvement does beam is on the origins of the famed "The Last Rose of Summer." Long attributed to Thomas Moore, who is unquestionably responsible for the words, the tune is almost certainly derived from the fourth in this collation, "Sad and Luckless Was the Season." It begins (in the key of F) on the notes F-G-A-F (the same as those of " 'Twas the Last Rose" would be in this key) before digressing. The middle strain is, as in the Moore usage, in D minor, and there is a particularly salient bit of harmony known the world over. (Nothing about all this in the annotation.)

As for Moore's possible knowledge of the Beethoven version of the folk song, Grove's Dictionary (Fifth Edition, Volume V, page 866) says: "It is quite evident that Power's scheme [William Power was Moore's publisher] was suggested by George Thomson's collection of Scottish songs."

With or without consideration of Beethoven, this citation shows that if Moore did give it a form by which it is now known, " 'Twas the Last Rose of Summer" was basically a folk tune. In the end, the Germans had their revenge, through Friedrich von Flotow's appropriation of the totality (including, possibly, Beethoven) in Lady Harriet's part in *Martha*.

Frank Patterson owes his basic sound as certainly to his birth in Clonmel as John McCormack did to his nativity in Athlone. It is a clear, clean, clinging tone on which the words float as though on water. All he lacks for outstanding results is the temperament to interpret the sentiments as appealingly as he does the music by which they are conveyed. The associated artists are all capable, the reproduction excellent.

The Spirit of Janáček, Suk, and Other Czechs

SOMMER: *Vocal Symphony. Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Peter Ustinov, narrator; the Ambrosian Singers; and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Igor Buketoff.* KLUSÁK: *First Invention.* FIŠER: *Fifteen Prints After Dürer's "Apocalypse." London Symphony directed by Buketoff.* RCA stereo, LSC 3181, $5.98.

THOUGH the post-World War II music of Poland has been widely disseminated, especially during the last decade, not much of what has been happening with Czechoslovakia's composers has come to comparable attention. As noted in last month's mention of a disc of new works from Spain, the Czechs have much too long a history of musical productivity for it to end abruptly. And to judge from the cross section offered under Buketoff's able direction, some Czechs have not surrendered to dogma but are pursuing their own direction in the spirit of Janáček, Suk, Martinu, and other twentieth-century countrymen who went their own way rather than that of others.

So far as I can recall, we have not previously been offered a note by Vladimir Sommer, for all that he has passed his fiftieth birthday. What he calls a "Vocal Symphony" is something more like a cantata on a grand scale —three settings of writings on the subject of death by authors of striking likes and differences: Kafka's "Nachts," Dostoevsky's Dream of Raskolnikov from *Crime and Punishment*, and Pavese's "Death Will Come and It Will Have Your Eyes." Individually, Sommer has, through them, presented his credentials as a composer of striking individuality, with an idiom not overtly related to any recent ism. In its jagged outlines and rough clash of vocal-instrumental elements it stems more from the example of Janáček than any other composer whose name comes to mind. (One involvement with Prokofiev is readily recognizable.)

In the first and last segments, Sommer has shown a capacity for a long, recollectable vocal line, which Miss Williams projects with the richness of her fine voice and the artistry that was beginning to assert itself at the Metropolitan during her period (1966-68) there. The finale, especially, merits a word not often invoked by contemporary composition—beautiful. In Movement II, Sommer has recourse to a chanting chorus and a narrator to dramatize the dream of Raskolnikov. It will remain for a live performance under suitable auspices to determine whether the composition itself is overblown and excessively scored, or whether it is the presence of Ustinov describing the grisly scene that prompts the exaggerated volume of his and the choral voices. The language throughout is English.

The works of Klusák (born in 1934) and Fišer (younger by a year) are neither as elaborate nor as striking as Sommer's, but each has its distinctions. In *First Invention*, Klusák has used five string players and a dozen wind performers in a more imaginative spirit than is common today in writing for such ensembles. In *Fifteen Prints After Dürer's "Apocalypse,"* Fišer utilizes the orchestra to uncommonly individual tonal results. Here, too, Buketoff achieves an outcome that is highly commendable for the clear projection of totally unfamiliar materials. The recording was made in association with the Arts Division of the Institute of International Education.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—RCA

Left to right: Luboš Fišer, Jan Klusák, conductor Igor Buketoff, and Vladimir Sommer, photographed in Prague.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: *Christus am Ölberge.* Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Cristina Deutekom, soprano; and Hans Sotin, bass; with Bonn Theater Chorus and Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra of the Beethovenhalle conducted by Volker Wangenheim. Angel stereo, S-36696, $5.98.	Even among True Believers in the divinity of Beethoven, "Christ on the Mount of Olives" is rated as something less than proof of that divinity. A product of 1803, when the Third Symphony (*Eroica*) was about to be launched, it displays the thirty-three-year-old composer as much more ambivalent about his vocal-choral personality than he was vis-à-vis solo instruments or the orchestra. Most of the material assigned to tenor Gedda, for example, has the Haydnesque flow of *The Creation*, especially in the recitative. Doubtless Gedda could sing the tenor line of *The Seasons* or *The Creation* in better English than most of those to whom the tongue is native, but it is his beautifully phrased German which is the matter to marvel at here. Miss Deutekom is a little too much the "florid" singer for best results in her part, but Sotin is very well suited to the requirements of the music with which he is involved. Volker Wangenheim, a former oboist and now resident conductor in Bonn, almost manages to convey more drama than there is in the score, which is, nevertheless, not quite enough. Good reproduction.
Berg: Concerto. Arthur Grumiaux, violin; with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Igor Markevitch. **Stravinsky:** Concerto in D. Grumiaux, violin; with the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Ernest Bour. Philips stereo, 802 785, $5.98: cassette 18239 CAA, $6.95.	Of the lengthening list of violinists who have recorded the Berg Concerto since Louis Krasner, who commissioned it, the name of Grumiaux, with its Bach-Mozart-Beethoven connotations, has the least overt associations with its character (the others include Isaac Stern, Ivry Gitlis, André Gertler, and Christian Ferras). The presumption that this might be an inhibiting factor governing results does not prove to be true; the performance shows strong evidence of assimilation of Berg's subject matter and his usage of the instrument. However, Grumiaux's clean articulation, his quick, narrow vibrato, and aversion to anything like *portamento* are all at variance with the essentially Viennese sentiment Berg evoked in his own special way. It is all a little too cool, objective, and understated for the desired results. The same qualities are several degrees more suitable for the Stravinsky (especially for the Arias I and II, with their Bach-like values), but the first and third movements ask for an incisiveness and vigor that are not his to provide. The two conductors serve the soloist's interests better than the composers'.
Cumming: Twenty-four Preludes. **Barber:** Sonata. John Browning, piano. Desto stereo, DC 7120, $5.98.	Richard Cumming's Preludes made a persuasive case for themselves when Browning first performed them in New York during his Philharmonic Hall recital of December 17, 1969, and a rehearing renews much of the esteem they then aroused. The shading of the original impression relates in more than small part to Desto's inferior processing techniques. Whether the deficiency is in the poor studio facilities, inadequate instrument, or less than expert microphoning and tape mastering, the end product is all too immediately recognizable as substandard by those prevailing generally. This does not affect the regard for Cumming's sharply differentiated vignettes, the variety of moods and attitudes he has compressed into their brief expanse. But it does downgrade the tonal colorations and dynamic values Browning has applied on their behalf. The Barber, which Browning plays in a style quite his own, is a shade better reproduced, but it is definitely disadvantaged by comparison with the new Van Cliburn version on RCA.
Gershwin: Concerto in F; *Rhapsody in Blue*; "I Got Rhythm." Werner Haas, piano; with the Monte Carlo Orchestra conducted by Werner Haas. Philips stereo, 6500 118, $5.98.	It would doubtless surprise even George Gershwin to discover that what he was composing back there in 1925 was a *Klavierkonzert*. A proper enough designation on the label of a disc originating (as do this one and its recent predecessor on DGG) in Europe, it nevertheless has its share of intrusion on the results. The able Haas (who seems to surface now and then with an uncommon project) has all the fingers needed, but the treatment is more well-meaning than idiomatic. As long as the main thread of melody is available, Haas and de Waart have something to guide them, but the discursive sections find the performers out of their element. The "I Got Rhythm" variations (a product of Gershwin's studies with Joseph Schillinger) have the best shape and texture, probably because the totality is most conventional in content.
Vlasov: Concerto No. 1. **Sauget:** *Mélodie concertante (E minor). Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; with the Moscow Radio Orchestra conducted by Gennady Rozhdestvensky and *Sauget. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR-40180, $5.98	The primary question posed by this recording is not how well Rostropovich performs the Concerto of Vladimir Vlasov, but why? Certainly it is not a work that the admired interpreter of the world's eminent composers from Bach to Britten would select for musical significance (none), technical demonstration (rudimentary), or melodic interest (limited). Presumably the live performance (signified by applause at the end) owes Rostropovich's participation to the discharge of some obligation, personal or political. Vlasov, born in 1903, is identified as a longtime resident of Kirghizia (an Eastern Republic that abuts China), but no date for the composition is given. General musical interest is much better served by the Sauget, which, if no flaming masterpiece, shows the composer of *Chout* at the point of compositional development associated with 1964, when Rostropovich performed the self-commissioned work in Moscow. The composer has identified its motivation as the old memory of a young girl playing Debussy on the cello —a character that is quite consistent with the content. Both performance and reproduction are of prime quality. —I.K.

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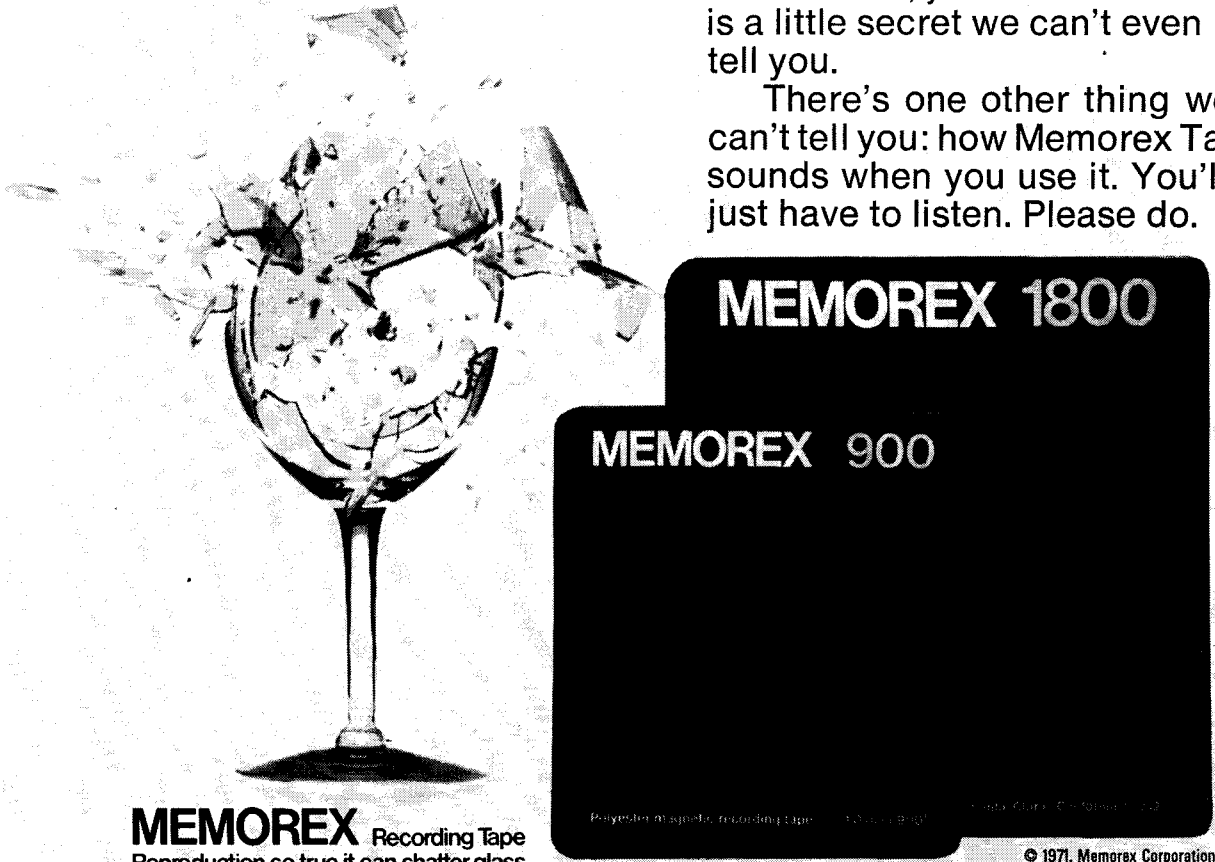

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Louis Armstrong: *The Genius of Louis Armstrong, Vol. I, 1923-1933.* Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; accompanying blues singers; with quartet, quintet, sextet, nonet, and big bands. Columbia mono, G-30416, $5.98 (two discs). *In Memoriam.* Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; with various groups, including Jack Teagarden, trombone; Barney Bigard, Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Joe Venuti, violin; Earl Hines, piano; Sidney Catlett, drums. Everest simulated stereo, 3312, $4.98.	The Columbia set contains twenty-nine splendid examples of Armstrong's art, but they have, alas, been selected with maddening illogicality. If this is Volume I, when do we get masterpieces like "Weather Bird," "No," "Keyhole Blues," "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," and "No One Else but You," to name a few offhand from the same period? Surely the company is not going to backtrack in parallel again as it did with the two boxed sets of *The Ellington Era.* The success of the Bessie Smith reissues proves that record buyers appreciate logical presentation, and Armstrong is certainly an artist deserving of comparable consideration. A glance at the voluminous catalogue of Peters International will show that Columbia knows better and does better in France, where Armstrong's early output is available in a chronological sequence of eight albums. As an introduction for newcomers, the present set is attractive in quality and price, and it is admirably annotated by Don DeMicheal, who does justice to Earl Hines's contribution. The Everest album is a surprise bonus, presumably compiled from airshots. The recording quality is variable, but there is masterly work by Satchmo, not to mention pleasing glimpses of Hines, Teagarden, and Russell.	
Gloria Coleman: *Gloria Coleman, Ltd.* Gloria Coleman, organ and vocal; Ray Copeland, flugelhorn; Dick Griffin, trombone; James Anderson, tenor saxophone; Earl T. Dunbar, guitar; Charles Davis, drums. Mainstream stereo, MRL-322. **Blue Mitchell:** *Blue Mitchell.* Mitchell, trumpet; Jimmy Forrest, tenor saxophone; Walter Bishop, Jr., piano; Larry Gales, bass; Doug Sides, drums. Mainstream stereo, MRL-315, $4.98 each.	Mrs. Coleman made an enjoyable album for Impulse in 1963. It would be reasonable to ask where she has been in the meantime, because hers is an infectious talent. Not only does she generate more excitement than most of the better-known male organists, but she also sings in a vivacious, carefree style that sometimes echoes Dinah Washington's. The group, which includes some new names as well as the veteran Copeland, plays with enthusiasm and never lets up. Mitchell's calmly ordered set is noteworthy for the return to the recording studio of Jimmy Forrest, a rewarding player who has not always had his due.	
Stan Getz: *Dynasty.* Getz, tenor saxophone; Eddy Louise, organ; René Thompson, guitar; Bernard Lubat, drums. Verve stereo, V6-8802-2, $7.98 (two discs); 8-track, C-81408802, $7.98.	This introduces the group with which Getz has been working in Europe. It seems to have aroused a tougher and more urgent spirit in him, and his music is lavishly endorsed in liner notes by three European writers. The live recording, unfortunately, is lacking in presence, the organ sound is decidedly muddy, and the guitar consistently under-recorded. Nevertheless, so far as the star is concerned, this is an important demonstration of continuing musical fertility.	
Billie Holiday: *The Lady Lives.* Billie Holiday, vocal; with unidentified groups. E.S.P. simulated stereo, ESP-30002, $5.98.	The twelve songs in this collection were drawn from radio shows and performances at the Apollo Theatre in New York and Storyville in Boston from 1949 to 1952. The recording varies in quality, as does the singer's voice, which in some cases sounds irreparably ravaged. Many listeners seem to get a masochistic pleasure from deteriorated interpretations that exemplify her personal tragedy, but to others they are painful in comparison with the originals made when she was in her prime. Among the better accompanists identified by the announcers are Horace Henderson (piano) and Lips Page (trumpet).	
Milt Jackson and **Ray Brown:** *Memphis Jackson.* Jackson, vibraharp; Brown, arranger, conductor, and bass; with bands of nine and twelve pieces. Impulse stereo, AS-9193, $5.98; 8-track, M-89193, $6.95; cassette, M-59193, $6.95.	Because of the uniquely gloomy and remote sound he produces from his instrument, Milt Jackson never sounds like anybody else but Milt Jackson, even when he is away from the demure context of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Some of the best players voluntarily marooned in Southern California were present for these sessions, but such a very big lion's share of the solos goes to the vibist that too little is heard of them. Al Aarons has a sensitive, muted trumpet chorus on "Enchanted Lady"; Harry Edison is heard briefly but to very good effect on "Picking Up the Vibrations"; and Teddy Edwards's tenor saxophone twice registers strongly. As for Brown, whenever he takes over on bass, the hands of a master are revealed.	
Bessie Smith: *The Empress.* Bessie Smith, vocal; with piano, duo, trio, quartet, sextet, and septet. Columbia mono, G-30818, $5.98 (two discs).	The fourth in Columbia's magnificent Bessie Smith project, this must be regarded as its peak; Louis Armstrong is on six tracks and Joe Smith, artistically his closest rival at that time, on eight. Tommy Ladnier is also impressive on "Dyin' by the Hour" and the comical "Foolish Man Blues," where his relaxed, spare phrasing is always emotionally appropriate. Another near-perfect foil for the singer is Charlie Green, a trombonist of Rabelaisian humor, who easily encompasses the tragic. Then there are two numbers on which that great pianist, James P. Johnson, is the sole accompanist. Indeed, the economy of the accompaniments often makes a rather hilarious contrast with the cluttered-up backgrounds—strings, electronic hardware, vocal groups, Caribbean percussion, *and* the kitchen sink—seemingly obligatory for today's singing soul sisters.	
Johnny "Hammond" Smith: *What's Going On?* Smith, organ; Ernie Royal, Robert Prado, trumpets; Garnett Brown, trombone; Grover Washington, Jr., Richard Landry, tenor saxophones; Babe Clarke, baritone saxophone; James Clark, Ted Dunbar, guitars; Jimmy Lewis, electric bass; Eddie Gee, drums; with strings arranged by Bill Fischer. Prestige stereo, PR-10015, $5.98; 8-track, M-81015, $6.95; cassette, M-51015, $6.95.	This is perhaps the most interesting of four new "organized" (pardon!) releases on Prestige. Of the others, organist Charles Earland is occasionally exciting on *Soul Story* (PR-10018), but he is also probably the culprit responsible for vocals in the Leon Thomas manner; tenor saxophonist Houston Person never recovers from an impossible opener called "Young, Gifted and Black" on *Houston Express* (PR-10017), and despite organist Jimmy Watson's efforts the locomotive proceeds with the spirit of a local; and Shirley Scott and her husband, Stanley Turrentine, reissued from 1963 on *The Soul Is Willing* (PR-7845), sound comfortable, not at all frantic, and therefore a little old-fashioned. Smith is handicapped by strings and pedestrian arrangements on three tracks, but manages to shake himself clear of them. Best are two numbers (sixteen minutes) played by a quintet, in which Washington and notably guitarist Clark establish their identities. —STANLEY DANCE.	

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RECORDINGS

COLIN DAVIS ON "FIGARO"

The third act of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* comes as somewhat of a letdown after the perfection of action of the two preceding acts. Until lately, it has been customary to attribute the lapse to Mozart's librettist, Lorenzo da Ponte. But the truth may lie in the person of Francesco Bussani, who—the cast listing of the first performance tells us—sang both Bartolo and Antonio. With a fresh eye to the circumstances, R. B. Moberly and Christopher Raeburn have demonstrated that a rearrangement of the third act's scenes made possible by today's usage of separate performers for the two roles makes for a decidedly better result. Colin Davis's acceptance of this procedure in his new recording of *Figaro* (Philips stereo, 6707 014, $23.92) proves that it works well in the context of a performance as lively as this one.

Moberly confesses that he had stumbled on what he assumes to have been the original plan for the third act without any idea as to *why* it was altered until Raeburn pointed to the need for a costume change if one person played both roles. The Moberly-Raeburn theory has been in circulation since April 1965 (*Music and Letters*) and is now accessible in his *Three Mozart Operas* (Dodd, 1968). In the resulting reconstruction, the little recitative for Barbarina and Cherubino, "Andiam, andiam," and the aria of the Countess, "E Susanna non vien! . . . Dove sono," are placed between the Count's aria "Hai già vinta la causa! . . . Vedrò mentr'io sospiro" and the sextet in which Figaro is freed from his obligation to Marcellina by the revelation that he is her (and Bartolo's) long-lost child.

The appeal of the dramatic virtues of this version probably outweighed any hesitation Davis might have felt in exposing a couple of musical "scars" (as Moberly calls them) that cannot be avoided when the traditional order of the musical numbers is altered. It is Davis's ability to project the opera's drama through the music that makes this such an outstanding recorded performance. He has succeeded in merging all of the elements into a true ensemble. Musically, every detail seems to have been carefully plotted and rehearsed. Sonorities, tempos, and dynamics are all artfully balanced and controlled, but the execution is spontaneous and alive. Some of his tempos are on the brisk side, but they are all astutely chosen to seem perfect in relation to his overall design, and they never clash with what precedes or follows.

Apart from Mirella Freni, few of the singers on this recording will be well known to American audiences, since most of them are still relatively youthful performers of, as yet, limited international experience. They are, however, established professionals of solid reputation. They make up an attractive ensemble and sound as if they were singing and listening to one another as characters. They work together beautifully to keep the action moving without a sag. This more than compensates for minor individual flaws. Ubaldo Gardini is listed in the credits as their Italian coach, and all have benefited from his guidance by injecting the kind of vitality and nuance into the recitatives that prevents them from becoming tiresome.

Freni is the most successful of the leading ladies in combining vocal allure with strong character projection. Her Susanna is properly irresistible. Jessye Norman, a young (black) American soprano presently singing with the Deutsche Oper Berlin, encountered difficulties in fitting her opulent voice to the requirements of the Countess's music. This robs her delivery of that final degree of vocal poise needed to overcome the hazards of the two great arias. Although the Countess is one of the roles she has sung in Berlin, she is probably more comfortable in parts that permit her to expand, rather than contract, her resources. Yvonne Minton's voice is also a bit too lush and heavy to be the perfect Cherubino, especially in "Voi che sapete," but she is generally successful in keeping it light and flexible.

Both Figaro and the Count are well cast. Wladimiro Ganzarolli's Figaro is beautifully sung and is played without exaggerations. The Swedish baritone Ingvar Wixell contributes a smoothly sung and vibrantly characterized Count. Since the opera is performed without cuts, Robert Tear (as Basilio) and Maria Casula (as Marcellina) are given the chance to fill out their sharp characterizations with appropriate performances of their last-act arias. Lillian Watson deserves special praise for her delightful Barbarina.

The BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, old friends of the conductor, respond faithfully to his leadership. John Constable, at the harpsichord, contributes some very appealing little flourishes. The sound, though not particularly spacious, is excellent.

—George Louis Mayer.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK

Herbert Weinstock's first contribution to *Saturday Review*'s music coverage dates to early 1948, which is to say, but a few months after the inception of the Recordings section in September 1947. He last appeared in September's MULTIMEDIA issue, only a few weeks before his death of heart failure in a hospital to which he had been admitted for a routine surgical procedure. In between, there were rare issues in which Weinstock's name did not appear as author of a perceptive, informed comment on a recording, occasionally a concert or opera, or a foreign happening dispatched during his summers abroad.

Weinstock's participation in the long run of musical material that appeared in *SR* since 1947 went beyond his own comments. He was responsible for bringing to attention the celebrated article by Teodoro Celli on Maria Callas that appeared in an issue of the late Fifties, and he also translated it from the Italian. He was an invariable source of information on any knotty problem that might have presented itself in the wide range of material that accumulated during the Fifties and Sixties.

It is particularly illustrative of Weinstock's involvement in the broadening of the operatic literature in that period that, after earlier attention to such composers as Chopin, Handel, and Tchaikovsky, he elected to research and produce books on the inner trinity of Italian opera: Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini. His study of the last named has just appeared and ironically bears, as publication date, November 16, which would have been Weinstock's sixty-sixth birthday.

A productive, disciplined worker, Weinstock also devoted a portion of his time to serving as consulting editor for the publishing firm of Alfred A. Knopf, and thus had a creative part in the appearance, over several decades, of numerous invaluable additions to the literature of *materia musica*. One thinks of Frank Walker on Wolf and Verdi, of Patrick Smith's recent libretto book, Joseph Kerman's *Beethoven Quartets*, various Stravinsky-Craft collaborations, etc. Weinstock's work has done him proud and is his best monument. —I. K.

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POP

JUDY COLLINS: DIARY OF A HEART

by ELLEN SANDER

No one would argue that *Wildflowers* and *In My Life* are classic albums; sheer, strong marriages of new art music and new classicism, ambitious and successful interpretations of some of the best contemporary material available, by an artist who brought the times around to her visions with those albums. *Living*, Judy Collins's newest album (Elektra stereo, EKS-75014, $5.98; 8-track, ET-85014, $6.98; cassette, TC-55014, $6.98), is her most elegant since *Wildflowers* and *In My Life*, and in very different ways it approaches and surpasses both of them.

More than a decade of performing and recording experience went into *Living*, and more than a lifetime of feeling Judy Collins's most recent flourish to her albums—her own songs—is on *Living*, and probably the most intimate and the least self-conscious selection of material. Unlike the previous two albums, *Living* is comfortable with itself; it had already gone through its changes before it came to fruition. On *Living*, Judy Collins is alternately lover, author, friend, and interpreter; there are also moments of the most anguished political awareness and reaction, but a reaction with stark, choking, heartfelt involvement.

Leonard Cohen's "Joan of Arc" begins the album, a languid, sad song full of poetry and grace, saturated with regret and forbearance. It warms into a lush chorus nestled in a fragile, swelling arrangement that fits the song like a gentle glove. "Four Strong Winds" by Ian Tyson of Ian and Sylvia follows, a ballad so familiar it seems ancient, with its lovelorn looking back, its hesitant letting go, its quality of eternal leaving.

"Vietnam Love Song," a tone poem by Arnold Black and Eric Bentley, is arrestingly pained and tragically beautiful. "My lover is dead . . . ," it mourns, the voice piercing through a piano just beneath it, surrounded by deathly silence and quivering agony. Its strength is not in its aspect of protest, but in the more frightening aspect of pained acceptance. "Innisfree" was inspired by a poem of Yeats and is a song of peace; its tonal and emotional similarity to "Vietnam Lover" brings both songs into razor-sharp focus.

The vision of a woman wondering what she alone can do about the universe fades into a short silence that transfigures into the opening notes of "Song for Judith," one of the songs the artist wrote. It is so happy it literally dances through its simple rhythms and has a melody that keeps opening up as Collins goes through vocal changes. It is a song of friendships, of understanding loneliness and female independence. It is one of the warmest musical moments of any album this year, original, sprightly, and tenderly arranged.

Some of the cuts on the album are live, recorded on a recent concert tour, and others are studio-crafted. Still others are a combination, material from the concert later doctored in the studio by the addition of instruments and vocal overdubs. But it is not an "in-concert" album. It doesn't even resemble one. Each time applause appears, it is surprising, and, although it is not overdone to the point of interfering with the flow of the album, it does seem slightly irrelevant. The album on the whole is a selection of pieces that go well together, it has no jarring or indulgent long obscure cuts as some of the artist's former albums have, neither is it insistently posing through the theme of its songs. Rather, it moves easily from love to war, leaving with the feeling that making either is not mutually exclusive. It is the pattern and the diary of a heart and mind that changes and grows, yet remains concerned, graceful, and introspective.

Certainly it is a secure album, one that stands typically aside from any trend either internally within the complexity of its own workings or in terms of anything with which it could imaginably be compared.

A concert version of "Chelsea Morning," a Joni Mitchell confection, is on the second side, as are a hauntingly lovely song called "Easy Times (come hard to me)," a collaboration between Judy Collins and Stacy Keach, and "Famous Blue Raincoat" by Leonard Cohen, a song in the form of a mysterious letter signed L. Cohen. Dylan's "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" ends the album, a very different version from that she recorded on *In My Life*. The end of the song winds very tightly; there are anger and impatience in the way she sings, "I do believe I've had enough!"

It would be difficult to imagine hearing enough of *Living*; it is made of fabric that could be worn every and any season. It is a sort of natural triumph that could come only from experience, security, and care.

RECORDINGS

SOUPED-UP SAVOYARDS

The Savoy operas and the D'Oyly Carte Company have ably survived the breach between the composer and librettist, the death of Victoria, two world wars, a London blitzkrieg, and, now, Phase 4 stereo. The company has entered still another epoch with producers Tony D'Amato and Raymond Few—geared, one assumes, to capture that breed of modern Gilbert and Sullivan addict for whom the sound effect might even supersede that of the music and lyrics themselves. By means of London's Phase 4 techniques, G & S's early popular success, *H.M.S. Pinafore* (SPCA 12001, $11.96), has been given the full treatment: lapping of waves against the good ship fore and aft, noisy gulls circling over the quarter-deck, and the realistic clatter of sailors, sisters, cousins, and aunts at the drop of an anchor. It's the kind of thing radio producers were doing in the mid-Forties, and lends little but annoyance to the brilliance of this satire on social position and the Queen's Navee.

As for the performance, it is typical of the D'Oyly Carte Company on its recent discs and visits to America. That is to say, there is little that is devastatingly original about the acting of these delectable roles these days. Here we have John Reed as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., who indulges in a kind of mannered, anachronistic, unstylish delivery—with not nearly enough relish for the words. Thomas Lawlor tends to wobble as Captain Corcoran, and Ralph Mason is an adequate, though bland, Ralph Rackstraw. The women are a shade more positive: Valerie Masterson's clear, bright sound suits Josephine's music, and Christine Palmer is a weighty Little Buttercup.

James Walker conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and his tempos tend to the brisk, though the words are still put over with clarity, aided by crisp engineering. Well, now that Phase 4 has put its first G & S to the test, we can probably look forward to *The Gondoliers* complete with stereophonic orange peels floating in the Grand Canal mixed with the bells of St. Mark's—or *The Mikado* complete with rickshas ricocheting across stony streets and the clatter of chopsticks in a rice bowl. —ROBERT JACOBSON.

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SOVIET CHATTEL, CATALAN DUO

by IRVING KOLODIN

In the age-old annals of espionage, the laws of reprisal have long been governed by an agreement, gentlemanly or otherwise, on the basis of an agent for an agent, or an Ivan for an Ian. The recent (October) dismissal by the British government of 105 Soviet nationals admitted to perform trade as well as diplomatic functions broke new ground in wholesale expulsion, calling, clearly, for something grandiose in response.

After due deliberation, the Soviet hierarchy has concluded that numbers are meaningless in matters of this sort, perhaps because there are not 105 or 205 British subjects in the U.S.S.R. to be expelled. So they have invoked another order of exchange altogether, retorting that two Russians kept home are equal to 105 thrown out of England any day. The two nationals to whom they have elected to deny travel permits are David Oistrakh, who plays the violin, and Sviatoslav Richter, a pianist.

Lest this be considered a loose interpretation of the circumstances by which the English public has been denied the visits of these pre-eminent performers, a dispatch recently (November 6) printed in *The New York Times* may be offered as supporting evidence. In totality, it reads:

> LONDON, Nov. 5—A three-concert tour in Britain by the Soviet pianist Svyatoslav Richter scheduled for December was cancelled today by the Soviet Union. The Soviet Ministry of Culture attributed the cancellation to the "abnormal situation in England for official Soviet representatives."
>
> The Richter tour was the second Soviet cultural program to be called off in Britain since 105 Soviet diplomats and other officials, all accused of espionage, were ordered in late September to leave Britain or not to return. Last week three London concerts by violinist David Oistrakh were cancelled for the same reason.

It may be the inclination of some to equate this action with the embargo imposed on cellist Mstislav Rostropovich some months ago, an embargo only now being relaxed. There is this difference, however: Rostropovich took the bold stand of differing publicly, while on foreign soil, with the official Soviet views on Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and Sweden's award to him of the Nobel Prize. However repressive, the "confinement to quarters" imposed on Rostropovich was an action in response to a prior action. Rostropovich knew what he was doing, why he was doing it, and the risk that accompanied his course of action.

In the instance of Oistrakh and Richter, the emphasis goes to another value—not the artist as thinking man, but the artist as chattel. Neither Oistrakh nor Richter had any part in the action for which they are now being put in the balance. Any and all regard for the pride or prominence these world figures may have in their profession has been summarily disregarded, their identity reduced to anonymity, their preferences or inclinations rubber-stamped "Invalid."

As a fellow citizen of the musical universe they so properly command, I deplore the action and mourn the deprivation imposed upon them as human beings.

By an odd coincidence, the week of the Oistrakh-Richter repression was marked by the long-awaited, much-anticipated appearance together, for the first time on any stage, of two eminent ladies of the same profession. Though Alicia de Larrocha and Victoria de los Angeles grew up together in Barcelona and have known each other for decades, it was only by an astute booking in the Assembly Hall of Hunter College on New York's Park Avenue that they pooled their artistry and shared their gift publicly. Even before the concert, devoted entirely to materials of their native land, had begun, a repetition had been arranged on behalf of the thousands who could not be accommodated.

In the aggregate, their native land is Spain, but in the narrower, more specific sense also applicable to such predecessors as Supervia and Casals, de los Angeles and de Larrocha are Catalans, with all the implications that attach thereto. They attached very much to the program, which was devoted in considerable part to works of Enrique Granados, whose memory is still honored at the Frank Marshall Academy in Barcelona.

There are some songs (*canciones*, more precisely) of Granados that might be considered familiar, but they were not contained in the exquisite *Doce Tonadillas* and *Seis Canciones Amatorias* that straddled the intermission. As with much other art emanating from the Iberian peninsula, whether literary or graphic, the subject is love, anticipated or retrospective, hoped for or denied, but rarely present and enjoyed. Over the years since her American debut in the early 1950s, the singer's range has retracted, and it is improbable that she could now sing Eva in *Die Meistersinger* as she once did at the Metropolitan. But within her restricted span, a curious transformation has accrued. She is now able to achieve, at ease and with almost total control, all the refinements, nuances, and colorations that she could only strive for originally. Combine this with the sense of color and the art of persuasion she brings to her native language, and the results were on the order of magical.

The plain white-gowned de Larrocha applied herself to her share of the partnership with the brocaded los Angeles as if she had never done anything else. Not only did she concentrate on beautifully proportioned musical details to the exclusion of anything even remotely resembling virtuosity, she performed every note of the program (including the encores) from memory. Now and then she referred to a slip of paper to determine what was coming next, but even this was a rarity.

The artists reached the apogee of their effort together in the *Seven Popular Spanish Songs* of Manuel de Falla, which brought the printed program to an end. Not only because the settings embody musicianship of a more contemporary order but also because the piano writing is of a more incisive character, the give-and-take commanded the best of which both artists were capable. To the brilliantly etched characterizations of los Angeles, de Larrocha added a range of pianistic effects that can rarely have enhanced these songs previously. "El Paño moruno," the "Seguidilla murciana," and "Asturiana" were lovingly conveyed, but in the famous "Jota," de Larrocha delivered a coruscating descending arpeggio with a crispness and ring that prompted thought of it as a *guitarpeggio*. After sharing embraces and bouquets (the piano looked like a coffin in a fashionable mortuary), the artists favored their avid audience with a sequence of encores, of which Xavier Montsalvatge's "Nana para dormir a un negrito" involved los Angeles in all the fervors of motherhood, which came to her relatively late. It was a beautiful evening of beautiful music by two beautiful people.

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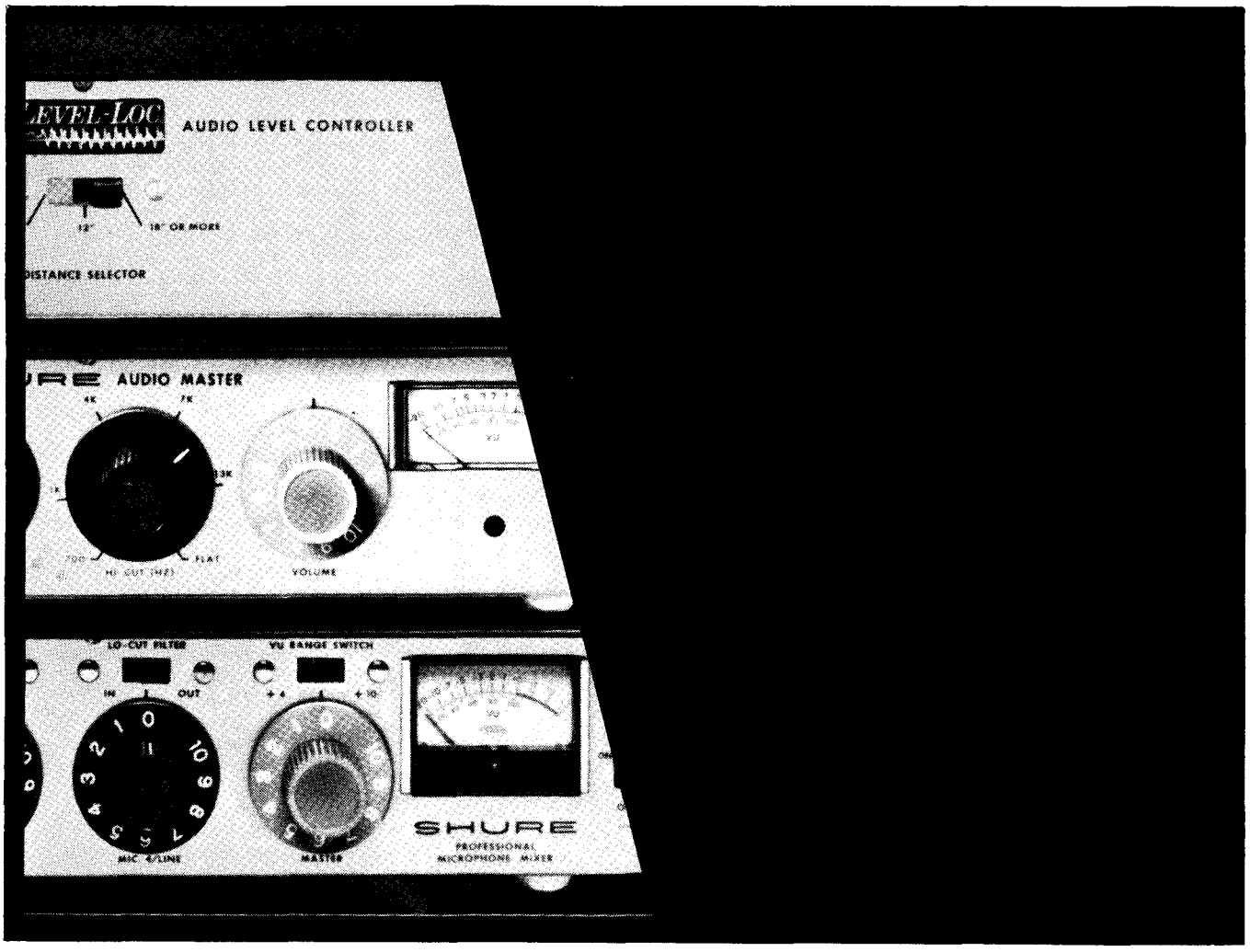

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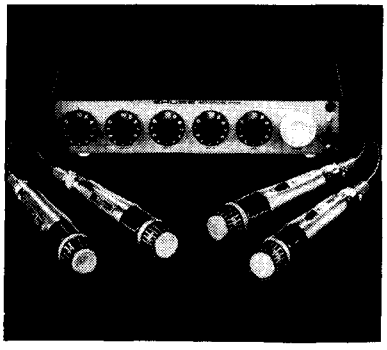

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THE YEAR'S BEST RECORDINGS

For the convenience of Christmas shoppers (and others), MULTIMEDIA presents this compilation of classical releases reviewed favorably in *Saturday Review* since the appearance of the last such list in these pages a year ago. Within each of the three major categories (orchestral; chamber and instrumental; vocal), collections of miscellaneous content follow the items listed under composers' names. Recordings of electronic music are listed in the "chamber and instrumental" section. All discs listed are stereo unless indicated "M" for mono; the designation "E" following the label identification signifies a mono original artificially processed for stereo. An asterisk (*) preceding a listing indicates a reissue, and a dagger (†) indicates an especially recommended item. Save where otherwise indicated, recommendations derive from reviews by MultiMedia Editor Irving Kolodin. Other reviewers, identified by their initials, are [H.W.] the late Herbert Weinstock, [R.J.] Robert Jacobson, [O.D.] Oliver Daniel, [R.L.] Robert Lawrence, and [L.S.] Larry Stempel.

Orchestral

Albéniz: *Piano Concerto.* Felicja Blumental; with Alberto Zedda cond. Turin Sym. Orch. **Liszt-Busoni:** *Spanish Rhapsody.* Blumental; with Helmuth Froschauer cond. Prague Chamber Orch. (Turnabout).

***Beethoven:** *Piano Concerto No. 1 in C.* Ania Dorfmann, piano; *Leonore Overture No. 3.* Arturo Toscanini cond. NBC Sym. Orch. in both (Victrola, M).

***Beethoven:** *Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-flat.* William Kapell; with Vladimir Golschmann cond. NBC Sym. Orch. **Prokofiev:** *Piano Concerto No. 3.* Kapell; with Antal Dorati cond. Dallas Sym. Orch. (Victrola, M).

***Beethoven:** *Symphonies 1-9 & the four overtures to "Fidelio."* Eugen Jochum cond. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orch. (Philips).

Brahms: *Piano Concerto No. 2.* John Lill; with Gennady Rozhdestvensky cond. Moscow Radio-TV Orch. (DGG).

†**Bruckner:** *Symphony No. 4.* Zubin Mehta cond. Los Angeles Philharmonic (London).

Carter: *Concerto for Orchestra.* **Schuman:** *In Praise of Shahn.* Leonard Bernstein cond. New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Field: *Piano Concerto No. 1.* **Hummel:** *Rondo brillant on a Russian Folk Theme.* Felicja Blumental piano; Helmuth Froschauer cond. Vienna & Prague chamber orchestras (Victrola).

Handel: *Royal Fireworks Music; Water Music Suite.* Rafael Kubelik cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Haydn: *Symphonies Nos. 22, 39, & 47.* Raymond Leppard cond. English Chamber Orch. (Philips).

†**Haydn:** *Symphonies Nos. 57-64 & Nos. 65-72.* Antal Dorati cond. Philharmonia Hungarica (London STS, two four-disc sets).

Janáček: *Sinfonietta; Taras Bulba.* Kubelik cond. Bavarian Radio Sym. Orch. (DGG).

Joachim: *Concerto in Hungarian Style.* Charles Tregor, violin; with Jorge Mester cond. Louisville Orch. (Louisville).

Martinon: *Violin Concerto No. 2.* **Berg:** *Violin Concerto.* Henryk Szeryng; with Kubelik cond. Bavarian Radio Orch. (DGG).

Mendelssohn: *Symphony No. 3 ("Scotch"); Fingal's Cave.* Herbert von Karajan cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Mozart: *Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 27.* Géza Anda, pianist-conductor; with Salzburg Mozarteum Camerata Academica (DGG).

Ogdon: *Piano Concerto.* **Shostakovich:** *Piano Concerto No. 2.* John Ogdon; with Lawrence Foster cond. Royal Philharmonic (Angel).

†**Raff.** *Symphony No. 5 ("Lenore").* Bernard Herrmann cond. London Philharmonic (Unicorn).

W. Schuman: *Violin Concerto.* Paul Zukofsky, violin. **Piston:** *Symphony No. 2.* Both with Michael Tilson Thomas cond. Boston Sym. Orch. (DGG).

H. Stevens: *Clarinet Concerto.* **L. Foss:** *Oboe Concerto.* Mitchell Lurie, clarinet; Bert Gassman, oboe; Akira Endo cond. Crystal Chamber Orch. (Crystal).

***R. Strauss:** *Don Quixote.* Antonio Janigro, cello; *Rosenkavalier Waltzes,* arr. Reiner. Both with Fritz Reiner cond. Chicago Sym. Orch. (Victrola).

R. Strauss: *Ein Heldenleben.* Bernard Haitink cond. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orch. (Philips).

Tchaikovsky: *Piano Concerto No. 2.* Igor Zhukov; with Rozhdestvensky cond. Moscow Radio Orch. (Melodiya/Angel).

Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 1.* Michael Tilson Thomas cond. Boston Sym. Orch. (DGG).

†**Varèse:** *Déserts* & other works. Konstantin Simonovich cond. Paris Instrumental Ensemble for Contemporary Music (Angel) [L. S.].

†**Villa-Lobos:** *Guitar Concerto.* Julian Bream; with André Previn cond. London Sym. Orch.; *Preludes; Etudes; Schottish-Chôro.* Bream, solo (RCA).

Viotti: *Violin Concerto No. 22.* **Michael Haydn:** *Concerto in A.* Arthur Grumiaux; with Edo de Waart cond. Concertgebouw Orch. (Philips).

Vivaldi: *5 Concertos & Sinfonia in B minor,* Karajan cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

†**Walton:** *Viola Concerto; Violin Concerto.* Yehudi Menuhin, violin & viola; composer cond. New Philharmonia & London Sym. Orch. (Angel).

Instrumental and Chamber Music

Beethoven: *Middle Quartets (Opp. 59, 74, 95).* Guarneri Quartet (RCA).

Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas.* Barenboim (Angel); *Backhaus (London); Arrau (Philips).

***Beethoven:** *Violin Sonatas.* Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Clara Haskil, piano (Philips).

†**Beethoven:** *Piano Trios.* Istomin, Stern, Rose (Columbia); Barenboim, Zukerman, du Pré; with de Peyer (clarinet trio, Op. 11) (Angel).

Berwald: *Septet.* **Kreutzer:** *Septet.* Vienna Octet members (London).

Brahms: *Paganini Variations; Klavierstücke (Op. 76).* John Lill, piano (DGG).

Brahms: *Piano Quartet in G minor (Op. 25).* Emil Gilels; with members of Amadeus Quartet (DGG).

†**Dvořák:** *Piano Trios,* complete. Beaux Arts Trio (Philips).

Gottschalk: *Centennial Concert of Piano Music.* Guiomar Novaes, John Kirkpatrick, Alan Mandel, John Pritchard (Turnabout).

Grieg: *Sonata; Nocturne.* **Mendelssohn:** *Capriccio; Variations sérieuses.* Alicia de Larrocha, piano (London).

Henze: *Concerto for Double Bass.* Gary Karr; with English Chamber Orch.; *Essay on Pigs.* Roy Hart, voice; with Philip Jones Brass Ensemble—both cond. by composer (DGG).

Karel Husa: *Quartets Nos. 2 & 3.* Fine Arts Quartet (Everest).

Leedy: *Entropical Paradise.* Leedy, Moog Synthesizer & Buchla Modular Electronic System (Seraphim).

Moszkowski: *Etudes (Op. 72).* Ilana Vered (Connoisseur Society).

Mozart: *Wind Divertimenti (K. Anh. 226 & 227, K. 270); Adagio (K. 410).* Edo de Waart cond. Netherlands Wind Ensemble (Philips).

†**Mozart:** *2 Duos for Violin and Viola.* **Hoffmeister:** *Duo in G.* Arthur Grumiaux & Arrigo Pelliccia (Philips).

†**Rachmaninoff:** *Sonata No. 2,* etc. Vladimir Horowitz, piano (Columbia).

Ravel: *Alborada del gracioso; Valses nobles et sentimentales; Gaspard de la nuit.* Alicia de Larrocha, piano (Columbia).

Reger: *Serenades in D & G.* John Wion, flute; Laurance Fader, viola; Stanley Ritchie, violin (Lyrichord).

Rodrigo: *Piano Music.* Joaquín Rodrigo; with Victoria Canhi in four-hand pieces (Odeon, M).

Satie: Piano Music, Vol. 4. Aldo Ciccolini (Angel).

Scarlatti: *Sonatas, arr. guitar.* Antonio Carlos Barbosa-Lima, guitar (ABC Audio Treasury).

†**Schubert:** *Fantasy in C (Op. 159).* Jascha Heifetz, violin; with Brooks Smith, piano. **Tchaikovsky:** *Sérénade mélancolique; Waltz from Serenade for String Orchestra.* Heifetz; with chamber orch. (RCA).

Schubert: *Arpeggione Sonata.* **Bridge:** *Cello Sonata.* Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; with Benjamin Britten, piano (London).

Sessions: *Piano Sonata No. 3.* Robert Helps, piano (Acoustic Research/DGG) [O.D.].

Julian Bream, guitar, in music of Paganini, Mendelssohn, Tarrega, & Schubert (RCA).

Natalie Hinderas, piano, in *Music by Black Composers* (Desto).

†**Josef Hoffmann,** piano, in *Golden Jubilee Concert;* with Fritz Reiner cond. Curtis Institute Orch. (International Piano Library, M) [R. J.].

***Josef Lhévinne** in piano music of Chopin, Schumann, J. Strauss, also Debussy-Ravel *Fêtes* with Rosina Lhévinne (Victrola, M).

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Andrés Segovia in *The Guitar and I*, reminiscing about his life and work, performing studies by Coste, Sor, and Giuliani (Decca).

Vocal

Babbitt: *Philomel.* Bethany Beardslee, soprano; with tape. **Lerdahl:** *Wake.* Beardslee; with Boston Sym. Orch. members under David Epstein (Acoustic Research/DGG) [O.D.].

Beethoven: *Mass in C, Op. 86.* Elly Ameling, Janet Baker, Theo Altmeyer, Marius Rintzler, New Philharmonia Chorus & Orch. under Carlo Maria Giulini (Angel).

Berio: *Epifanie; Folk Songs.* Cathy Berberian, mezzo; with composer cond. Juilliard Ensemble & BBC Sym. Orch. (RCA).

***Berlioz:** *Lélio.* Pierre Boulez cond. London Sym. Orch. & Chorus; with Jean-Louis Barrault, speaker; John Mitchinson, tenor; & John Shirley-Quirk, baritone (Columbia).

†**Crumb:** *Ancient Voices of Children.* Jan de Gaetani, mezzo; Michael Dash, boy soprano; Arthur Weisberg cond. Contemporary Chamber Ensemble (Nonesuch).

Debussy: *Pelléas et Mélisande.* Pierre Boulez cond. Covent Garden production; with Elisabeth Soederstroem, George Shirley, David Ward, et al. (Columbia) [R.J.].

***García Lorca:** *Poems & Songs.* Germaine Montero; with orch. under S. Bacarisse (Vanguard, E).

Giannini: *The Taming of the Shrew.* Kansas City Lyric Theater production under Russell Patterson (CRI).

†**Henze:** *El Cimarrón.* William Pearson, baritone; Karlheinz Zöller, flute; Leo Brouwer, guitar; Stomu Yamash'ta, percussion; composer conducting (DGG).

Hodeir: *Anna Livia Plurabelle.* Monique Aldebert & Nicole Croisille; with ensemble under John Lewis (Philips).

Loewe: *Goethe Ballads.* Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Jörg Demus, piano (DGG).

Loewe: *Various Ballads.* Theo Adam, baritone; Rudolf Dunckel, piano (Telefunken).

Lortzing: *Der Wildschütz* (excerpts). Gisela Schröter, Ruth-Margaret Pütz, Peter Schreier, Tom Krause, Arnold van Mill, Leipzig Radio Chorus & Gewandhaus Orch. under Paul Schmitz (London).

Massenet: *Manon.* Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Nico Castel, Gérard Souzay, Gabriel Bacquier, Ambrosian Opera Chorus, New Philharmonia under Julius Rudel (ABC/Audio Treasury) [R.J.].

†**Mayr:** *Medea in Corinto.* Marisa Galvany, Joan Patenaude, Molly Stark, Allen Cathcart, Robert White, Thomas Palmer, Clarion Concerts Orch. & Chorus under Newell Jenkins (Vanguard/Cardinal) [R.L.].

Menotti: *The Old Maid and the Thief.* Judith Blegen, Anna Reynolds, John Reardon, Trieste Orch. under Jorge Mester (Mercury).

Meyerbeer: *Les Huguenots.* Joan Sutherland, Martina Arroyo, Gabriel Bacquier, Dominic Cossa, Nicolai Ghiuselev, et al.; with Ambrosian Chorus & New Philharmonia Orch. under Richard Bonynge (London) [H.W.].

Mozart: *Concert Arias.* Werner Hollweg, tenor; with English Chamber Orch. under Wilfried Boettcher (Philips).

Mozart: *Arias.* **Strauss:** *Songs.* Beverly Sills, soprano; with London Philharmonic under Aldo Ceccato (ABC/Audio Treasury).

Mozart: *Concert Arias.* **Strauss:** *Songs.* Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; George Szell cond. London Sym. Orch.; with Alfred Brendel, piano; Edith Peinemann, violin (Angel).

Penderecki: *The Devils of Loudun.* Marek Janowski cond. Hamburg State Opera production (Philips).

Puccini: *Arias.* Montserrat Caballé, soprano; with London Sym. Orch. under Charles Mackerras (Angel).

***Puccini:** *Madama Butterfly* (excerpts). Geraldine Farrar, Enrico Caruso, Louise Homer, Antonio Scotti, with orch. (Victrola, M).

Reger: *Der Einsiedler; Requiem; Responsorien; Geistliche Gesänge.* Joachim Martini cond. Junge Kantorei & Berlin Sym. Orch.; with Max van Egmond, bass (Telefunken).

†**Rorem:** *War Scenes; Five Whitman Songs.* Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; with Eugene Istomin, piano; *Four Dialogues.* Anita Darian, soprano; John Stewart, tenor; with Ned Rorem & Richard Cumming, pianos (Desto).

†**Satie:** *Le Piège de Méduse.* French actors with Lamoureux Orch. under Aldo Ciccolini; *Songs & Instrumental Pieces.* Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Mady Mesplé, soprano; Gabriel Bacquier, baritone; Yan Pascal, violin; Ciccolini, pianist & cond. (Angel).

Schubert: *Schwanengesang;* **Ravel:** *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée.* Max van Egmond, baritone; with Irwin Gage, piano (Telefunken).

Shostakovich: *Symphony No. 14.* Margarita M'roshnikova, soprano; Yevgeny Vladimirov, bass; Moscow Chamber Orch. under Rudolf Barshai (Melodiya/Angel).

Taneyev: *Songs for Unaccompanied Chorus.* Aleksandr Yurlov cond. U.S.S.R. Russian Chorus (Melodiya/Angel).

†**Tchaikovsky:** *Songs.* **Britten:** *The Poet's Echo.* Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Mstislav Rostropovich, piano (London).

Tippett: *The Midsummer Marriage.* Colin Davis cond. Covent Garden production (Philips) [H.W.].

†**Wagner:** *Die Meistersinger.* Herbert von Karajan cond. Dresden State Orchestra; with Theo Adam, Helen Donath, Rene Kollo, et al. (Angel).

Wolf: *Songs.* Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; with Wilhelm Furtwängler, piano (Seraphim, M).

†**Montserrat Caballé & Bernabé Martí** in duets from works of Donizetti, Giordano, Meyerbeer, & Puccini. Mackerras cond. London Sym. Orch. (Angel).

James King in scenes from *Die Frau ohne Schatten, Parsifal, Otello, Turandot, Manon Lescaut, & Fedora.* Kurt Eichhorn cond. Bavarian Radio Orch. (Angel).

†***Alexander Kipnis** in songs of Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, & Strauss (Columbia, M).

†**Victoria de los Angeles** in Sephardic songs, arr. Valls, Spanish songs, arr. García Lorca, & two songs by Falla. Varied instrumental accompaniment (Angel). —COMPILED BY RICHARD FREED.

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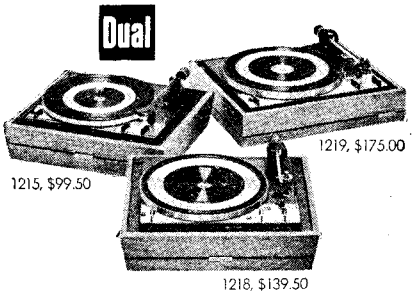

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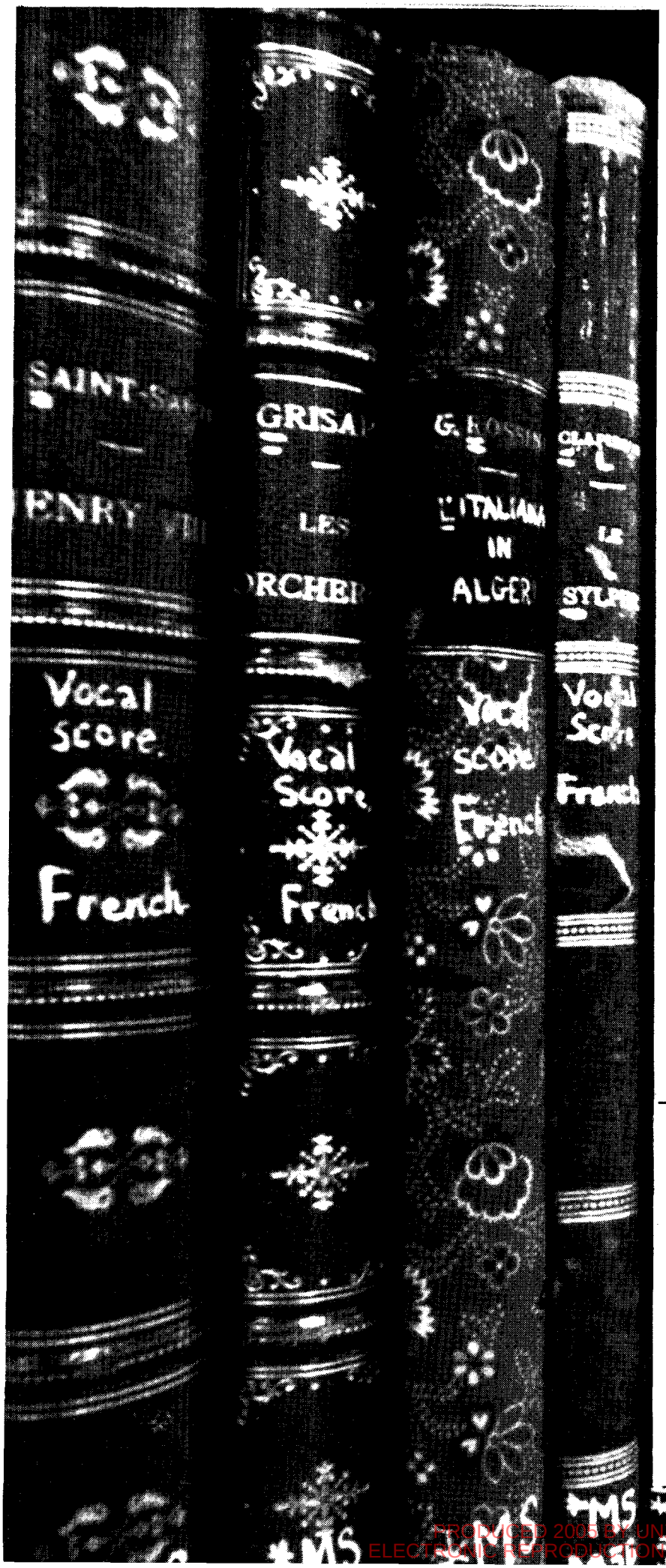

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Miles Davis

Continued from page 69

where it will go. I don't know where it will go, but I think that by opening up the company to this kind of exploration of music by brilliant talent, we are providing a tremendous service."

Columbia's aims are obvious, and Miles is not fooled for a minute: "It's smart to be with the niggers sometimes. I know what made *Bitches Brew*, but they need guidance; Mingus needs guidance; Ornette needs guidance; nobody's going to tell them what to do because then they might call them white bastards, but they *have* to *tell* Mingus what to do, otherwise he'll do the same all over again, and they have to tell Ornette that he cannot play the trumpet and violin. Motown shows you where it's at, man."

It is difficult to imagine anyone telling Miles Davis what to do with his music, but he is just as receptive to constructive criticism as he is ready to give it. "Miles lets you be as creative as you want to be," says producer Teo Macero, "as long as it doesn't screw up his music. A lot of artists say, 'Man, don't touch my music, don't do this, I don't want any electronic sound, don't use a Fender bass,' and so forth, but Miles is so far ahead that he's on the same wavelength as you are, which makes for a great deal of excitement. When he plays, he does it with such intensity that every note is a gem. He doesn't make any mistakes. If he doesn't like something he did, it is usually because it didn't capture the right feeling. We never discuss the music or how things went in front of anybody else; he either calls me out into the hall or we sort of talk in the corner, and I try to refrain from talking about the piece over the studio talkback system—that's something I've learned by working with him over the years. Like his private life, he keeps it to himself; I never ask because if he wants to tell me something, he'll do it."

The physical aspects of producing a Miles Davis album are as unconventional as his music. As Macero explains, there are no takes one, two, or three, "because there's something new that pops into the music every time, whether it's deliberate or just by accident, no one seems to know quite for sure. The group is constantly building toward a final goal, and we don't stop the tape machines like we used to do in the old days—they run until the group stops playing. Then we go back, listen, and decide between us what should be tacked to what—it becomes a search-and-find routine, and finally it's all there, it's just a matter of putting it all together.

Two albums, *Miles Davis at Fillmore* and the sound track for the documentary film *Jack Johnson*, have been released since *Bitches Brew*, but neither shows signs of doing as well commercially. This of course provides an incentive to make the next release particularly interesting, and it looks as if *Live and Evil* (one word is the reverse spelling of the other) will be just that. Scheduled for a December release, it is the distillation of ten to fifteen reels of tape, selected from an original working pile of thirty reels. "The album is partly live, and it has an ethereal evil, where the mind is clouded and all these things are happening," says Macero; "it's like a wild dream." Artist Mati Klarwein, who was responsible for the unusual *Bitches Brew* cover, has been commissioned to give the new album a similar look.

If *Live and Evil* becomes another *Bitches Brew*, there will undoubtedly be more demands on Miles Davis's time, a commodity he values and likes to spend as a part-time pugilist working out in a midtown gym, swimming in some appropriate waters, sleeping in his oversized bed, or simply relaxing with friends amid the international décor of what has been termed "an architect's nightmare"—his house on West 77th Street. Unimpressed by critics ("I don't know any, because I never read what they say") and disc jockeys ("if we didn't make any records, they wouldn't have anything to do"), Miles periodically threatens to quit the music business so that he will no longer be the subject of exploitation, which, he says, is "the name of the game." Someday he will undoubtedly do just that, and the smile behind the mask may be seen by a public that never thought it existed.

WIT TWISTER #245

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He cannot — — — — good natured jokes from jeers;
One's greeting may elicit — — — — or frown.
His — — — — of pique are brief, and yet one fears
To say hello, lest he should knock one down.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 91)

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RECORDINGS

"GISELLE" AND "COPPÉLIA" FOR EARS AND FEET

by WALTER TERRY

Ballet's most famous (and enduring) tragedy, *Giselle,* and ballet's most popular (and enduring) comedy, *Coppélia,* now are available in new albums (*Giselle,* played by the Bolshoi Theater Orchestra conducted by Algis Zuraitis, Melodiya/Angel stereo, SRB-4118, $11.98; *Coppélia,* performed by L' Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Richard Bonynge, London stereo, CSA-2229, $5.98). Both have been recorded in whole or in part many times, but the newest are among the very best, for not only do the sounds fall appealingly upon the ear but they also evoke the images of dance, and that is as it should be, for such recordings belong first to dancers, to balletomanes, and to newcomers who would recapture their first ballet impressions.

To be truthful, I must confess that all ballet images deserted me as I listened to Side 1 of *Giselle.* I was brought up short by a full (*"grand,"* that is) *pas de deux* that I had never before heard or seen. I tried it out on a ballet company director, who said, "Never heard it. *Fair Maid of Perth?"* Sensibly I telephoned one of the great Giselles of all time, Dame Alicia Markova, and played it to her long-distance. She confessed that she had never heard it until last spring when she saw the London Festival Ballet's new production by Mary Skeaping, a prodigious researcher. It was Skeaping choreography to music that had been inserted into *Giselle* sometime after its premiere in Paris in 1841.

Markova, who first danced *Giselle* in 1934, never knew of the *pas de deux* until 1971. It was not recorded in the Stepanoff notation, which was brought to the West by Nicholas Sergeyev. The Bolshoi Ballet never danced it in America. So, in the new recording there is an extra dividend, in an unfamiliar *pas de deux.* But part of it is certainly not Adam but Léon (or Ludwig) Minkus, assigned by Russia's choreographic genius, Marius Petipa, to do interpolations. Johann Burgmüller is already there (approved by Adam) for the "Peasant Pas de Deux." And Markova, before she hung up, said mysteriously, "Listen, and I think you'll find Pugni [César, composer of many romantic age ballets] there too." Tune detectives might have a go at this.

If there are surprising and delightful additions to this *Giselle* recording, there are also omissions. The ominous scene in which Giselle's mother warns her of the dance of death and of the Wilis is absent; so also is the jolly "Pas de Six" (this, admittedly, varies from company to company in terms of numbers).

Tempos, rightfully, are adjusted to the listener and not the dancer. It would take a Fontanne (not a Fonteyn) to fill out the gestural action for the picking-petals-off-of-daisies scene, so slow is the tempo; and the ensuing "action" passages are too fast for dancing, but for listening the *adagio-allegro* contrasts are superb. For much of this recording most dancers could dance *to* it. In many of the phrasings, however, there is no time for the body to prepare for a pirouette, or a leap, or the conclusion of a leap (if a high jumper is involved), for the dancer's breath rhythm is not the same as the musician's metric rhythm. So there are discrepancies between hearing and seeing, but this Bolshoi album does not stray far from dance in its celebration, in sound, of one of the dance masterpieces of all time.

The *Coppélia* is equally good, and its tempos, both lilting for the romantic scenes and lusty for the national dances, are very close to what dancers themselves would want. Bonynge, of course, has been coached by Markova (*The Art of the Ballerina* album), and I think her dance desires have influenced him. At any rate, marvelous breath rhythms that make you visualize movement suspensions, rests, thrusts, dartings are very much present, and I would guess that a ballet school could stage a local *Coppélia* with this recording as a base without finding a tempo so fast that one would blurt, "Are they kidding?"

Listening to both *Giselle* and *Coppélia,* I thought not only that recording phrasings and dance phrasings were not always alike, but also that each of the world's ballerinas had her say about speeds. Cynthia Gregory, American ballerina of the American Ballet Theatre, was very honest about it when she said, "I guess we do real injustice to music when we tell the conductors what we want. But if I'm tall and Eleanor is short, if Carla is lyrical and Natasha is dramatic, if our own timings are different, what can we do? We must do our best, and the music must help us." Our two new ballet albums do their very best to serve both dance and music.

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Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

"JCSS" and the Ecumenical Spirit

HENRY HEWES's review and Molly Haskell's article on *Jesus Christ Superstar* [THEATER and "J.C. Superstar Enterprises, Inc.," *SR*, Oct. 30] are significant in their omission of any mention of what this so-called rock opera may do to Jewish-Christian relations. The Passion, even when composed by Bach, has had a rather unfortunate history of bringing out the pogrom in many a gentle Christian heart. At Eastertime it was the better part of wisdom for the Jew to lock himself behind his ghetto walls. Even so, he suffered abundantly because of it.

While I am not quite willing to suggest that Jews will suffer bodily harm because of *JCSS*, it should be pointed out that the Messrs. Rice and Webber seem to have rewritten the ancient script in a way that does even less credit (?) to the Jews than the New Testament. Thus the historically cruel Pontius Pilate, alone among Jesus's antagonists, dressed in beautiful robes, is shown to be actively sympathetic toward Jesus (much more than warranted by the Gospels), thereby heightening the guilt of the Jews. Even the Roman soldiers are made to play a passive role, though the text clearly states that they scourged Jesus at the command of Pilate. The priests of Israel are depicted in an unnecessarily hideous, base, and bloodthirsty way. They are, in fact, embodiments of the worst kind of Jewish stereotypes, almost Nazi (*Stürmer*) caricatures. They even offer Pilate the bowl in which to wash his hands, a sly and novel touch not even mentioned by the Gospel writers. The mob chanting, "Crucify him, crucify him!" is bound to evoke in many simpler gentile minds the thought, "You see, I told you so."

Which brings me to my final observation. The real danger to the only recently born spirit of religious ecumenism in America does not come from the gross New York stage production but from the literally hundreds of concert versions that will be presented in churches, schools, and civic auditoriums throughout Middle America. I suspect that the "standing ovations" at the conclusion of performances described by Miss Haskell also represent a collective "Amen!" (I believe). In this respect alone *JCSS* is a decided step backwards in Jewish-Christian relations. It is fair music, poor Gospel, and even more lacking in historical veracity. Perhaps a new kind of "Truth Squad" should follow each production to town in order to undo some of the mischief being done in the name of a Jew who lived 2,000 years ago and never intended to hurt his people, Israel.

RABBI BERNARD N. COHN,
Congregation Habonim,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A documentation of Rabbi Cohn's charge that "even when composed by Bach" the Passion "has had a rather unfortunate history of bringing out the pogrom in many a gentle Christian heart" would make interesting reading.*

"JCSS" and the Lay Debate

MOLLY HASKELL has understandably not pursued at length the subject of the churches' reaction to *Superstar*, because her theme was the background and current impact of the various productions commercially. However, since she does refer several times, in passing, and to my mind with unwarranted condescension, to church leaders' responses, I should like to register a grass-roots opinion.

As just an average music lover, I bought the *Superstar* album a year ago. I liked it. As just an average churchgoer (I do admit to being a minister's wife, but that doesn't make me an authority on what the church should be doing), I brought it to my eighth-grade church school class and let the kids listen for five or ten minutes each week as they were gathering for discussions on how we try to figure life out today in the light of what we believe. They liked it. Last December between Christmas and New Year's we played it at the church on a Sunday evening and invited anyone of any age to come and listen. Those who came liked it.

"Anything to get the kids into the church, apparently," says Molly Haskell. I wouldn't say so. I don't know whether *Superstar* is great music or even good music. But the Episcopalian rector whom Miss Haskell cited (she calls him "The Reverend") put it extremely well when he said, "It starts a line of thought that is valuable."

It may surprise Miss Haskell to learn that many people who work hard in their churches as their personal commitment to the human race do not conceive their purpose as being "to bring youth back into the fold." Our fold these days, as all through the past 2,000 years, contains some very wild and woolly sheep, and I do not refer to those under thirty. We

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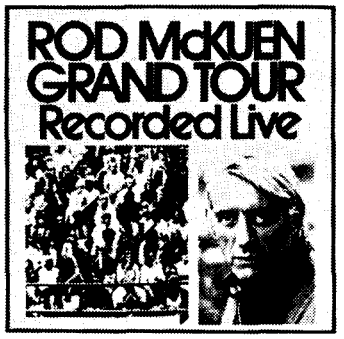

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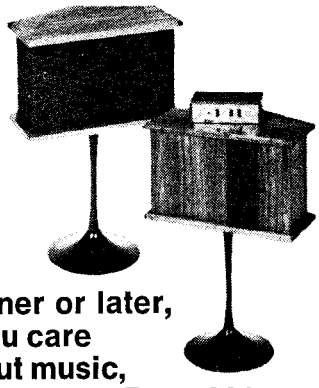

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gather as representatives of all ages, groups, and points of view in an attempt to foster warmth and community. Presumably everyone has a different view of what the shepherd is like. In any case—to abandon metaphor—it seems natural and commendable to participate in many different forms of dialogue, often stimulated by what is current in the arts or political life.

Whatever our view of the music and the latest staging of it, many of us find the concepts presented in *Superstar* intriguing as simply the most recent additions to a very ancient debate about what Jesus really thought and taught.

MARGARET TORGERSEN,
Worcester, Mass.

Karajan to the Right, Karajan to the Left

"I. K." (Mr. Kolodin, I presume) devoted, justifiably and articulately, two-thirds of a page in *SR*'s Oct. 30 issue to von Karajan's new recording of *Die Meistersinger* without mentioning an extraordinary aspect. He did note that the locale for the project was Dresden, but he failed to add what I hope he knows, but what most readers very probably do not, namely, that Dresden is in Communist East Germany. He named the Saxon State Opera Orchestra, but he omitted the fact that the "State" in this case is the "German Democratic Republic." He also named the Leipzig Radio Choir as well as two pivotal performers, Theo Adam and Peter Schreier, again without pointing out that the ensemble and the singers are East German. Thus the reader was not given the highly interesting information that von Karajan of West Berlin, once an extreme Rightist, appeared for the first time in the Communist GDR, and that East and West Germans joined in the production of an all-German masterpiece.

ANDOR C. KLAY,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Records from Dresden have appeared in so many contexts during the last decade that political implications are all but absent.*

Almeida and the Villa-Lobos Concerto

RE: IRVING KOLODIN'S review of the new Julian Bream recording of the Villa-Lobos Guitar Concerto [MISCELLANEOUS LPS, Oct. 30]. Mr. Kolodin states that it does not appear to have had a recording at any recent time. To set the record straight, I must say that I own a very fine recent Capitol stereo recording (SP 8638) of the Concerto with Laurindo Almeida as soloist and Stanley Wilson conducting the Concert Arts Chamber Orchestra. The other side of the record includes Almeida's guitar edition of the Suite in A minor for lute by Baroque composer Sylvius Leopold Weiss. Unfortunately, this recording is now out of print and no longer appears in the Schwann catalogue.

FRANKLIN L. HURD,
Uniondale, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As noted, there hasn't been a record recently.*

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AUDIO

THE GREAT 4-CHANNEL TAPE SNARL

by IVAN BERGER

Tape is the logical medium for the introduction of four-channel sound, just as it was for the introduction of stereo. Need more channels? All you need is to reallocate or subdivide the tracks on the tape, and you have all the channels you need.

The phonograph record remains, of course, the logical medium for making four-channel truly popular. It's familiar, convenient, and cheap. But with the old, familiar RCA vs. Columbia rivalry choosing the quadraphonic record as its latest battleground, it may take a while for a universal standard to emerge. Meanwhile (though some four-channel discs are available), we have tape. And we have problems.

One of them is cost. Prices vary, but four-channel costs more than stereo, and tape costs more than disc. In stereo, an 8-track cartridge or open-reel tape usually costs about a dollar more than its disc equivalent. But quadraphony raises the price another dollar or two for disc and Q8 cartridges, and jumps open-reel tape up to $15.

Finding a song or passage in the middle of the album is a problem, too. To skip a portion of a disc, you simply raise the tone arm and shift it to a new location on the record. To skip a portion of a tape, you have to shuttle back and forth until you find what you're after.

And in Q8 you can't even do that. You can't rewind on any tape-cartridge machine, Q8 or 8-track stereo. On most machines, you can't even shuttle the tape ahead in fast-forward, and where you can it isn't very fast. If you stop a tape in midplay, you must start it there next time you play it. And to rehear a passage that has just gone by, you must wait till the tape moves forward for the length of one track.

There are conveniences, of course. Tape cartridges require no threading, or even manipulation of a "start-stop" switch. Just shove the cartridge in to start things going, yank it out to stop. (Ampex cartridges, incidentally, are easier to yank than RCA's, thanks to a deeper thumb grip.) Though you can't rewind when you'd like to, you don't have to rewind when the tape ends. And when each track ends, the player automatically shifts to the next track.

And there's the beginning of the rub. Every time a cartridge changes tracks, the music must be interrupted while the machine chuckles mechanically to itself for five or ten seconds. When these interruptions fall between selections, as they do on most pop albums, they're no bother. But since all tracks must be of equal length, the interruptions all too frequently occur during the music.

Of the twenty-four Q8 cartridges I've gotten for review, nine have such breaks. They occur at "appropriate" rests in the middle of selections, movements, or arias, just as they did in the days of the short-sided 78 rpm records.

Stereo 8-track listeners have it worse, with three interruptions to the Q8's one. RCA's *Hello, Dolly*, for example, winds up with three interrupted songs in the stereo 8-track version, but with no such interruptions in Q8.

The sound quality is still a cut below that of cassette, and several cuts below either disc or reel recordings. But it has improved a great deal since 8-track's early days. The hiss level is reasonable (though Dolby would be appreciated), if still annoying, when one listens through most Q8 players' speakers; played on a Q8 deck through a wide-range system, I'd expect the hiss to be less reasonable.

Of the two players I've used, the RCA Mark 8 YZD-44OW ($249.95 with speakers) is compact and unobtrusive but has hardly any high-frequency response. The Toyo CH-702, on the other hand ($169.95 without speakers), has more satisfying response, more complete controls (including separate bass and treble and a front-rear balance), and four rather superfluous VU meters.

If transition to four-channel made tape cartridges a little more convenient, the effect on open-reel tape is moot. With all four tracks now playing simultaneously in one direction, the tape must be rewound at its conclusion. But since it's twice as long, there is no interruption in the middle while you flip or reverse the tape.

The major problem here is the expense. Not just for the $15 tapes themselves, but for the players. Unless you're technician enough to convert your stereo tape deck to four-channel, you'll have to spend about $300-$700 for a new one—plus the $250-$750 you'll probably spend for a good, rear-channel amplifier and speakers.

And though the sound will be good—and will stay good, without record wear problems—it will not be perfect. You can still hear some tape hiss, though the hiss level seems to decline from year to year. And some tapes have occasional, distorted peaks. At the price, one would like better.

Paperbacks

Continued from page 49

est TV personality since Lassie, doing her wonderful cooking thing from her TV shows in both recipes and photographs. There's a great one of Julia tasting the broccoli.

INVITATION TO MODERN SKIING, by Fred Iselin and A. C. Spectorsky (Simon & Schuster, $2.95). Virtually all you need to know to select your equipment and make your way on the slopes: text, photographs, diagrams, and a lot of encouragement.

THE LAST WHOLE EARTH CATALOG (Portola Institute/Random House, $5). Not even in Monkey Ward's heyday was there a dreambook like this. An illustrated, exuberant mail-order catalog of whatever countercultists and friends want: adobe, Zuckerman harpsichord kits, hand-cranked ice cream freezers, Kama Sutra love oil.

JOURNALS OF GILBERT WHITE, edited by Walter Johnson (MIT Press, $3.95). Some people like to make lists, others sometimes like to read them. White—an eighteenth-century English curate, who also happened to be an acute observer of nature—recorded just about everything he saw of the countryside. His book is a charming compendium of rural life.

LITTLE HOUSE BOOKS, by Laura Ingalls Wilder (Harper/Trophy, 8 Vols. 95¢ each). If you're stuck for good reading for your youngest readers, here's a prize Christmas assortment of classical Americana. These eight books tell of Laura Ingalls Wilder's own adventures traveling by covered wagon with her family in the last century. The stories are enriched with Garth Williams's warm drawings.

MOVIES ON TV: 1972-1973 Edition, edited by Steven H. Scheuer (Bantam, $1.50). For the square-eyeball set who read only enough to find out what's on TV, here are all the late-lates from *Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick* (**) to *Zulu* (***)—along with some 8,000 other entries. Critic Scheuer obviously hasn't seen daylight for years.

A THOUSAND AND ONE DELIGHTS, by Alan G. Barbour (Collier, $3.95). One of those big, nostalgic pictorial histories of the 1940s movies which reminds us of the sublime innocence of Sabu, Charlie Chan, and Abbott and Costello. Search as we might, we never did find Vera Hruba Ralston, though.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 87: sift, fist, fits.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1964

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Stuff and nonsense, bosh	32 46 54 101 129 146
B. "A good name is better than precious ——" Eccl. 7:1	157 183 198 1 135 169 192 21
C. Redden	29 114 34 191 10 95
D. Shameful, disgraceful	107 120 131 172 188 195 12 24 28 40
E. Edged along furtively	57 65 83 173 179 199
F. Fragments, esp. of broken earthenware	4 42 87 152 174 186
G. Hamstrings	200 7 93 138 142
H. Son of Apollo and Calliope	162 189 23 58 63 73 86
I. Flop; bust; lemon	166 194 16 62 71 92 108
J. Cheerio! So long! (comp.)	110 119 165 105 11 19 27 45
K. Out of the public view	51 13 150 17 41 98 185 201
L. Watch	30 59 72 94 96 35 124
M. Quickly (3 wds.)	139 144 5 18 31 52 158
N. Leguminous plant of the genus *Lathyrus*	6 48 53 103 109 38 81 137 193
O. River whose headstreams are the Kara Su and the Murad	203 56 128 147 156 37 44 79 90
P. Alexander Hamilton's birthplace, Nevis, B.W.I.	145 161 102 76 47 89 116 121 196 80 140
Q. Extinct American gallinaceous bird (2 wds.)	168 178 123 154 170 182 3 25
R. Former	100 202 69 77 85 111 118 55 133
S. Out of line	136 149 177 115 187
T. Capital of Western Australia	180 159 8 68 125
U. Hindered, thwarted	155 126 64 190 14 134.
V. Not creditable	132 184 106 84 60 117 67 26
W. "——— weeps, 'She is late.'" (3 wds.; Tennyson, "Maud")	49 122 20 50 78 151 167 43 88 175 33 104
X. Region of NE South America	66 197 143 39 160 130
Y. In a secret or underhand manner (3 wds.)	9 82 36 164 171 113 22 176 112 74
Z. Complete, total	75 97 91 99 15 70 2 61
Z^1. Stop	141 163 127 148 153 181

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 B	2 Z	3 Q		4 F	5 M	6 N	7 G	8 T		9 Y	10 C		11 J	12 D	13 K	14 U			
15 Z	16 I		17 K	18 M	19 J	20 W	21 B		22 Y	23 H	24 D	25 Q		26 V	27 J	28 D	29 C		
	30 L	31 M	32 A	33 W		34 C	35 L	36 Y		37 O	38 N	39 K	40 D		41 K	42 F	43 W		
	44 O	45 J	46 A	47 P	48 N	49 W		50 W	51 K	52 M	53 N		54 A	55 R	56 O	57 E	58 H		
	59 L	60 V		61 Z	62 I	63 H		64 U	65 E	66 X	67 V	68 T	69 R		70 Z	71 I			
72 L	73 H	74 Y		75 Z	76 P		77 R	78 W	79 O		80 P	81 N	82 Y	83 E	84 V	85 R	86 H		
	87 F	88 W	89 P		90 O	91 Z	92 I	93 G	94 L		95 C	96 L	97 Z		98 K	99 Z	100 R		
	101 A	102 P	103 N	104 W	105 J		106 V	107 D	108 I	109 N		110 J	111 R	112 Y		113 Y	114 C		
115 S	116 P	117 V	118 R	119 J	120 D		121 P	122 W	123 Q	124 L		125 T	126 U	127 Z^1		128 O	129 A		
130 X	131 D	132 V	133 R	134 U		135 B	136 S	137 N	138 G	139 M	140 P	141 Z^1		142 G	143 X	144 M	145 P		
146 A		147 O	148 Z^1	149 S		150 K	151 W	152 F	153 Z^1	154 Q		155 U	156 O	157 B	158 M	159 T	160 X		
	161 P	162 H	163 Z^1		164 Y	165 J	166 I		167 W	168 Q	169 B		170 Q	171 Y	172 D	173 E			
174 F	175 W		176 Y		177 S	178 Q	179 E	180 T		181 Z^1	182 Q	183 B	184 V	185 K	186 F		187 S		
188 D	189 H	190 U	191 C	192 B	193 N		194 I	195 D	196 P	197 X	198 B	199 E		200 G	201 K	202 R	203 O		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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How to choose the right stereo when there are so many right stereos to choose from.

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1, 2, 3, 4, 5. We even have 6, 7, etc. At your Panasonic dealer. All of them are right. But you'll find one of them is more right for you than the others.

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